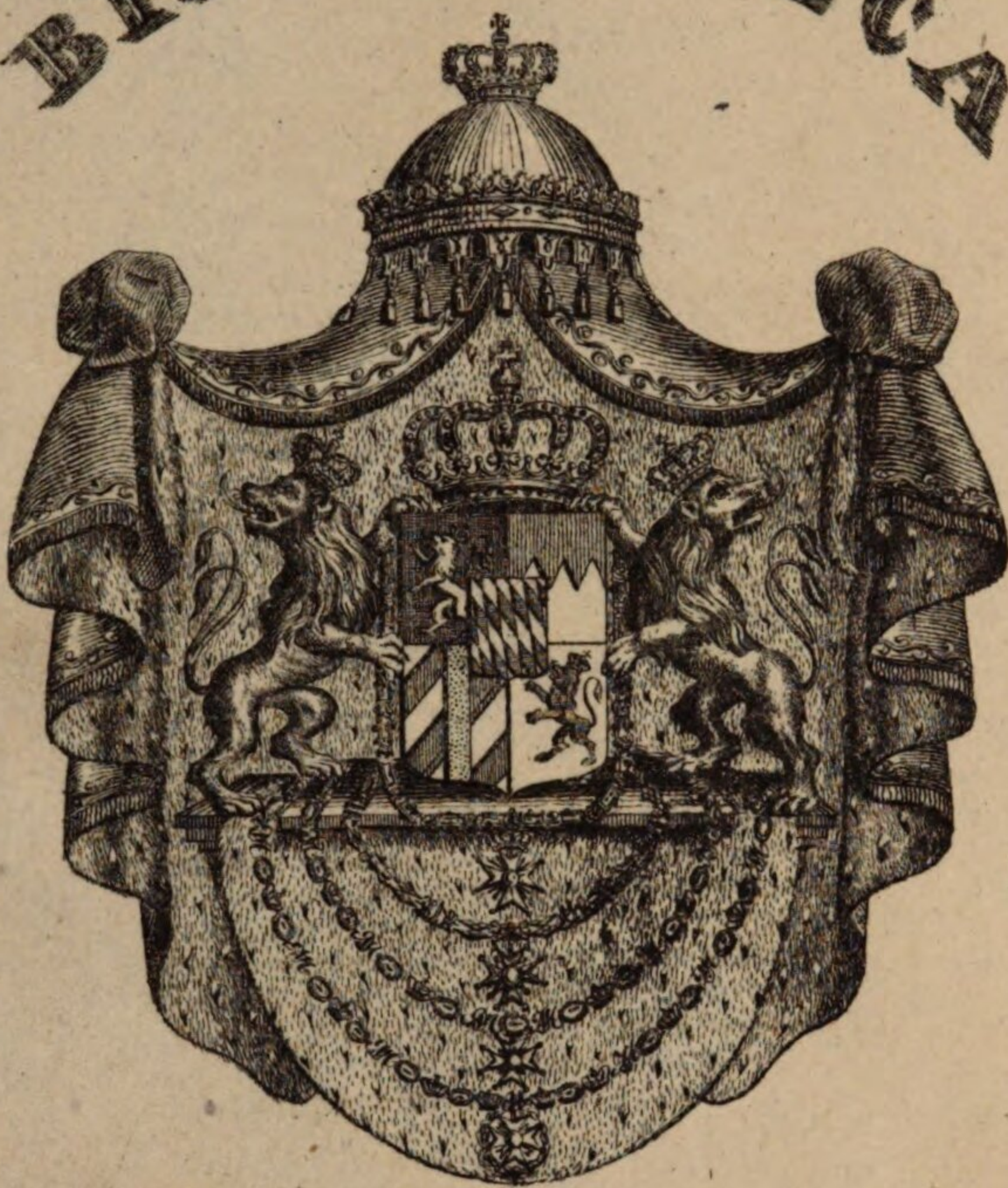


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Plays

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WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION

DODSLEY'S COLLECTION

AND

NOTES

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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ENDYMION;
OR,
THE MAN IN THE MOON:

A
COMEDY.

BY
JOHN LYLY.

It is perhaps needless to observe that the plot of this
play, like the preceding, is taken from the most recent
writers in reference to the subject the last of this
which will be found in the list of titles at the
end of the book in which upon some important
points of dramatic construction in those of a high
and Englishman. And the true solution of the mystery
to THE MAN IN THE MOON.
called a comedy, and intended for the
entertainment of the audience.
in that of Englishmen, that comedy which is
factions as a woman and in which the story
which the comedy plot and in which the story
no mean name to play it is a comedy which
script of a poet like Shakespeare. Englishman which
name she is supposed to be depicted, is not only one of
the names of John, but is that name which
Elizabeth was celebrated in English history as
a John (John's name, John's name). Elizabeth was
of allegory in English history, and Elizabeth was
only as depicted in the poem of John, which is the
play of John, but is a comedy which is the
cills in Book V. and in Elizabeth in Book V. It is a
the person that set for the purpose of Elizabeth in the
present drama, for whether any particular part of the
tragedy is left to the judgment of the audience or
reader. But as the plot in all probability was not
acted the subject of the drama is a comedy.

the question, the sentiments which he avows for his celestial mistress, in the third scene of the last act, and the manner in which she receives and acknowledges them, seem managed with much address, and probably were in a very high degree acceptable to the Cynthia who was meant, and before whom the play was represented.

It is perhaps needless to observe that the plot of this play, like the preceding, is taken from the mythological writers. In presenting to the public the last of Lyly's, which will be inserted in the present collection, it may not be unnecessary to state what was probably the intention of the poet, in fixing upon stories apparently so unfit for dramatic representation as those of "Midas" and "Endymion." And the true solution of this seems to be, that these were, what they were afterwards called, "*court comedies*," and intended for the particular amusement and gratification of Queen Elizabeth. In that of "Midas," she is complimented as a queen; in that of "Endymion," her supposed charms and attractions as a woman are the more particular objects, which the courtly poet had in view: and it is surely no mean praise to Lyly if he successfully followed the example of a poet like Spenser. Cynthia, under which name she is supposed to be depicted, is not only one of the names of *Diana*, or the moon, but is that under which Elizabeth was celebrated by Spenser in his poem of "Colin Clout's come Home again." That was the age of allegory in English poetry; and Elizabeth was not only generally depicted in the poem of that name as the "Fairy Queen," but is unquestionably meant by Mer-cilla in Book V. and by Belphœbe in Book II. Who was the person that sat for the picture of Endymion in the present drama, (or whether any particular person was intended), is left to the judgment or imagination of the reader. But as the play in all probability was not represented till any idea of her Majesty's marriage was out of

the question, the sentiments which he avows for his celestial mistress, in the third scene of the last act, and the manner in which she receives and acknowledges them, seem managed with much address, and probably were in a very high degree acceptable to the Cynthia who was meant, and before whom the plays were represented.

THE

PROLOGUE.

Most high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the man in the moon; which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse:—It is a tale of the man in the moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chymera, because it was a fiction; we hope in our times none will apply pastimes*, because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that knows what to make of the man in the moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor any thing but that whosoever heareth, may say this:—Why, here is a tale of the man in the moon.

* “Apply pastimes,” *i. e.* make application of such things as are written for purposes of amusement, to real events and circumstances.

ENDYMION
THE
PROLOGUE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Endymion, in love with Cynthia.

Eumenides, in love with Semele.

Sir Tophas, a silly bragart.

Corsites, a soldier.

Gerona, an old man, the husband of Dipsas.

Samias, page to Endymion.

Dares, page to Eumenides.

Epiton, page to Sir Tophas.

Pantalion.

Gyptes.

Pythagoras.

Zontes.

Cynthia.

Semele.

Tellus, in love with Endymion.

Floscula.

Scintilla.

Favilla.

Dipsas, an old witch.

Bagoa, her servant.

Constables, Watch, Fairies, Dumb Show, &c. &c.

ENDYMION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ENDYMION *and* EUMENIDES.

End. I FIND, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

Eum. If you be enamoured of any thing above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty titles to such love trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted upon the man in the moon.

End. No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

Eum. Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

End. Eumenides—the moon——

Eum. There was never any so peevish to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humour which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged, which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. Oh, fair Cynthia! why do others term thee inconstant, whom I have ever found immoveable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning. Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea, than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit: and shall we then say they be changeable, for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings

that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Aye! but, Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honoured. When malice cannot object any thing, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honours and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again; getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time, whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colour. Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. Oh! Cynthia, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty, and then to increase our griefs thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts, beguiling our eyes. And then——

Eum. Stay there, Endymion, thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good

than speech: the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not.

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head. Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love, or heart to receive the impression? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched, otherwise in a man of such rare virtues, there could not harbour a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest, in this fancy of the moon, he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

TELLUS *and* FLOSCULA.

Tel. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion; is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life, and the bitterness of my death? what revenge may be devised so full of shame, as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged: were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin, whose simplicity had been worth thy favour and

better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well forgiven in women, as perjury winked at in men.

Flos. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts, with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison, and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tel. No comparison, Floscula? and why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits, whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which, neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any could love or live*.

Flos. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be

* The attentive reader will not fail to remark, that in the description which Endymion gives of Cynthia, and in that which Tellus in this scene gives of herself, sometimes the moon and earth are meant, considered as mere planets, and sometimes as females capable of human passions. When Tellus first describes herself as a *poor virgin*, and soon afterwards tells us that her veins are *vines*, her ears are *corn*, and her hairs are *grass*, &c. &c. it is needless to add that this is very applicable to the earth, but not to the lady. Milton, it has been observed by Johnson, sometimes describes Satan as invested with a bodily substance, and at other times as being a mere spirit; our poet seems to be somewhat embarrassed with difficulties of the same kind.

but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not that Cynthia preserveth the one in the bud, and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures : suffer then, Endymion, to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations because they are immortal.

Tel. Loth I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well ; and that thou shouldst live it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities what shall I do ? Floscula, no more words, I am resolved he shall neither live nor die.

Flos. A strange practice if it be possible.

Tel. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net, that he shall neither find the means to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such desolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest, shall alter his humour, nor make him once to think of his honour.

Flos. A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnatural.

Tel. He shall know the malice of a woman, to have neither mean, nor end ; and of a woman

deluded in love, to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it. I must, I will. All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah! sweet person) shall he deck with such rich robes as he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah! wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys) shall he use, in flattering of my face, and devising sonnets in my favour. The prime of his youth, and pride of his time, shall be spent in melancholy passions, careless behaviour, untained thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flos. When this is done, what then? shall it continue till his death, or shall he doat for ever in this delight?

Tel. Ah! Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flos. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tel. Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flos. Affection that is bred by enchantment, is like a flower that is wrought in silk, in colour and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tel. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favoured of Endymion.

Flos. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft, is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

Tel. Floscula, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook, will rather poison dough than pine with hunger: and she that is so

oppressed with love, that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means, than try intolerable pains. I will do it. [*Exit.*]

Flos. Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are laid for thee, because thou honourest one that all the world wondereth at. And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate, that studiest of all men to be the faithfulest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

DARES *and* SAMIAS.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do, but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Sam. Oh, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth, and *ecce autem*, will you see the devil*.

Enter SIR TOPHAS *and* EPITON.

Top. *Epi.*

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickles not my liver, from whence love-mongers in former ages seemed to infer it should proceed †.

* Samias alludes to the proverb, "Talk of the devil," &c. &c.

† That the liver was supposed the seat of amorous affection would appear from several passages in the dramatic poets of the time, if the writers on the subject were all lost. Thus in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

Ford. "Love my wife?

Pis. With *liver* burning hot."

And in "Much Ado about Nothing:"

"If ever love had interest in his *liver*."

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy.

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet; what's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No.

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say—a poet. But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larks! are you blind? they are two little boys.

Top. Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their brains must as it were embroider my bolts*.

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dares. Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends, *nego argumentum*.

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*: now my pretty companions, you see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half friends,

* "Bolts," arrows. So in Act III. Scene III.

"Now for my *bow and bolts*, give me ink and paper."

And in Shakspeare:

"Yet mark'd I where the *bolt* of Cupid fell."

Hence the proverb, "A *fool's bolt's* soon shot."

for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend.

Dares. Learnedly. What shall become of the rest of your body from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*, you must think the rest immortal, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell you my master is more than a man.

Dares. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am Samias, page to Endimion.

Dar. And I Dares, page to Eumenides.

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dares. Occupation, you clown? why they are honourable and warriors.

Top. Then are they my 'prentices.

Dares. Thine! and why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself was given me for my arms a whole armoury; and thus I go, as you see, clothed with artillery, it is not silks (milkshops), not tissues, nor the fine wool of Ceres, but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamour, blood, and ruin, that rock asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dares. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam. What then do your blows?

Top. Not only confound, but also contund*.

* "Not only confound, but *contund*;" i. e. they not merely amaze but *strike down* those whom they are aimed at: the original has it, "not only *confound* but *confound*," and it is possi-

Sam. How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top. You shall live: you, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt* for the ugly beast the blackbird.

Dares. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed (or as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard.

Sam. Oh! desperate attempt.

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dares. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderful war! Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dares. All the better, we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

ble that it may be intended to resemble a preceding speech of Sir Tophas':—"Why, fool, *a poet* is as much as one should say—*a poet*;" and I know of no authority for the word contund; but its derivation from the Latin renders the meaning plain, and from the character of Sir Tophas he was likely enough to use it.

* A bird-bolt was "blunt at the head," says Johnson.

Sam. Leisure? I will rather lose my master's service than his company: look how he struts; but what is this, call you it your sword?

Top. No; it is my scimitar, which I by construction, often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

Dares. What are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons, as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump? is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass? is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak; we call you masse, which your learning doth well understand, is all man, for *mas maris* is a man. Then *as* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dares. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

Top. Samias, I thank you: Dares, I thank you; but, especially, I thank you both.

Sam. Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

Dares. Come, let us see what our masters do, it is high time. [*Exeunt.*]

Top. Now will I march into the field, where

if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river, and there fortify for fish; for there resteth no minute free from fight. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

TELLUS, FLOSCULA, and DIPSAS*.

Tel. Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance, that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice, that should be spent in execution.

Flos. Use your discretion: I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine any thing more impossible.

Tel. Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion what impieties will I not practise? Dipsas, whom as many honour for age, as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcism, fire, metal,

* Dipsas, as Mr. Stevens informs us in a note to the "Malcontent," is the *fire-drake*, a serpent of a directly opposite nature to the hydrus; the one is supposed to kill by inflammation, the other by cold.

planets, or any practice*, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dip. Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning, to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill, and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged, and make hills without bottoms: there is nothing that I cannot do, but that only which you would have me do; and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tel. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate, that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art.

Dip. This I can; breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tel. Endymion, sweet Endymion, is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia too, too fair Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is

* "Or any *practice*." In the writers of these times it means *stratagem*, or unlawful device. So in "Othello:"

"Fall'n in the *practice* of a cursed slave."

And in "Measure for Measure:"

"This needs must be a *practice*."

Again:

"Thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful *practice*."

And many other places.

the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dip. Would you have his love either by absence or sickness aslaked*? Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without colour?

Tel. It is the only thing I crave, that seeing my love to Endymion though unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia (though it be unspeakable) may be suspected.

Dip. I will undertake it, and overtake him; that all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate; but this will wear out with time, that treadeth all things down but truth.

Tel. Let us go.

Dip. I follow. [Exeunt.

* "Aslaked," abated: so in "The Knight's Tale:"

"Till at the last *aslaked* was his mood."

ACT II. SCENE I.

ENDYMION.

End. Oh, fair Cynthia! Oh, unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly? or why are not thine honours as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as her deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? will labours (patient of all extremities) obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not to be expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty, and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life, almost these seven years, whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafedst

I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affection, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humour maketh my mind as desperate, as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest; but that fish (thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Aranis) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion (sweet Cynthia) that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill, as enterprising: that Endymion, whose eyes never esteemed any thing fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion, who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world (but thyself) nothing excellent, nothing immortal: thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery nor deceit, error nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn

my other face to her, like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter TELLUS. FLOSCULA and DIPSAS *following*.

Tel. Yonder I espy Endymion ; I will seem to suspect nothing, but sooth him, that, seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. How now, Endymion, always solitary, no company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy fancies ?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence my paradise ; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in Heaven itself when thou art with me.

Tel. Then you love me, Endymion.

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tel. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble ?

End. Not Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

Tel. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparably, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air ?

End. No ; but found in their sex as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tel. Do they all dissemble ?

End. All but one.

Tel. Who is that ?

End. I dare not tell ; for if I should say you,

then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme ; if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent.

Tel. You will be sure I shall take no advantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremony, is it not Cynthia ?

End. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons ; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tel. Why, she is but a woman.

End. No more was Venus.

Tel. She is but a virgin.

End. No more was Vesta.

Tel. She shall have an end.

End. So shall the world.

Tel. Is not her beauty subject to time ?

End. No more than time is to standing still.

Tel. Wilt thou make her immortal ?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tel. Take heed, Endymion, lest, like the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight, caught an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure*. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

* "Recure" occurs in the "Complaint of the Blacke Knight:"

"That I may not attaine

Recure to finde of mine adversite."

Frequently in Spencer ; and in Act III. Scene VII. of "Richard III." on which Mr. Stevens observes it is used "both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's Endymion."

End. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up the elm, can ever get hold of the beams of the sun: Cynthia I honour in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I should die with wondering. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, and FAVILLA.

Dares. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

Sam. Let them sigh, and let us sing: how say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scint. Their tongues, happily, are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipt on the side with constant desires.

Dares. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers.

Fav. Away, peevish boy, a rod were better under thy girdle, than love in thy mouth: it will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

Dares. Alas! good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave.

Scint. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

Fav. And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

Dares. Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scint. You are not angry, Favilla?

Fav. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

Sam. That, that——

Scint. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies, would before to-morrow be accounted matrons.

Favil. I cry your matronship mercy; because your pantables* be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps: you will be mine elder, because you stand upon a stool, and I on the floor.

Sam. Good, good.

* “Pantables,” “slippers much worn by the ladies in the morning, and not unfrequently richly ornamented.” So in “The Guardian:”

“A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With *pearl embroidered pantofles* upon your feet.”

They were sometimes raised by very thick soles and high heels: and are possibly alluded to in “Wyly Beguiled:”

“How finely I could foot it in a pair of new *cork’d shoes*.”
But it meant a slipper generally, and not one worn by ladies in particular; as appears from the “City Madam:”

“Let the chamber be perfum’d, and get you, sirrah,
His cap and pantables ready.”

Dares. Let them love, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

Scint. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word.

Sam. Step between them lest they scratch. In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends; how say you?

Scint. I am not angry; but it spited me to see how short she was.

Fav. I meant nothing, till she would needs cross me.

Dares. Then so let it rest.

Scint. I am agreed.

Fav. And I. Yet I never took any thing so unkindly in my life.

Scint. 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion.

Dares. Excellent, and right like a woman.

Sam. A strange sight, to see water come out of fire*.

Dares. It is their property, to carry in their eyes, fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths, honey and gall.

Scint. You will be a good one if you live; but what is yonder formal fellow?

Enter SIR TOPHAS, EPITON *following.*

Dares. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

* It is evident from the following speech of Dares that one of the women was crying, and to this he alludes.

Fav. We will do our parts.

Dares. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing.

Top. Epi.

Epi. At hand, sir.

Top. How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms. Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat; and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth; so mortal is my hate, and so eager my unstaunched stomach.

Epi. (*Aside.*) My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren: so warlike a thing he accounteth it to take away life, though it be from a lark.

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell, and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

Fav. This passeth*.

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No; but a little vain-glorious.

Top. Epi.

* "This passeth," *i. e.* exceeds bounds, or belief. A similar expression is used in Brewer's "Lingua:"

"Your travellers so dote upon me *as passes*."

And in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

Why, *this passes!*"

On which Mr. Stevens has a note.

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel enemy, that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest wall, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature, as a defence from all harms.

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster?

Top. The monster *ovis*. I have said, let thy wits work.

Epi. I cannot imagine it; yet let me see—a black enemy with rough locks—it may be a sheep, and *ovis* is a sheep;—his sire so strong—a ram is a sheep's sire; that being also an engine of war*;—horns he hath, and four legs—so hath a sheep: without doubt this monster is a black sheep; is it not a sheep that you mean?

Top. Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. Come, let us take him off. Sir Tophas, all hail.

Top. Welcome, children, I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads; and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

Dares. No harm done; here be fair ladies come to wonder at your person, your valour, your wit;

* The ram was a war engine long in use for the battering down of walls.

the report whereof had made them careless of their own honours, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

Top. Report cannot but injure me; for that, not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

Scint. No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit; so much hath she told, yet no more than we now see.

Dares. A good wench.

Fav. If there remain as much pity toward woman as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy; who, hearing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it, are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it, Venus shall not paint on it.

Fav. A cruel saying.

Sam. There's a girl.

Dares. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? do but speak kindly.

Top. There cometh no soft syllables within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody, and my heart barbarous: that pelting word, love, how waterish it is in my mouth, it carrieth no sound; hate, horror, death, are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees: I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes: I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I

disdain it, as a thing childish, and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart; shall we die for your love, and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them, Epi? no, do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

Epi. Why it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel! O gods, what things are made for money.

Dares. Is not this gentleman over wise?

Fav. I could stay all day with him if I feared not to be shent*.

Scint. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dares. Yes, at any time.

Fav. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you, than you do with the god of love.

Fav. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you, and help us.

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast; love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste, because it is not terrible.

* "Shent," reproved harshly, punished. So in "Troilus and Cressida:"

"He *shent* our messengers."

And in "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

Rug. "Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quin. We shall be *shent*: run in here, good young man."

Dares. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous beast; but let us in till another time.

Fav. I shall long for that time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

ENDYMION, DIPSAS, and BAGOA.

End. No rest, Endymion? still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day, or thy thoughts by night? Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful, because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch*, is yet consumed with sweet savours; so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew any thing but lunary†, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. Oh, Endymion, Tellus was fair; but what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise; but what availeth wisdom without honour? She was honourable Endymion, believe her not; but

* This idea of ebony may, I presume, be ranked among the vulgar errors of our poet's age.

† "Lunary," moonwort, says Johnson. Endymion makes choice of this bed from its *name*; and it is probable the moon was supposed to have influence on the growth of the plant. The "Humorous Lieutenant" of Beaumont and Fletcher, when, by magical delusions, he falls in love with the old *king*, determines to lodge in *King-street*.

how obscure is honour without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes; but base is fortune without majesty. Thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion, sleep or die; nay die, for to sleep it is impossible; and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart, that I am suddenly benumbed, yea in every joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! ay so;—I say, Cynthia——

[*He falls asleep.*]

Dip. Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake; for hadst thou placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks, shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs: and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft down, shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom: thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay, before thou knowest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that wert youthful in the court when thou laidest thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which, if she could not have entreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all

our simples to maintain our sorceries. Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art: take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep for ever. [*Exit.*

Bag. Let me alone, I will be careful. What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? Oh, fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin, and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that, which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas coming; I dare not repine lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage

Enter DIPSAS.

Dip. How now? have you finished?

Bag. Yea*.

Dip. Well then let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders, and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. [*Exeunt.*

(*A dumb show. Music sounds. Three ladies enter, one with a knife and a looking-glass,*

* Our poet seems to have forgot himself here, as Bagoa has not sung "the enchantment for sleep." The subject is a very fine one, and it is to be regretted that Lyly did not execute his intention, or that his performance is lost.

who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps; but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it but dares not. At last the first lady, looking in the glass, casts down the knife.) [Exeunt.

(Enters an ancient man with a book with three leaves, offers the same twice; Endymion refuseth: he rendeth two and offers the third, where he stands a while, and then Endymion takes it.) [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYNTHIA, *three* LORDS, SEMELE, and TELLUS.

Cynt. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep, that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

Tel. As good sleep and do no harm, as wake and do no good.

Cynt. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? the time was, Endymion only was.

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynt. What have we here before my face, these unseemly and malapert overthwarts? I will tame your tongues, and your thoughts; and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity; else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion, that whatsoever seemeth a needle to prick his finger, is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynt. If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him?

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair; for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder of all men: your highness, in whose hands the compass of the earth is at command (though not in possession), may shew yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favour, if you redeem that honourable Endymion, whose ripe years foretel rare virtues, and whose unmellowed conceits promise ripe counsel.

Cynt. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age, than I could hope of his youth.

Tel. But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *cammock**, and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

Cynt. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

Cors. Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynt. It skilleth not which†; Go to, in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either, what punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if

* I am aware this passage renders my conjecture on the word *cammock* (page 214, vol. i.) rather doubtful.

† "It skilleth not which," i. e. it signifieth not. So in the "Second Part of Henry VI."

"It *skills* not greatly who impugns our doom."

either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore dispatch with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece (because you are acquainted in Athens); you, Pantalion, to Egypt; saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

Zont. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynt. It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys, and the world with marvel, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your majesty's words have been always deeds, and your deeds virtues. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CORSITES *and* TELLUS.

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune; and that the flower of beauty which is honoured in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tel. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore I do esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy, by the sweetness of imagination?

Tel. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable, than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle, than to be a prince in any other court.

Cors. A humour contrary to your years, and nothing agreeable to your sex; the one, commonly allured with delights; the other, always with sovereignty.

Tel. I marvel, Corsites, that you being a captain, who should sound nothing but terror, and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words; for that it agreeth not with your calling, to use words so soft as that of love.

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough hewn, or of such knotty metal, that beauty cannot allure, and you being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tel. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labour: the little beauty I have, shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

Cors. Let us in, and what favour Corsites can shew, Tellus shall command.

Tel. The only favour I desire, is now and then to walk.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SIR TOPHAS *and* EPI.*Top.* Epi.*Epi.* Here, sir.*Top.* Unrig me. Hey ho!*Epi.* What's that?*Top.* An interjection, whereof some are of mourning: as, eho, vah.*Epi.* I understand you not.*Top.* Thou seest me.*Epi.* Aye.*Top.* Thou hearest me.*Epi.* Aye.*Top.* Thou feelest me.*Epi.* Aye.*Top.* And not understandest me?*Epi.* No.*Top.* Then am I but three quarters of a noun substantive. But, alas! Epi, to tell thee the truth, I am a noun adjective.*Epi.* Why?*Top.* Because I cannot stand without another*.*Epi.* Who is that?*Top.* Dipsas.*Epi.* Are you in love?*Top.* No; but love hath as it were milked my thoughts, and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh

* A part of this scene is taken from the definition of a noun substantive and a noun adjective, in the beginning of Lyly's "Latin Grammar."

in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray my brains; but I pray thee first discover me in all parts*, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown, *Cedant arma togæ.*

Epi. Here.

Top. Take my sword and shield, and give me beard-brush and scissars—*bella gerant alij, tu Pari semper ama.*

Epi. Will you be trimmed, sir?

Top. Not yet; for I feel a contention within me, whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush: but take my pike and give me a pen, *dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*

Epi. I will furnish you, sir.

Top. Now for my bow and bolts, give me ink and paper; for my scimitar, a penknife; for *scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, sint semper studiis arma parata meis.*

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars, and play with that bauble called love?

Top. Give over wars! No, *Epi, militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

Epi. Love hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

Top. *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.*

Epi. Nay I must seek a new master, if you can speak nothing but verses.

Top. *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat, Epi.*

* Discover is here used in its primitive sense of *to uncover* or *undress*, and accordingly Sir Tophas divests himself of his gun, his sword and shield, and his bow and arrows.

I feel all Ovid *de arte amandi*, lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. Oh, what fine thin hair hath Dipsas! what a pretty low forehead! what a tall and stately nose! what little hollow eyes! what great and goodly lips! how harmless she is, being toothless! her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs, and her paps to her waist like bags! what a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! how thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist*; how virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself.

Top. Oh, *Epi*, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpose; but what? begin you to nod?

Top. Good *Epi*, let me take a nap; for as some men may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Epi. Whoever saw such a woodcock? Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

* The same sort of pun is to be found in the "Second Part of Henry IV."

Ch. Jus. "Your means are very slender, and your *waste* great.

Falst. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my *waist* slenderer."

Enter DARES and SAMIAS.

Sam. Thy master hath slept his share.

Dares. I think he doth it because he would not pay me my board wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange, and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Topas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, Epi? where's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love.

Dares. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet to beauty*.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.

Dares. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favour†.

Epi. Tush, you be simple, my master hath a good marriage.

* "Vail the bonnet," says Blount, "is to put off one's hat, or give any sign of respect." See also Mr. Stevens's note on,

"Vail her high top lower than her ribs."

Merchant of Venice, Act I. Scene I.

† "Without fashion, and quite without favour." Fashion relates to the shape, and favour to the features; and Samias means Dipsas is disagreeable in both.

Dares. Good! as how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

Sam. As how, Epi?

Epi. For flesh, these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.

Dares. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish, these: crab, carp, lumpe, and powting.

Sam. Excellent! for my word she is both crabish, lumpish, and carping.

Epi. For fruit, these: fritters, medlars, artichokes, and lady longings*. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

Dares. Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep: let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

SONG.

Epi. Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass,
Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chin meet.

All three. At sight of her each fury skips,
And flings into her lap their whips.

* These are allusions to the unamiable qualities of Dipsas; the meaning of some of the dishes are explained, others need not explanation, and some I do not understand.

Dares. Hallo, hallo, in his ear.

Sam. The witch sure thrust her fingers there.

Epi. Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose ;

Dares. Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

Sam. What music's best to wake him ?

Epi. Bow wow ! let bandogs shake him.

Dares. Let adders hiss in 's ear,

Sam. Else earwigs wriggle there.

Epi. No, let him batten* when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

All three. But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a
loosing.

Epi. Let us hear him awhile.

Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly
owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried twit,
twit; and before mine eyes presented herself the
express image of Dipsas ; I marvelled what the
owl said, till at last I perceived twit, twit, was to
it, to it, only by contraction ; admonished by this
vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.

Top. No, youth, I have but slept over my
love.

Dares. Love ! why it is impossible that into
so noble and unconquered a courage, love should
creep, having first a head as hard to pierce as
steel, then to pass to a heart armed with a shirt
of mail.

* " Batten," to grow fat. So used in Hamlet:

" Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ?"

And by Dryden :

" The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten on his sleep."

Epi. Aye, but my master yawning one day in the sun, love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss the points* of his heart, and entertain love as a stranger.

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to Dipsas.

Dares. Plead! nay, we will press her to it. Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport. But, Sir Tophas, when shall we go? for I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself.

Sam. Come, Dares, let us not lose him till we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth nor meat.

Epi. We will travice. Will you go, sir?

Top. I *præ*, *sequar*.

SCENE IV.

EUMENIDES *and* GERON.

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind that I wish to hang at your mouth's end, till life end.

* This is a figure of speech taken from the dress of the times: for previously to the introduction of buttons (though they continued to be made long afterwards) *points* were used to keep together the different parts of the dress. They were "strands of cotton yarn of various colours twisted together, and tagged at both ends with bits of tin plate." Those worn by the higher classes were more ornamented, and of silk: but by an Act of Henry VIII. no man under the rank of gentleman was to have *his points ornamented with aiglets of gold or silver*, under penalty of ten shillings, and forfeiture of the aiglets.

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shrowd myself, but the broad heavens, and so familiar with me hath use made misery, that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace, and welcomest is that guest to me that can rehearse the saddest tale, or the bloodiest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humour, might I inquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is as it were a renewing of sorrow; I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy. But whence are you? what fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far; for whoso can clearly see the bottom of this fountain, shall have remedy for any thing.

Eum. That me thinketh is impossible. Why, what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover, shall obtain any thing he would: read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery; and then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

Ger. What lack you, gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart, doth now take hold of me. But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

Eum. Come there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain overflowed with tears; but so thick became the water with their tears, that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou perplexed! call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress, and the depth of thy never dying affections: how oft hast thou honoured her, not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood? And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without cause or colour of despite; how secret hast thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her; how faithful, that hast offered to die for her to please her. Unhappy Eumenides!

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Aye, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind, and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward,
and I of all creatures the most fond.

Ger. You doted then, not loved; for affection is
grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish;
or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

Eum. Ay! but if all virtuous ladies should
yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentle-
women entertain all that be amorous, their vir-
tues would be accounted vices, and beauties de-
formities; for that love can be but between two,
and that not proceeding of him that is most faith-
ful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful, that your
tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not
this fountain, then may you swear it is but a
mere mockery.

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah! I faint, I die. Ah! sweet Semele,
let me alone, and dissolve by weeping into water.

Ger. This affection seemeth strange; if he see
nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth,
for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, and
there in white marble engraven these words:
“ask once for all, and but one thing at all.”

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides! (for so have I
heard thee call thyself) let me see—I cannot dis-
cern any such thing; I think thou dreamest.

Eum. Ah! father, thou art not a faithful lover,
and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the
event, and thyself blessed.

Eum. Ask? so I will: and what shall I do but ask? and whom should I ask but Semele? the possessing of whose person, is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they are most careless, whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste, and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest, embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure; let her practice her accustomed coyness, that I may diet myself upon my desires, otherwise the fulness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time and words? The least minute being spent in the getting Semele, is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask: what now, Eumenides? Whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty? Care of Endymion and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep, because thou sleepest in a golden dream? aye, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady, be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common, and of course; the friendship of man to man, infinite

and immortal. Tush, Semele doth possess my love. Ay! but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay! but I found Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy grey hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion; for all things (friendship excepted) are subject to fortune. Love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing moveable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colours and life; so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a camelion, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourishes. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendships standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny can alter or diminish. Oh, friendship! of all things the most rare; and therefore most rare because most excellent; whose comforts in misery are always sweet, and whose councils in prosperity are ever fortunate. Vain love! that only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same, or better, in nature.

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and will

therefore conquer mine own. Virtue, shall subdue affections; wisdom, lust; friendship, beauty: Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares in Atho, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphi in Arays, never above two. I will have Endymion. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have encreased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfullest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep, that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Dost thou see any thing?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: "When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never." This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

Ger. Me thinketh it easy.

Eum. Good father, and how?

Ger. Is not a circle, of all figures, the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness; always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might be the better governed, our seasons the daylier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course, as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine, must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thyself to Cynthia, tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness: and this assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety, will now work her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be she that may do it.

Ger. How fond art thou, if thou do not believe it.

Eum. I will hasten thither, that I may intreat on my knees for succour, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

Ger. I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Ger. That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey.

Eum. Let us go.

Ger. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TELLUS.

Tel. I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty; all the world knowing his charge to be so high, and his nature to be most strange, who hath so ill intreated ladies of great honour that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad: it may be he is in love with me; for Endymion, hard-hearted Endymion excepted, what is he that is not enamoured of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas! poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? nay, kindled them afresh; insomuch that I find scorching flames, for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts, instead of sweet parleys. Ah! that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl! what hope hast thou to see Endymion? on whose head already are grown grey hairs, and whose life must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure. Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus! the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable. Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries, wherein were shewed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only em-

broidered the sweet face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy work that thou shouldst study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites, I must seem yielding and stout, full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty than I would; love him I cannot, and therefore will practice that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter CORSITES.

Cors. Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

Tel. My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company, I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends.

Cors. I would you would account my thoughts also your friends; for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind that offer to set you free, if you will set them free.

Tel. There are no colours so contrary as black and white, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor any thing so opposite as mens thoughts and their words.

Cors. He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse, that spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath, I think, poisoned the fortune of men, that uttering the extremities of their inward passions, are always suspected of outward perjuries.

Tel. Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself, and

believe you ; what would you do to enjoy my love ?

Cors. Set all the ladies of the castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life : more I cannot do, less I will not.

Tel. These be great words, and fit your calling : for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all ?

Cors. Any thing, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

Tel. You know that on the lunary bank sleepeth Endymion.

Cors. I know it.

Tel. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the faith of an unspotted virgin, that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife.

Cors. Remove him, Tellus ! yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon, as thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go.

Tel. Stay, will yourself attempt it ?

Cors. Aye, Tellus ; as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labours : but I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love we both perish ; for nothing pleaseth her, but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust, but without suspicion of lightness.

Tel. I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

Cors. I flie, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. [*Exit.*

Tel. Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, the gods themselves cannot perform; for little dost thou know, how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune: but such shifts must women have to deceive men, and under colour of things easy, entreat that which is impossible, otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary, are most loathsome. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites's sweating.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

SAMIAS, DARES, and EPITON.

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dares. No; I think he sleeps for a wager: but how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love, that he pineth in his bed, and cometh not abroad.

Sam. But here cometh Epi in a pelting chafe*.

Epi. A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears.

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? you know it is said the tide tarrieth no man.

Sam. True.

Epi. A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dares. Alas! poor Epi.

Epi. Poor! no, no; you base conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

* Out of humour.

Dares. Art thou out with him?

Epi. Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion; he would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

Dares. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love! why he doth nothing but make sonnets.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. Ay; this is one:

“The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge:

At last within my heart,

When I slept,

He crept;

I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.”

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why, the other was short; the first is called from the thumb to the little finger; the second from the little finger to the elbow; and some he hath made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot: it is set to the tune of the black saunce*, *ratio est*, because Dipsas is a black saint.

Dares. Very wisely; but pray thee, *Epi*, how art thou complete; and, being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. No, my hearts, I am an absolute micro-

* Black saunce is the same as black santis, or black sanctus: a hymn to Saint Satan, ridiculing the luxury of the monks. It is mentioned in the “Wild Goose Chase:”

“Do you think my heart is softened with a *black santis*?”

And in the “Mad Lover:”

“Prithee

Let's sing him a *black santis*.”

cosmus, a petty world of myself; my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armoury at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*

Dares. Good.

Epi. Now, sirs, my palace is paved with grass, and tiled with stars; for *cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam*; he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution; but how wilt thou spend thy time?

Epi. Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses.

Dares. Too bad.

Epi. Why, is it not said, it is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand?

Sam. Worse and worse; but how wilt thou live?

Epi. By angling: oh, 'tis a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost, before his bait be mumbled with fish.

Dares. A rare attempt; but wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when, with a good wind and lusty puggs*, one may go ten miles in two days.

* "Lusty puggs" may mean lusty *fellows*, sailors. We find it in the "First Part of Antonio and Mellida:"

"Good pugg, give me some capon."

But I am not satisfied of this, and merely suggest it.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice ; but what pastime wilt thou use, none ?

Epi. Yes, the quickest of all.

Sam. What, dice ?

Epi. No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess to pass a few minutes.

Dares. A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

Epi. Tush, let me alone ; but I must needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pales full to avoid the theme of love that wambleth * in his stomach.

Enter the WATCH.

Sam. Shall we never see thy master, Dares ?

Dares. Yes ; let us go now, for to-morrow Cynthia will be there.

Epi. I will go with you ; but how shall we see for the watch ?

Sam. Tush, let me alone, I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you.

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped already.

Epi. (*Aside.*) So methinks ; for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's beard.

Dares. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion ?

* "Wambleth," rumbleth. So in "Wyly Beguiled," Act I.:
"Lord, how my stomach *wambles*."

1 Watch. No; we are commanded, in Cynthia's name, that no man shall see him.

Sam. No man? Why, we are but boys.

1 Watch. Mass, neighbours, he says true; for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dares. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 Watch. Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you*.

Sam. This will grow hot.

Dares. Let them alone.

2 Watch. If I say to my wife, Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding, she puts in currants; small raisins are raisins, and boys are men: even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

Dares. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speak, I think he is the wisest amongst you.

Const. You know, neighbours, 'tis an old said saw, children and fools speak true.

All. True.

Const. Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

Dares. Good.

Const. Then say I, neighbours, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about.

1 Watch. Nay, he says true, and therefore till

* Hear me and satisfy my mind. It occurs in "Henry IV." where this passage is quoted by Farmer.

Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered. Therefore away!

Dares. A watch, quoth you? A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits are all as rusty as their bills*. But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

Const. With all my heart.

SONG.

Watch. Stand! who goes there?
We charge, you appear
'Fore our constable here,
In the name of the man in the moon.
To us billmen relate,
Why you stagger so late,
And how you came drunk so soon.

Pages. What are ye, scabs†?

Watch. The watch:
This the constable.

Pages. A patch.

Cons. Knock 'em down unless they all stand;
If any run away,
'Tis the old watchman's play,
To reach them a bill of his hand.

* A bill was a weapon much resembling a halbert: on the one side it had a cutting blade turned like the common bill, a spike at the top and the opposite side; they were sometimes used in the navy; but a large portion of the foot soldiers of the time were called billmen, from using this weapon. It was not confined to the military, says Grose, but was used "by sheriff's officers attending executions, and watchmen." These were sometimes called billmen, as appears from the song which immediately follows.

† Low vulgar fellows:

"Well said, i' faith, Wart, thou'rt a good *scab*."

Act III. Scene II. of the "Second Part of Henry IV."

Pages. O gentlemen, hold,
Your gowns freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head.

Epi. Wine nothing shall cost ye.

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye.

Dares. Then soberly let us be led.

Cons. Come, my brown bills *, we'll roar,
Bounce loud at tavern door.

Omnes. And i'th' morning steal all to bed.

SCENE III.

CORSITES solus.

Cors. I am come in sight of the lunary bank ;
without doubt Tellus doateth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow ; and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you where, at ease, you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapt, and so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong.

[*He tries to lift Endymion.*

What now is your mastership so heavy, or are you nailed to the ground ? not stir one whit † ? then use all thy force though he feel it and wake.

* “ The denomination of *black* or *brown* arose from its colour ; the one from a black varnish, with which this weapon was frequently covered ; the other from its being often brown with rust.”

GROSE'S MILITARY ANTIQUITIES.

† “ Whit,” a jot, the least possible space or thing ; in this latter sense it is used by Spencer :

“ She unto him disclosed every *whit*.”

What stone still? Turned, I think, to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that forty years was fastened with roots, and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates, which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn fallen * my strong arms? or is it the nature of love, or the quintessence of the mind, to breed numbness or lytherness †, or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body? or doth the remembrance of Tellus, refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine, that the other fleshy parts cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead, and more senseless than death.

Enter FAIRIES.

But what are these so fair fiends, that cause my hairs to stand upright, and spirits to fall down? Hags, out!—Alas! nymphs, I crave pardon. Ah me! out! what do I hear?

(The Fairies dance, and, with a song, pinch him ‡, and he falleth asleep; they kiss Endymion and depart.)

* “Made brawn fallen,” unnerved.

† Lithe, in Chaucer and Spencer, generally means softness, flexibility: and lither is, I think, here used for languor. But I am informed it is still in use in our northern countries, and means *unapt* or *idle*, in which sense it may be used in the text.

‡ Pinching appears to have been the usual revenge of fairies; and Stevens quotes this stage direction in a note on the similar sufferings of Falstaff, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

SONG BY FAIRIES.

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,
 Saucy mortals must not view
 What the queen of stars is doing,
 Nor pry into our fairy wooing.

1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue,

2 *Fairy.* And pinch him black;

3 *Fairy.* Let him not lack

Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
 Till sleep has rocked his addle head.

4 *Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done,
 Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.

Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,

Then to our midnight heidegyes*. [*Exeunt.*

CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION, ZONTE,
 PYTHAGORAS, and GYPTES. CORSITES *sleeping*.

Cynt. You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous
 opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are
 now of another mind.

Pyth. Madam, I plainly perceive that the per-
 fection of your brightness, hath pierced through
 the thickness that covered my mind; insomuch
 that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed
 to remember my grossness.

Gypt. They are thrice fortunate that live in
 your palace, where truth is not in colours, but
 life; virtues not in imagination, but execution.

Cynt. I have always studied to have rather
 living virtues, than painted gods; the body of
 truth, than the tomb. But let us walk to Endy-
 mion, it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver
 him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

* Revels, sports.

Pyth. I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep.

Gypt. I can do nothing till I see him.

Cynt. Come, Floscula, I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion.

Flosc. I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

Cynt. Are you in love with his person?

Flosc. No; but with his virtue.

Cynt. What say you, Semele?

Sem. Madam, I dare say nothing, for fear I offend.

Cynt. Belike you cannot speak, except you be spiteful; but as good be silent, as saucy. Panellion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts, is only contempt and sourness.

Pan. I love not, madam, to give my judgment; yet, sith your highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

Cynt. Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion; alas! poor gentleman! hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once vowed all to my service? Hollow eyes! grey hairs! wrinkled cheeks! and decayed limbs! Is it destiny, or deceit that hath brought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favoured thee, Endymion, for thy honour, thy virtues, thy affections; but to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange, that I might have thee stayed; and now

are thy days ended, before my favour begin. But whom have we here, is it not Corsites?

Zont. It is; but more like a leopard than a man.

Cynt. Awake him. How now, Corsites, what make you here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face*.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

Cynt. Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cors. Madam, as it is no offence to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope it can be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your majesty committed to my charge fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive, that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts, between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest.

Cynt. In love! a thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth.

Cors. Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield, than by certain danger to perish; I unfolded to Tellus the depths of my

* "For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run."

affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true, and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

Cynt. How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practising of some deceits? In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mars' camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's quiver at thy girdle, and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself, and be as thou hast been, and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

Cors. Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state; for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind, as now her deceit and despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing, than love itself, more womanish.

Gypt. These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out, if you rub them over with this lunary; so that in the place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

Cors. I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love, and the pretty ladies that haunt this green.

Flosc. Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face.

Zont. How spitefully Semele laugheth, and dare not speak.

Cynt. Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynt. Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? what reason is to be given? what remedy?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

Cynt. What say you, Gyptes?

Gypt. With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it; for that heaviness argueth a malice unremoveable in the enchantress, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more miraculous.

Flosc. Oh, Endymion! could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous, as to make thee dead with life, and living being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou rememberest thou wast young.

Cynt. No more, Floscula, pity doth him no good. I would any thing else might, and I vow by the unspotted honour of a lady, he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done?

Gypt. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress shall die, or else be discovered ; if either happen, I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

Cynt. Corsites, what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madam, pardon me, I was overtaken too late. I would rather break into the midst of a main battle, than again fall in the hands of those fair babies.

Cynt. Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us go in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SAMIAS and DARES.

Sam. Eumenides hath told such strange tales, as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

Dares. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endimion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse, but she made herself in readiness to try the event.

Sam. We will also see the event. But whist, here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION,
&c.

Cynt. Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head, that I should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things are there in the world, to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try, else shall I think myself most unhappy, that I asked not my sweet mistress.

Cynt. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endy-

mion awake he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it.

Cynt. Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately (good Endymion) not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, (though to restore thy youth it be impossible) I will do that to Endymion, which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. *[She kisseth him.]*

Eum. Madam, he beginneth to stir.

Cynt. Soft, Eumenides; stand still.

Eum. Ah! I see his eyes almost open.

Cynt. I command thee once again stir not: I will stand behind him.

Pan. What do I see? Endymion almost awake?

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb? or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah! my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

End. Endymion! I call to mind such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shall continue thy natural course.

Cynt. Endymion! speak, sweet Endymion! knowest thou not Cynthia?

End. Oh, heavens! whom do I behold? fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

Cynt. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

End. Endymion! what do I hear? What! a grey beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and all in one night?

Eum. One night! thou hast here slept forty years*, by what enchantress as yet it is not known: and behold the twig to which thou laidest thy head, is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favour I do not yet call to mind: only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, destiny and death, are subject, I see and remember; and in all humility, I regard and reverence.

Cynt. You shall have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

End. Am I that Endymion, who was wont in court to lead my life, and in justs, tourneys†, and arms to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

End. Ah! sweet Eumenides, I now perceive

* In Act III. it was mentioned that he had slept *almost twenty years*; as it is evident but little time had elapsed since, I suspect this to be an error.

† Justs and tourneys are frequently confounded, but "the tournament was *a conflict with many knights*, divided into parties, and engaged at the same time; the just was a separate trial of skill, *when only one man was opposed to another.*"

thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt; for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs, and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it?

Cynt. Well, Endymion, arise: awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee*, and tell what thou hast seen in thy sleep all this while. What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible but in so long time, thou shouldst see things strange.

End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen; humbly desiring, that when I exceed in length, you give me warning that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although happily the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness.

Cynt. Well, Endymion, begin.

End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair, but very mischievous, who, in the one hand, carried a knife, with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glass, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence: she was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief: another with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep,

* To support thee.

feeling my very veins to swell, and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed my body, that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynt. A strange sight; Gyptes, at our better leisure, shall expound it.

End. After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still unmoveable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

Cynt. Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

End. After her, immediately appeared an aged man, with a beard as white as snow, and carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember, these words: *Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained councils, policies, and pictures;* and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected: wherewith, moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers; the second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which bending his brows and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend, or desire to know some strange

thing moved me, I took the book and so the old man vanished *.

Cynt. What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

End. There, pourtrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth, gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy, with a pale and meagre face, (whose body was so lean, that one might tell her bones, and whose garment was so tattered, that it was easy to number every thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused, that things so base, should attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things, madam, the repetition whereof, may at your better leisure seem more pleasing. For bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Cynt. I am contented to be dieted; therefore

* This is, with trifling variation, the story of Tarquin II. and the Sibyl.

let us in : Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest either eating immoderately, or sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit, or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed, that whosoever will discover this practice, shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks, and no small rewards. [*Exit.*

Flosc. Ah ! Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder; and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man, as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah ! my dear friend, Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee.

End. Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal, and not to be conceived; and thy good will, Floscula, better than I have deserved. But let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she do, she loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your sleep.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old, and your appetite cold.

Eum. No, Endymion, time hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames, and my fancies almost to frenzy. But let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SIR TOPHAS and EPITON.

Top. Epi, love hath justled my liberty from the wall, and taken the upper hand of my reason.

Epi. Let me then trip up the heels of your affection, and thrust your good will into the gutter.

Top. No, Epi, love is a lord of misrule, and keepeth Christmas in my corps*.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheer: what dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you with withal?

Top. First, with a great platter of plumb porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust.

Epi. Excellent love lap.

Top. Then cometh a pye of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet, some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in old years, *Dulce venenum.*

Epi. A brave banquet.

Top. But, Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin,

* The Lord or Abbot of Misrule, or the Master of Merry Disports, was a person, generally an inferior, chosen to preside over and sometimes to provide the sports and entertainments at Christmas; and during the continuance of his office he and his associates were generally well feasted. Like the Festival of Fools, and some such other customs, it is supposed to have been derived from the Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn.

something pricketh me; what dost thou feel or see?

Epi. There are three or four little hairs.

Top. I pray thee call it my beard; how shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood?

Epi. Oh, sir, your chin is but a quiller, yet you will be most majestical when it is full fledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone*.

Top. *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*, I love the smoke of an old fire.

Epi. Why she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

Top. It is an old goose, *Epi*, that will eat no oats; old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old coney before a rabbit-sucker†, and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper‡.

Epi. (*Aside.*) *Argumentum ab antiquitate*, my master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippen that is withered like an old wife.

Epi. Good, sir.

* Literally an old toothless ewe.

† "Rabbit-sucker," a sucking rabbit. So in "First Part of Henry IV."

"Hang me up by the heels for a *rabbit-sucker*."

This passage in the text is produced by Stevens in illustration of it. And in the account of the Serjeant's Feast held in the Inner Temple Hall, given in Dugdale's "Origines," we find dishes of rabbit-suckers twice mentioned. The term is still retained among the lower class of people.

‡ "Chicken-peeper," *i. e.* a chicken just peeping from the shell.

Top. Then, *a contrario sequitur argumentum*, give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

Epi. (*Aside.*) Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will to like.

Epi. Ay.

Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine.

Epi. So.

Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine, for *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit*.

Epi. *O lepidum caput.* Oh, madcap master, you were worthy to win Dipsas were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off, and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here?

Top. My solicitors.

Enter SAMIAS and DARES.

Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? will she yield? will she bend?

Dares. Oh, sir, as much as you would wish, for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

Epi. Master, she is bent I warrant you.

Top. What conditions doth she ask?

Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

Top. How many hath she?

Dares. One.

Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? the turtle true, hath ne'er a tooth.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Thy master is in a notable vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

Epi. (*Aside.*) Let him lose his tongue too, I care not.

Dares. Nay, you must also have no nails; for she long since hath cast hers.

Top. That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead, when we can neither bite nor scratch. You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

Sam. (*Aside.*) How shall we do to make him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dares. (*Aside.*) Let me alone. She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid, Bagoa, to an aspen-tree, for bewraying her secrets.

Top. I honour her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four.

Dares. Nay, then I must tell you the truth; her husband, Geron, has come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

Top. What do I hear! Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton, and tell him desire is dead, and wills him to dig his grave. Oh, heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable to my fortunes?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

Top. I love no grissels: they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty, that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax: *animus majoribus instat*, I desire old matrons. What a sight it would be to embrace one whose hair was as orient as pearl; whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet*, that they shall stain the truest turkis†; whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle; whose eyes shall be environed about with redness, exceeding the deepest coral; and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness? Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

Epi. Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dares. If we speed him not shortly I will burn my cap; we will serve him of the spades, and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

Top. Youths, adieu; he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inheritance.

Dares. What, is thy master landed?

Epi. Know you not that my master is *liber tenens*?

Sam. What's that?

Epi. A freeholder. But I will after him.

Sam. And we to hear what news of Endymion for the conclusion. [Exeunt.

* A pale blue.

† "Turkis," turkois.

SCENE III.

PANELION *and* ZONTES.

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honourable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief, to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friends so malicious?

Zont. If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words, are of force to corrupt the strongest men; and therefore able to work silly women like wax.

Pan. I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause.

Zont. I fear, as in all causes, hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be, that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death.

Pan. That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage (having understood her practice to be discovered), turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

Zont. Let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

CYNTHIA, SEMELE, FLOSCULA, DIPSAS, ENDYMION, *and* EUMENIDES.

Cynt. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly

nature doth afford, or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years, practised that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple, as for to know the nature of simples? of all creatures to be most sinful! Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry, and alter by thy damnable art, the government I now possess by the eternal gods. But know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia being placed for a light on earth, is also protected by the powers of Heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words, gather thou mayest herbs, find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force to appal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak, as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron, once thy husband, but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in a desert almost desperate. Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dip. Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor any thing so wished for as death: yet, among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransacked thoughts, as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till to-morrow: if to live, and still be

more miserable, would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be the oldest and ugliest.

Ger. Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth; and him to sleep, not remembering youth.

Cynt. Stay; here cometh Tellus, we shall now know all.

Enter CORSITES, TELLUS, PANELION, &c.

Cors. I would, to Cynthia, thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth, as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tel. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

Cynt. Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should harbour so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless; which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are. But this unacquainted and most unnatural practice with a vile enchantress, against so noble a gentleman as Endymion, I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge, as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts; and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears, into as dead a sleep as you

did Endymion; or turn them into trees, as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to me but softness.

Tel. Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life, and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame. Yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours, there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

Cynt. Say on, Tellus, I cannot imagine any thing that can colour such cruelty.

Tel. Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his youth, so ravished my heart with love, that to obtain my desires, I could not find means, nor to recite them, reason. What was she that favoured not Endymion, being young, wise, honourable, and virtuous? Besides, what metal was she made of, (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay infected with the poison of that (not to be expressed, yet always to be felt) love? which breaketh the brains, and never bruise the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin; and maketh a deep scar to be seen, before any wound at all be felt? my heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love, madam; I, not without blushing, confess, yielded to love.

Cynt. A strange effect of love, to work such

an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion, all this was for love?

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

Cynt. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus, let us hear the end.

Tel. Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire; but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke, and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, in which he might see almost his own; my sighs, by which he might even hear his name sounded, aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted; and by questions wrung out that, which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore, that mine in respect of his, were as fumes to Etna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles; and nothing could be compared to my beauty, but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe, that (which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful; and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

Cynt. Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

End. Madam, by mine accuser.

Cynt. Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it.

Tel. I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love, and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease my grief, but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes, who had me slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falsehood, and fried myself most in mine affections*, I found—(ah! grief, even then I lost myself), I found him in most melancholy and desperate terms, cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of—

Cynt. Of whom, Tellus? Speak boldly.

Tel. Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to offend.

Cynt. Speak, I say; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by Cynthia?

Tel. For the love of Cynthia.

Cynt. For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion is it true?

End. In all things, madam, Tellus doth not speak false.

Cynt. What will this breed to in the end? Well, Endymion, we shall hear all.

Tel. I, seeing my hopes turned to mishaps, and a settled dissembling towards me, and an un-

* This culinary metaphor has been made use of by Shakspeare in the "Taming the Shrew:"

Fran. "Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry."

moveable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him. And finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind, that any else should possess, what I had pursued; for though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded myself to Cynthia; yet in affections, I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses, and all other creatures according to their states with myself. For stars to their bigness, have their lights, and the sun hath no more; and little pitchers when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth, have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate; yielding wholly to that divine judgment, which never erred for want of wisdom, or envied for too much partiality.

Cynt. How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion, hath Tellus told truth?

End. Madam, in all things, but in that she said I loved her and swore to honour her.

Cynt. Was there such a time, when for my love thou didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, Endymion, I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highness above all the world, but to stretch it so far as to call it love, I never durst. There hath none pleased

mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia; and here I stand ready to die if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states, that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing, (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love; my unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favour that, which to challenge they must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which, I will spend my spirits, and to myself, (that no creature may hear) softly call it love. And if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. From this sweet contemplation, if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in my aged thoughts, than ever I did in my youthful actions.

Cynt. Endymion, this honourable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart, than in a walled city. I have laboured to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun, and thou shall find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

End. Your highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; me-

thinks I feel my joints strong, and these mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynt. What young again*! then it is pity to punish Tellus.

Tel. Ah! Endymion, now I know thee, and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

End. Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

Flosc. Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former state.

End. Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. Endymion, the comfort of my life! how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

Cynt. Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam.

Cynt. Semele? Eumenides is it Semele? the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth.

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia; the possessing of whose love, must only prolong my life.

Cynt. Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all pleased. Semele, are you content after so long a trial of his faith, such rare secresy, such

* I think it appears more than probable that, at the conclusion of the preceding speech of Cynthia, Endymion got rid of his white beard and hair.

unspotted love, to take Eumenides? Why speak you not? not a word!

End. Silence, madam, consents; that is most true.

Cynt. It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam; now only do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam; either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word: yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out, than my heart distempered. I will not have him.

Cynt. Speaks the parrot? She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay, her head, that, having a servant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam; for then would he have asked his mistress.

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words; for what hast thou found in my life but love? and, as yet, what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynt. Thy tongue, Eumenides! what, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele? Well, Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced: let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content; your highness shall com-

mand; for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Cynt. I thank you, Semele.

Eum. Ah! happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful, a mistress so fair; with what sudden mischief will the gods daunt their excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynt. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service from which death cannot remove him; Corsites casteth still a lovely look toward you; how say you? Will you have your Corsites, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tel. Madam, most willingly.

Cynt. But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

Cors. I, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus, than the monarchy of the world.

Eum. Why she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

Cors. Aye, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynt. Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

Tel. Only the picture of Endymion.

Cynt. Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

Cors. Ah! my sweet Tellus, my love shall be, as thy beauty is, matchless.

Cynt. Now it resteth Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath

promised again to receive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dip. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow, of that most horrible and hateful trade; vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Cynt. How say you, Geron, will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the first day; for nothing could happen to make me happy, but only her forsaking that lewd and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

Dip. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

Cynt. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart; thou hast my favour; Tellus, her friend; Eumenides in Paradise with his Semele; Geron contented with Dipsas.

Top. Nay, soft, I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

Cynt. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for I awaked Endymion, and at my words he waxed young; I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so she be a wench, I care not.

Cynt. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes; for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again if in my power be the effect of truth.

Top. Bagoa? a bots upon thee.

Cynt. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes, and Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practised, you shall be entertained according to your deserts; for Cynthia is no step-mother to strangers.

Pyth. I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years, than in Greece one hour.

Gypt. And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia, than by the possessing of all Egypt.

Cynt. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

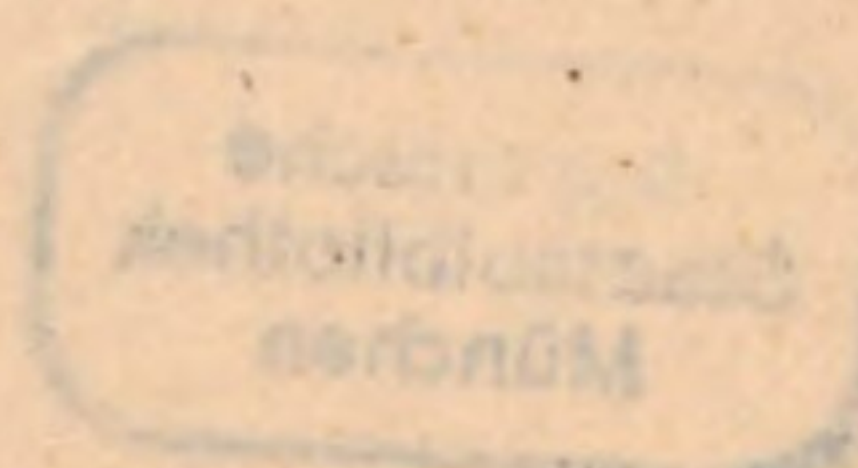
[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.

THE
EPILOGUE.

A MAN walking abroad, the wind and sun strove for sovereignty ; the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The wind blew hard, the man wrapped his garment about him harder ; it blustered more strongly, he then girt it fast to him : I cannot prevail, said the wind. The sun casting her crystal beams began to warm the man ; he unloosed his gown ; yet it shined brighter : he then put it off. I yield, said the wind, for if thou continue shining, he will also put off his coat.

Dread sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms : but if your highness vouchsafe, with your favourable beams, to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but, with all humility, lay both our hands and hearts at your majesty's feet.



EPHIGIA

ANTONIO AND MELLYDA

HISTORICAL PLAY

JOHN MARSTON

JOHN MARSTON.

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA;

AN

HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON

BIOGRAPHY was as little attempted as in the reign of Elizabeth, that it would be to run to sea among continents. A few sentences scattered by accident must alone repay the labour of research. It is here known little of the preceding writers, whose works have been admitted into this collection, of the present we absolutely know nothing; instead of a HISTORICAL PLAY. The following is must be removed as one case of error. The account given as by Anthony Wood.

One John Marston, son of a labourer of both his names of the city of Coventry, England, became either a Commoner or Gent. Com. of Westminster College, in 1591; and in the beginning JOHN MARSTON, he was admitted B. A. as the eldest son of an Englishman, and soon after completing that degree by determination he went the way and returned in his journey to other studies. This person dying on the 11th of June 1634 was buried by his father (according to a register of the Middle Temple) in the choir belonging to the Temple, in the chapel of St. John, under the stone which hath written on it classical Latin. Another John Marston I found to have been a student in Westminster School, who was admitted B. A. February 23, 1592, but in what country he was born I cannot yet find, because that he was not anti-topical; that he was not scholar of that house, or fellow, in the

JOHN MARSTON.

BIOGRAPHY was so little attended to in the reign of Elizabeth, that it would be in vain to seek among contemporary writers for a connected life of a dramatic author: a few sentences scattered by accident must alone repay the labours of research. If we have known little of the preceding writers, whose works have been admitted into this collection, of the present we absolutely know nothing; instead of adding to what has been already collected, it must be removed as one mass of error. The following is the account given us by Anthony Wood.

“ One John Marston, son of a father of both his names, of the city of Coventry, Esquire, became either a Commoner or Gent. Com. of Brazen-nose College, in 1591; and in the beginning of February, 1593, he was admitted B. A. as the eldest son of an Esquire; and soon after completing that degree by determination he went his way, and improved his learning in other faculties. This person dying on the 25th of June, 1634, was buried by his father (sometime a councellor of the Middle Temple) in the church belonging to the Temple, in the suburb of London, under the stone which hath written on it *oblivioni sacrum*. Another John Marston I found to have been a student in Corpus Christi College, who was admitted B. A. February 23, 1592; but in what county he was born I cannot yet find, because that he was not matriculated, that he was not scholar of that house, or fellow; in the

admission of both which, their counties of nativity are constantly registered. This last, of C. C. Coll. seems to be John Marston, the poet, whom we are further to mention, (*who dying before 1633, in which year most of his works were published by Wm. Shakspeare, and therefore cannot be that Marston of Brazen-nose College, who died in 1634, as before 'tis told you*), and has been taken by some of that house for the same."

It would be unnecessary to inform the reader that Shakspeare died in 1616, *seventeen years* previously to the publication alluded to *, except to point out to him that it is on this error alone Wood has founded the opinion that Marston, the poet, was of C. C. College: and though the first error has been seen through and silently rejected, Mr. Oldys has acquiesced in his *conclusion* †; which has been introduced into the "Biographia Dramatica," by Mr. Baker, adopted by Mr. Reed, and retained by Mr. Jones, who has added to it, "We find from Dugdale's 'Origines,' that, when he left Oxford, he was entered of the Middle Temple, of which society *he was chosen lecturer in the 34th of Elizabeth.*"

The foundation of this latter error is a list of the lecturers of that society, given by Dugdale; and it is true enough, that in the 34th of Elizabeth we find the name of "John Marston;" but it by no means follows that it was John Marston, the poet; indeed from the rank and duties of the office it was absolutely impossible that it could have been him: for, taking apparently the elder of the two collegians, he was not admitted a B. A. until that very

* Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note on Langbaine, supposes him to have fallen into this error by mistaking the name of Wm. Sheares, the publisher, for Wm. Shakspeare, and this conjecture is extremely probable.

† MS. *ut supra*.

year. If it be worth fixing the office on any one by conjecture, the probabilities are decidedly in favour of *the father of John Marston*, of Brazen-nose, who was of the same name, and sometime a councillor of that society. Thus much for the account that has been passed down to us.

There was a family of this name at Aftcot, in Salop, and Mr. Oldys says, our author "died about the former part of King Charles the First's reign, aged about three score years," but without naming his authority.

It is certain he was, in 1605, on terms of friendship with Ben Jonson, to whom the "Malcontent" is dedicated with warmth and apparent sincerity. Some complimentary verses also were written by him, and are prefixed to Sejanus, and in the same year he joined that author and Chapman in writing "Eastward Hoe," for which they were all committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses; but received a pardon. This friendship, however, Langbaine supposes was of short duration, as he considers the epistle prefixed to "Sophonisba" as a direct attack on that author's works; and we have the evidence of Drummond of Hawthornden, that Jonson spoke of him with great disrespect.

In the writings of Marston there is less labour than is even usual to the writers of the time; he gives you the diamond in the rough, not from carelessness, for it seems to have been affected by him as best suited to the nerve and vigour of his imagination. He had an uncourtly humour, and Feliche, in the following play, seems a man after his own heart.

His satires have been commended by many, and made him more eminent than his dramatic writings, though Wharton does not consider them equal to Bishop Hall's.

He was himself satirised in "The Return from Parnassus," under the name of Kinsayder.

He was also author of "The Argument of the Spectacle presented to the sacred Majesties of Great Britain and Denmark, as they passed through London;" the MS. of which is now in the British Museum.

The following is a list of his dramatic works:

1. Antonio and Mellida, H. D. 4to. 1602.

2. Antonio's Revenge, T. 4to. 1602.

This is the continuation mentioned in the Induction of Antonio and Mellida; but the reader will observe the first is of itself a perfect play; and though the latter has many beauties, it has faults almost sufficient to counterbalance them, and will not therefore be given in this selection.

3. Malcontent, T. C. 4to. 1604, D. C.

There are two editions of this play in the same year, "one of them has various additions," by J. Webster.

4. Dutch Courtezan, C. 4to. 1605.

This play was altered and revived by Mrs. Behn, under the title of the "Match in Newgate."

5. Parisitaster, C. 4to. 1606.

6. The Wonder of Women, or Sophonisba, T. 4to. 1606.

It appears from Henslow's "Account Book" that this play was performed on the 15th of October, 1595, though not published till eleven years after.

7. What you will, C. 4to. 1607.

8. Insatiate Countess, T. 4to. 1613. 4to. 1631.

It is extremely questionable if this play was written by Marston, a copy in Mr. Kemble's collection has the name of Wm. Barksted printed in the title-page.

All but the "Malcontent" and the "Insatiate Countess" were published in one volume, 8vo. in 1633, and dedicated, says Wood, "to Elizabeth Cary, Viscountess Falkland." I have never seen an edition with this dedication, although I have examined several copies: but it is more than probable that Wood had good authority for the assertion; for, on a collation of one of these with a defective copy (wanting all before the Second Part of Antonio and Mellida) I discovered that the title-pages and prefaces, *and these only*, were reprinted in the same year. When this was done the dedication might have been added or left out; but as I could never procure another copy of the imperfect one, Wood's assertion must remain for me uncontradicted and unsupported.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Piero Sforza, Duke of Venice.

Andrugio, Duke of Genoa.

Antonio, Son of Andrugio, in love with Mellida.

Feliche.

Matzagente, the Duke of Millain's son, "a modern Bragadoch,"
in love with Mellida.

Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, in love with Rossaline.

Balurdo, "a wealthy mountbanking Burgomasco's heir of Venice."

Forobosco, "a parasite."

Galeatzo, in love with Mellida.

Castilio Balthazar.

Lucio, Page to Andrugio.

Catzo, Page to Castilio.

Dildo, Page to Balurdo.

Painter, &c. &c.

Mellida, Daughter to Piero, in love with Antonio.

Rossaline, Niece to Piero.

Flavia.

INDUCTION*.

Enter GALEATZO, PIERO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, MATZAGENTE, and FELICHE, with Parts in their Hands, having Cloaks cast over their Apparel.

Gal. COME, sirs, come; the music will sound straight for entrance. Are ye ready, are ye perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts; but we are ignorant in what mould we must cast our actors.

Alb. Whom do you personate?

Pier. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. Ho, ho; then thus: frame your exterior shape,

To haughty form of elate majesty;

As if you held the palsy shaking head

Of reeling chance under your fortune's belt,

In strictest vassalage; grow big in thought,

As swoln with glory of successful arms.

* Although the "Taming of the Shrew" is the only one of Shakspeare's plays that has an induction, they were by no means uncommon. Ben Jonson has three or four; Marston one to the "Malcontent," and "What you will;" and many others might be mentioned. The prologue to Fletcher's "Woman Hater," (1607), begins, "Gentlemen, inductions are out of date." Shakspeare's, it must be confessed, has little in common with them but the name.

Pier. If that be all, fear not, I'll suit it right.
Who cannot be proud, stroke up the hair, and
strut?

Alb. Truth: such rank custom is grown popular;
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalks as proud upon the weakest stilts
Of the slightest fortunes, as if Hercules
Or burly Atlas shouldered up their state.

Pier. Good: but whom act you?

Alb. The necessity of the play forceth me to
act two parts*; Andrugio, the distressed Duke
of Genoa, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman,
enamoured on the Lady Rossaline; whose fortunes
being too weak to sustain the port of her,
he proved always disastrous in love; his worth
being much underpoised by the uneven scale,
that currents all things by the outward stamp of
opinion.

Gal. Well, and what dost thou play?

Bal. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The fool. Ay, in good deed law now†,
I play Balurdo, a wealthy mountbanking Burgo-
masco's heir of Venice.

Alb. Ha, ha! one, whose foppish nature might
seem great, only for wise men's recreation; and
like a juiceless bark, to preserve the sap of more
strenuous spirits. A servile hound, that loves
the scent of forerunning fashion, like an empty
hollow vault, still giving an echo to wit; greedily

* It would seem to have been the necessity of the players.

† This is a foolish phrase peculiar to the character he is to personate.

champing what any other well valued judgment had beforehand chewed.

For. Ha, ha, ha! tolerably good, good faith, sweet wag.

Alb. Umph, why tolerably good, good faith, sweet wag? Go, go; you flatter me.

For. Right; I but dispose my speech to the habit of my part.

Alb. (*To Feliche.*) Why, what plays he?

Fel. The wolf that eats into the breast of princes, that breeds the lethargy and falling sickness in honour, makes justice look asquint, and blinds the eye of merited reward from viewing desertful virtue.

Alb. What's all this periphrasis? ha?

Fel. The substance of a supple-chapped flatterer.

Alb. Oh, doth he play Forobosco, the parasite? Good i'faith. Sirrah, you must seem now as glib and straight in outward resemblance as a lady's busk*; though, inwardly, as cross as a pair of tailor's legs; having a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of glavering flattery, to stitch up the bracks of the unworthily honoured.

For. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see me prove the very periwig to cover the bald pate of brainless gentility. Oh! I will so tickle the sense of *bella gratiosa madonna* with the titillation of hyperbolical praise, that I'll strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

* Busks are pieces of iron, wood, or whalebone, used to stiffen ladies' stays.

Fel. Thou promisest more than I hope any spectator gives faith of performance.—(*To Antonio.*) But why look you so dusky? ha?

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativity of my actorship: I shall be hissed at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an hermaphrodite; two parts in one: my true person being Antonio, son to the Duke of Genoa; though for the love of Mellida, Piero's daughter, I take this feigned presence of an Amazon, calling myself Florizell, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall never do it.

Alb. Oh, an Amazon should have such a voice, virago-like. Not play two parts in one? Away, away! 'tis common fashion*. Nay if you cannot bear two subtle fronts under one hood; idiot, go by, go by; off this world's stage. Oh, times impurity!

Ant. Ay, but when use hath taught me action to hit the right point of a lady's part, I shall grow ignorant when I must turn young prince again, how but to truss my hose†.

Fel. Tush, never put them off; for women wear the breeches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a Millanoise, and the resplendent fulgor of this steel, I will

* This, as a reflection on the hypocrisy and dissimulation of the times, is much in Marston's style; but it may be an allusion to the custom introduced about that time, with great success, of making their female characters, for some purpose of the story, assume the garb and manners of men, as Shakspeare has done with Rosalind, Viola, and Imogen.

† "Truss my hose," *i. e.* tighten up my breeches.

defend the feminine to death; and ding* his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares divulge a lady's prejudice. [*Exit Ant. and Alb.*

Fel. Rampum scampum, mount tufty Tamberlain†. What rattling thunder-clap breaks from his lips?

Alb. Oh, 'tis native to his part. For acting a modern Bragadoch, under the person of Matzagente, the Duke of Millaine's son, it may seem to suit with good fashion of coherence.

Pier. But methinks he speaks with a spruce attic accent of adulterate Spanish.

Alb. So 'tis resolved. For Millain being half Spanish, half high Dutch, and half Italian, the blood of chiefest houses is corrupt and mungreled: so that you shall see a fellow vain-glorious for a Spaniard; gluttonous for a Dutchman; proud for an Italian; and a fantastic idiot for all. Such a one conceit this Matzagente.

Fel. But I have a part allotted me, which I have neither able apprehension to conceit, nor what I conceit gracious ability to utter.

* "Ding," hurl. It is a word yet in use in some of our northern counties, and means literally to throw down with violence. In this sense it is used by our poet in his satires:

"Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eats his heart."
So in the "Spanish Tragedy:"

"Brought in a fresh supply of halberdices,
Which paunched his horse and ding'd him to the ground."

Some other instances have been produced by Reed, in a note on the last-mentioned play.

† This is all sound without sense; imitative of the high-flown language of Matagente, which he compares to that of "Tamberlain," a play attributed to Marlowe, and a just subject of ridicule from its inflated bombastic nonsense to the authors of the time.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut *? Good show us a draught of thy spirit.

Fel. 'Tis steady, and must seem so impreg-
nably fortified with his own content, that no
envious thought could ever invade his spirit:
never surveying any man so unmeasuredly happy,
whom he thought not justly hateful for some
true impoverishment: never beholding any favour
of Madam Felicity gracing another, which his
well-bounded content persuaded not to hang in
the front of his own fortune; and therefore as far
from envying any man, as he valued all men in-
finitely distant from accomplished beatitude.
These native adjuncts appropriate to me the
name of Feliche. But last, good, thy humour.

[*Exit Alberto.*

Ant. 'Tis to be described by signs and tokens.
For unless I were possessed with a legion of
spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous
by any utterance; for sometimes he must take
austere state, as for the person of Galeatzo, the
son of the Duke of Florence, and possess his
exterior presence with a formal majesty; keep
popularity in distance; and on the sudden fling
his honour so prodigally into a common arm,
that he may seem to give up his indiscretion to
the mercy of vulgar censure. Now as solemn as
a traveller †, and as grave as a puritan's ruff ‡, with

* *Id est*, holla! after the whole fashion?

† Jaques, in "As You Like it," describing his own melancholy,
says it is extracted from *many objects*, and that the *contemplation*
of his travels often wraps him in a most humorous sadness: on
which Rosalind observes, "*A traveller! By my faith you have*
great reason to be sad."

‡ Ruffs came into fashion about 1564. *Small ruffs* and *cross*

the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as—as—as—a—a—any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a barber's casting-bottle* ; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an ale-knight: now, lamenting; then, chafing; straight, laughing: then——

Fel. What then?

Ant. Faith I know not what; 't had been a right part for Proteus or Gew: oh, blind Gew would have done it rarely, rarely†.

Fel. I fear it is not possible to limn so many persons in so small a tablet as the compass of our plays afford.

Ant. Right; therefore I have heard that those persons, as he, and you, Feliche, that are but slightly drawn in this Comedy, should receive more exact accomplishment in a second part; which, if this obtain gracious acceptance, means to try his fortune.

Fel. Peace! here comes the Prologue; clear the stage. [*Exeunt.*

garters, if we may judge from a passage quoted by Stevens from "Barton Holyday," were afterwards affected by the Puritans; there, speaking of the ill success of his "Texnotamia," he says,

"Had there appeared some sharp *cross-garter'd* man,

Whom their loud-laugh might nick-name *puritan*,

Cas'd up in faction's breeches, and *small ruffe*," &c.

* "A barber's casting-bottle," *i. e.* a bottle containing liquid perfumes. Castilio, in Act III. enters "*with a casting-bottle of sweet water in his hand sprinkling himself.*"

† This Gew was probably the name of some actor who had been a favourite, and left the stage from blindness.

the same breath as slight and scattered in his
fashion as—as—as—any thing. Now, as
sweet and rest as a happy resting-bottle ;

PROLOGUE.

THE wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweets,
Begird the gentle front of this fair troop :
Select, and most respected auditors,
For wit's sake do not dream of miracles.
Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad weight of an unused hope
Upon our weakness : only we give up
The worthless present of slight idleness,
To your authentic censure. Oh ! that our Muse
Had those abstruse and sinewy faculties,
That with a strain of fresh invention,
She might press out the rarity of art ;
The purest elixed juice of rich conceit,
In your attentive ears ; that with the lip
Of gracious elocution, we might drink
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But oh ! the heavy dryness of her brain,
Foil to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breathe her blushing numbers to such ears :
Yet (most ingenuous) deign to veil our wants ;
With sleek acceptance, polish these rude scenes :
And if our slightness your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

THE
HISTORY
OF
ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Cornets sound a battle within. Enter AN-
TONIO, disguised like an Amazon.*

Ant. HEART, wilt not break? and thou ab-
horred life,
Wilt thou still breathe in my enraged blood?
Veins, sinews, arteries, why crack ye not?
Burst and divul'st with anguish of my grief.
Can man by no means creep out of himself;
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?
Antonio, hast thou seen a fight at sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doom,
Betwixt thy father, Duke of Genoa,
And proud Piero, the Venetian prince:
In which the sea hath swoln with Genoa's blood,
And made spring-tides with the warm reeking
gore,
That gush'd from out our galleys' scupper-holes;
In which thy father, poor Andrugio,

Lies sunk, or leap'd into the arms of chance,
Choak'd with the labouring ocean's brackish
foam;

Who even, despite Piero's cank'red hate,
Would, with an armed hand, have seized thy love,
And link'd thee to the beauteous Mellida.
Have I outlived the death of all these hopes?
Have I felt anguish pour'd into my heart,
Burning like Balsamum in tender wounds;
And yet do live? Could not the fretting sea
Have roll'd me up in wrinkles of his brow?
Is death grown coy, or grim confusion nice,
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on Venice shore,
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise,
To purchase my adored Mellida?

[*The cornets sound a flourish.*
Hark how Piero's triumphs beat the air!
Oh, rugged mischief, how thou grat'st my heart!
Take spirit, blood; disguise, be confident;
Make a firm stand; here rests the hope of all;
Lower than hell there is no depth to fall.

The Cornets sound a Senet. Enter FELICHE and ALBERTO, CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO, a PAGE carrying a Shield; PIERO in Armour; CATZO, and DILDO, and BALURDO: all these (saving PIERO) armed with Petronels: being entered they make a stand in divided Files.*

Pier. Victorious fortune, with triumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth;
Whilst the Venetian duke is heaved up

* The petronel was a gun in size between the harquebus and pistol, though of greater calibre than either.

On wings of fair success, to overlook
 The low-cast ruins of his enemies,
 To see myself adored, and Genoa quake.
 My fate is firmer than mischance can shake.

Fel. Stand; the ground trembleth.

Pier. Hah? an earthquake?

Bal. Oh, I smell a sound.

Fel. Piero, stay, for I descry a fume
 Creeping from out the bosom of the deep,
 The breath of darkness, fatal when 'tis whist
 In greatness' stomach: this same smoke, called
 pride,

Take heed she'll lift thee to improvidence,
 And break thy neck from steep security;
 She'll make thee grudge to let Jehovah share
 In thy successful battles: Oh! she's ominous;
 Inticeth princes to devour heaven,
 Swallow omnipotence, outstare dread fate,
 Subdue eternity in giant thought;
 Heaves up their heart with swelling puff'd conceit,
 Till their souls burst with venom'd arrogance.
 Beware, Piero, Rome itself hath tried,
 Confusion's train blows up this Babel pride*.

Pier. Pish, *Dimitto superos, summa votorum
 attigi.*

Alberto, hast thou yielded up our fix'd decree
 Unto the Genoan ambassador?
 Are they content if that their duke return,
 To send his and his son Antonio's head,
 As pledges steep'd in blood, to gain their peace?

* "This Babel pride," i.e. pride equalling the presumptuous
 folly of the children of Nimrod: a similar expression occurs in
 "What You Will:"

"Why what a *Babel arrogance* is this."

Alb. With most obsequious sleek-browed entertain,
They all embrace it as most gracious.

Pier. Are proclamations sent through Italy,
That whosoever brings Andrugio's head,
Or young Antonio's, shall be guerdoned *
With twenty thousand double pistolets,
And be endeared to Piero's love?

For. They are sent every way: sound policy.
Sweet lord.

Fel. (Aside.) Confusion to these limber sycophants.

No sooner mischief's borne in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy †.

Pier. Why then: *O me Celitum excelsissimum!*
The intestine malice and inveterate hate
I always bore to that Andrugio,
Glories in triumph o'er his misery:
Nor shall that carpet-boy ‡, Antonio,
Match with my daughter, sweet cheek'd Mellida.
No, the public power makes my faction strong.

* "Guerdoned," rewarded.

"The lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well *guerdon'd* for these good deserts."

Act I. Part the Second of Henry VI.

† The meaning is, "no sooner is any mischievous and bloody measure conceived and proposed by the sovereign, but their flatterers term it policy."

‡ "Carpet-boy." It has been said that in the reign of Mary there "was an order of knighthood of the appellation of knights of the carpet;" be this as it may, we always find it used as a term of reproach, containing all the supposed opposites of a soldier. Shakspeare meant the same thing in "Twelfth Night:"

"He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on *carpet* consideration."

Fel. Ill, when public power strength'neth private wrong.

Pier. 'Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.

Fel. 'Tis god-like for a man to feel remorse.

Pier. Pish, I prosecute my family's revenge,
Which I'll pursue with such a burning chase
Till I have dried up all Andrugio's blood;
Weak rage, that with slight pity is withstood.

[*The cornets sound a flourish.*

What means that fresh triumphal flourish sound?

Alb. The Prince of Millan, and young Florence' heir,

Approach to gratulate your victory.

Pier. We'll girt them with an ample waste of love:

Conduct them to our presence royally;
Let volleys of the great artillery
From off our galleys' banks * play prodigal,
And sound loud welcome from their bellowing mouths.

[*Exeunt all but Piero.*

where there are various commentaries on the meaning and origin of the phrase; and Mr. Reed has a note on it in the "Honest Whore." It may be found also in Massinger's "Maid of Honour:"

"You are women,
Or, at the best, loose *carpet knights*."

And in "The Unnatural Combat:"

"Then your *carpet knights*,
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen and valiant."

And many other places.

* "Banks," are the seats on which the rowers sit; but it must be used here for the sides of the vessel.

*The Cornets sound a Senet. Enter above, MEL-
LIDA, ROSSALINE, and FLAVIA: enter below,
GELEATZO with Attendants: PIERO meeteth
him, they embrace; at which the Cornets sound a
flourish. PIERO, GALEATZO, and their At-
tendants exeunt: the rest stand still.*

Mel. What prince was that passed through
my father's guard?

Flav. 'Twas Galeatzo, the young Florentine.

Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maiden-
head,

Enter the walls, i'faith, sweet Mellida,
If that thy flankers be not cannon proof.

Mel. Oh! Mary Ambree*, good, thy judgment
wench?

Thy bright election's clear †, what will he prove?

Ros. 'Hath a short finger and a naked chin;
A skipping eye ‡, dare lay my judgment, faith,
His love is glibbery; there's no hold on't, wench:
Give me a husband whose aspect is firm,
A full-cheek'd gallant, with a bouncing thigh;
Oh, he is the *Paradizo dell madonne contento*.

* Mary Ambree was a virago, who went into the army, dis-
guised as a man, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; her exploits
are celebrated in a ballad printed by Dr. Percy, in the second vo-
lume of his "Relics of Ancient Poetry." She is frequently
mentioned by Ben Jonson, and by Beaumont and Fletcher, in
Act V. of the "Scornful Lady." See Reed's note in Dodsley's
"Old Plays," vol. ii. p. 260.

† "Thy bright election's clear," *i. e.* as I conceive, "thy
judgment is good in cases of this kind."

‡ "A skipping eye," a wild, a frolic eye:

"'Tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so
skipping a dialogue."—Act I. Twelfth Night.

Mel. Even such a one was my Antonio.

[*The cornets sound a senet.*]

Ros. By my nine-and-thirtieth servant*; sweet,
Thou art in love; but stand on tiptoe, fair,
Here comes Saint Tristram Tirlery Whiffe, i'faith.

*Enter MATZAGENTE; PIERO meets him; they
embrace; at which the Cornets sound a flourish:
they two stand, using seeming compliments, whilst
the scene passeth above.*

Mel. S. Mark, S. Mark, what kind of thing
appears?

Ros. For fancies passion, spit upon him; fie,
His face is varnished: in the name of love
What country bred that creature?

Mel. What is he, Flavia?

Flav. The heir of Millan, Signior Matzagente.

Ros. Matzagente? Now by my pleasure's hope,
He is made like a tilting staff; and looks
For all the world like an o'er-roasted pig:
A great tobacco taker too, that's flat.
For his eyes look as if they had been hung
In the smoke of his nose.

Mel. What husband will he prove, sweet Ros-
saline?

* *Servant* here means *suitors*, and innumerable examples might
be given to show that the *professed admirers* of ladies were, in
our poet's time, called their *servants*: but Mr. Giffard has more
happily illustrated it with *one*.

"*Bon.* What's the gentleman she has married?

Serv. A man of pretty fortune, that has been
Her *servant* many years.

Bon. How do you mean,

Wantonly, or does he serve for wages?

Serv. Neither; *I mean her suitor.*"

SHIRLEY.

Ros. Avoid him, for he hath a dwindled leg,
 A low forehead, and a thin coal-black beard,
 And will be jealous too, believe it, sweet,
 For his chin sweats; and 'hath a gander neck,
 A thin lip, and a little monkish eye:
 'Precious, what a slender waist he hath!
 He looks like a May-pole, or a notched stick:
 He'll snap in two at every little strain.
 Give me a husband that will fill mine arms,
 Of steady judgment, quick and nimble sense:
 Fools relish not a lady's excellence.

*[Exeunt all on the lower stage: at which the
 Cornets sound a flourish, and a peal of shot
 is given.]*

Mel. The triumph's ended; but look, Ros-
 saline,
 What gloomy soul in strange accoutrements
 Walks on the pavement.

Ros. Good sweet let's to her, prithee Mellida.

Mel. How covetous thou art of novelties!

Ros. Pish, 'tis our nature to desire things
 That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mel. I am exceeding willing, but——

Ros. But what? Prithee go down, let's see her
 face:

God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
 Those tempting sweets, affection's adamants.

[Exeunt.]

Ant. Come down; she comes like—Oh, no
 simile

Is precious, choice, or elegant enough
 To illustrate her descent: leap heart, she comes!
 She comes! smile heaven, and softest southern
 wind

Kiss her cheek gently with perfumed breath.
She comes! Creation's purity, admired,
Adored, amazing rarity, she comes!
Oh! now, Antonio, press thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heap up thy powers, double all thy man.

Enter MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, and FLAVIA.

She comes! Oh, how her eyes dart wonder on
my heart!

Mount blood, soul to my lips taste Hebes' cup:
Stand firm on deck, when beauties close fights' up*.

Mel. Lady, your strange habit doth beget,
Our pregnant thoughts even great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Ros. Good sweet lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth; and, sweet,
your name?

Ant. In hope your bounty will extend itself,
In self-same nature of fair courtesy,
I'll shun all niceness: my name's Florizell,
My country Scythia, I am Amazon,
Cast on this shore by fury of the sea.

Ros. Nay faith, sweet creature, we'll not veil
our names.
It pleas'd the font to dip me Rossaline:

* This is a simile evidently taken from marine warfare; and Blount explains "close fights" to be things which are used to shelter or conceal the men from the enemy in time of action. Antonio's meaning is, therefore, "I must meet her resolutely, because by my covering or disguise my real person is hid from her:" and in an unknown person, and an Amazon, impassioned feeling or affection would have been noticed, and have led to a discovery he had no intention of making then.

That lady bears the name of Mellida,
The Duke of Venice' daughter.

Ant. (*To Mel. kissing her hand.*) Madam, I am
obliged to kiss your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

Ros. Now by my troth, I long beyond all
thought

To know the man ; sweet beauty, deign his name.

Ant. Lady, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth not a whit ; good fair, let's have
it all :

I love not, I, to have a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd orator.

Ant. Vouchsafe me then your husht* obser-
vances.

Vehement in pursuit of strange novelties,
After long travail through the Asian main,
I shipp'd my hopeful thoughts for Bretany ;
Longing to view great nature's miracle,
The glory of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest ears with adoration †.
Sailing some two months with inconstant winds,
We viewed the glistering Venetian forts ;
To which we made : when, lo ! some three leagues
off,

We might descry a horrid spectacle ;
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea,
With tattered carcasses of splitted ships,

* So in "Twelfth Night:"

"*Vio.* My lord would speak, my duty *hushes* me."
And "Hamlet:"

"The orb below as *hush* as death."

† Elizabeth is evidently alluded to, and the compliment brought
in without force.

Half sinking, burning, floating, topsy turvy.
 Not far from these sad ruins of fell rage,
 We might behold a creature press the waves;
 Senseless he sprawl'd, all notch'd with gaping
 wounds:
 To him we made, and, short, we took him up;
 The first word that he spake was Mellida;
 And then he swooned.

Mel. Ah me!

Ant. Why sigh you, fair?

Mel. Nothing but little humours: good sweet, on.

Ant. His wounds being dress'd, and life recovered,

We 'gan discourse; when lo, the sea grew mad,
 His bowels rumbling with wind passion,
 Straight swarthy darkness popp'd out Phœbus' eye,
 And blur'd* the jocund face of bright-cheek'd day;
 Whilst crudled† fogs mask'd even darkness' brow:
 Heaven bad 's good night, and the rocks groan'd
 At the intestine uproar of the main.
 Now gusty flaws‡ strook up the very heels

* "Blur'd," obscured, dimmed, defaced: it is commonly found in the writers of that age, though seldom now used:

"A love as spotless as the brow
 Of clearest leaven, *blur'd* with false defames."

ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

"Time hath nothing *blur'd* those lines of favour.

CYMBELINE.

† Crudled," thick, impure.

‡ "Gusty flaws," sudden blasts; in this sense the word is now obsolete: we find it in "The Pilgrim" of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"What *flaws* and whirls of weather,
 Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days.

Mas. It has been stubborn weather."

And in "Coriolanus:"

"And stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every *flaw*."

Of our mainmast, whilst the keen lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking air :
Straight chops a wave*, and in his sliftred paunch †
Down falls our ship, and there he breaks his neck :
Which, in an instant, up was belkt again.

When thus this martyr'd soul began to sigh :
“ Give me your hand, (quoth he), now do you
grasp

Th' unequal mirror ‡ of ragg'd misery :
Is't not a horrid storm ? Oh, well-shap'd sweet §,
Could your quick eye strike through these gash-
ed wounds,

You should behold a heart, a heart, fair creature,
Raging more wild than is this frantic sea.

Wilt do me a favour, if thou chance survive ?

But visit Venice, kiss the precious white
Of my most—nay, all all epithets are base

To attribute to gracious Mellida :

Tell her the spirit of Antonio

Wisheth his last gasp breath'd upon her breast.”

Ros. Why weeps soft-hearted Florizell ?

Ant. Alas ! the flinty rocks groan'd at his complaints.

“ Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate sire

Hath crack'd his bosom ;” therewithall he wept,

And thus sigh'd on. “ The sea is merciful ;

Look how it gapes to bury all my grief :

Well, thou shalt have it, thou shalt be my tomb :

My faith in my love live ; in thee, die woe ;

* “ Chops,” a sea phrase for breaks.

† “ Sliftred paunch,” *i. e.* in the gulf made by the breaking
of the wave.

‡ “ Th' unequal mirror,” *i. e.* the partial and unjust repre-
sentative.

§ This may be an apostrophe of the supposed perishing An-
tonio to his absent mistress, or thrown in to give the fiction the
greater semblance of truth as part of his address to the Amazon.

Die unmatch'd anguish, die Antonio :"
 With that he totter'd from the reeling deck,
 And down he sunk.

Ros. Pleasure's body! what makes my lady
 weep?

Mel. Nothing, sweet Rossaline, but the air is
 sharp*.

My father's palace, madam, will be proud
 To entertain your presence, if you'll deign
 To make repose within. Ah me!

Ant. Lady, our fashion is not curious †.

Ros. Faith, all the nobler, 'tis more generous.

Mel. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
 What succour came, or what strange fate ensu'd?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is
 vast,

And public to the staring multitude.

Ros. Sweet lady, nay, good sweet, now by my
 troth,

We'll be bedfellows: dirt on compliment froth ‡.

[*Exeunt; Rossaline giving Antonio the way.*]

* "K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith none by me: *except the north-east wind,*

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,

Did grace our hollow parting *with a tear.*"

RICHARD II.

† "Our fashion is not curious," *i. e.* the manners and customs
 of our nations are not ceremonious: in this sense we find it in
 the "Taming of the Shrew:"

"For *curious* I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well."

‡ "Dirt on compliment froth." It must be supposed that
 Antonio shows some reluctance to precede Rossaline in going
 out, which makes her exclaim against unmeaning ceremony.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CATZO, with a Capon, eating ; DILDO following him.

Dil. Hah, Catzo, your master wants a clean trencher: do you hear?

Bulurdo calls for your diminutive attendance.

Cat. The belly hath no ears, Dildo.

Dil. Good pug, give me some capon.

Cat. No capon; no, not a bit, ye smooth bully; capon's no meat for Dildo: milk, milk, ye glibbery urchin, is food for infants.

Dil. Upon mine honour—

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? 'Slid, now every jackanapes loads his back with the golden coat of honour; every ass puts on the lion's skin, and roars his honour: upon your honour. By my lady's pantable, I fear I shall live to hear a vintner's boy cry, 'tis rich neat Canary upon my honour.

Dil. My stomach's up.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of fury is lighted, fastened to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double culverin of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speech.

Cat. I'll stop the barrel thus* ; good Dildo, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopp'd, and I will eat to the health of the fool, thy master Castilio.

Cat. And I will suck the juice of the capon, to the health of the idiot, thy master Balurdo.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of rapiers, sheathed in one scabbard of folly.

Cat. Right Dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roared from the ship sides, to view our masters pluck their plumes and drop their feathers, fer fear of being men of mark †.

Dil. 'Slud, (cried Signior Balurdo), Oh, for Don Bessicler's armour, in the Mirror of Knight-hood; what coil's here? Oh, for an armour cannon proof! Oh, more cable, more feather-beds, more feather-beds, more cable ‡, till he had as much as my cable hatband §, to fence him.

* From the speech of Dildo, immediately following, it is evident "he stops the barrel" by giving him some of the capon.

† "Men of mark," men picked out by the enemy.

‡ The cable was probably placed coiled up on the side of the ship, and feather-beds are still used, I believe, to protect the men from the fire of the enemy.

§ The hatband was a very distinguishing feature of the nobility and gentry of those times; on the adornment of which comparatively large sums were sometimes expended. The *cable* hatband appears to have been introduced about 1599, from a speech of Fastidio's in "Every Man out of his Humour:"

"I had on a gold cable hat-band, *then new come up*, of massie goldsmith's work." It is again adverted to in the same play.

Enter FLAVIA, in haste, with a Rebato *.

Cat. Buxom Flavia, can you sing? song, song.

Flav. My sweet Dildo, I am not for you at this time; Madam Rossaline stays for a fresh ruff to appear in the presence; sweet, away.

Dil. I will not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark eyed, sleek skinn'd, slender waisted, clean legg'd, rarely shap'd.

Flav. Who? I'll be at all your service another season; nay, faith, there's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason then, that I might be in all things.

Cat. The breve and the semiquaver is †, we must have the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Flav. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Cat. Troth not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Flav. Pert Catzo, knock it lustily then ‡.

* Rebato frequently occurs in the old dramatists, and the annotators describe it as a kind of ruff or ornament for the neck, and the first speech of Flavia seems to confirm this. See note on Heywood's play of a "Woman killed with Kindness," and on "Much Ado about Nothing."

† It is almost unnecessary to say these are terms in music, the former signifying the *longest*, and the latter the *shortest* note then known. It is exactly similar to an expression yet in use, "The *long* and the *short* is."

‡ *Knock it lustily then.* So in "King Henry VIII."

"Let the music *knock it.*"

CANTANT.

Enter FOROBOSCO, with two Torches: CASTILIO singing fantanastically: ROSSALINE running a Coranto Pase, and BALURDO: FELICHE following, wondering at them all.*

For. Make place, gentlemen; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheel have we here? ha? Make place, gentlemen; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong scent's here, some body useth to wear socks.

Bal. By this fair candle-light 'tis not my feet, I never wore socks since I sucked pap.

Ros. Savourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galls off the skin with the tart acrimony of her sharp quickness: by sweetness, she is the very Pallas that flew out of Jupiter's brainpan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe me your service; by the purity of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it, be my slave. Signior Balurdo, wilt thou be my servant too?

* The *coranto* is mentioned by Shakspeare in his "Twelfth Night:"

"Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a *coranto*?"

And in "Henry V."

"Teach lavoltas high, and *swift corantos*."

Bal. O God *, forsooth in very good earnest, law, you would make me as a man should say—as a man should say——

Fel. Slud, sweet beauty, will you deign him your service?

Ros. Oh, your fool is your only servant. But, good Feliche, why art thou so sad? A penny for thy thought, man.

Fel. I sell not my thought so cheap: I value my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadness, sweet mistress, you should have had my thought for a penny: by this crimson satin, that cost eleven shillings, thirteen-pence, three-pence halfpenny a yard, that you should, law.

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bal. Marry, forsooth, how many strike of pease would feed a hog fat against Christide.

Ros. Paugh; (*she spits.*) Servant, rub out my rheum, it soils the presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoe with an unmeasured honour: I will preserve the sole of it as a most sacred relic for this service.

Ros. I'll spit in thy mouth, an thou wilt, to grace thee.

* This exclamation was too fashionable in the time of Marston, for those who had nothing else to say; and is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in the character of Orange, in "Every Man out of his Humour;" as, "O Lord, sir," is by Shakspeare, in "All's Well that Ends Well." Orange is thus described: "'Tis as dry an Orange as ever grew; nothing but salutation; and, O God, sir; and it pleases you to say so, sir."

Fel. (Aside.) Oh, that the stomach of this queasy age
 Digests, or brooks such raw unseasoned gobs,
 And vomits not them forth! Oh, slavish sots.
 Servant, quoth you? Faugh: if a dog should
 crave

And beg her service, he should have it straight:
 She'd give him favours too, to lick her feet,
 Or fetch her fan, or some such drudgery:
 A good dog's office, which these amorists
 Triumph of: 'tis rare, well give her more ass,
 More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
 Is sworn rich pearl by such low slaves as those.

Ros. Flavia, attend me to attire me.

[*Exit Rossaline and Flavia.*]

Bal. In sad good earnest, sir, you have touched
 the very bare of naked truth; my silk stocking
 hath a good gloss; and I thank my planets,
 my leg is not altogether unpropitiously shaped.
 There's a word: unpropitiously! I think I shall
 speak unpropitiously as well as any courtier in
 Italy.

For. So help me your sweet bounty, you have
 the most graceful presence, applausive elecuty*,
 amazing volubility, polished adoration, delicious
 affability——

Fel. (Aside.) Whoop: fut†, how he tickles yon
 trout under the gills! you shall see him take him
 by and by with groping flattery.

* Elocution, I presume, is the word meant.

† *S'foot* is a common exclamation in the plays of the time,
 and I have no doubt is meant here. In some parts of England
 trouts are caught without net or bait of any kind by *groping*
under the stones, &c. where they lie: this custom is alluded to

For. That ever ravished the ear of wonder.
By your sweet self, than whom I know not a
more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure,
respected, adored, observed, precious, real, mag-
nanimous, bounteous—if you have an idle rich
cast jerkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if—
hah? Here's a forehead, an eye, a head, a hair,
that would make a ——: or if you have any
spare pair of silver spurs, I'll do you as much
right in all kind offices——

Fel. (Aside.) Of a kind parasite.

For. As any of my mean fortunes shall be
able to.

Bal. As I am true Christian now, thou hast
won the spurs.

Fel. (Aside.) For flattery.
Oh, how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that lives by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senseless carrion.

Enter ALBERTO.

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistress, the lady
Rossaline?

For. My mistress, the lady Rossaline, left the
presence even now.

here, and by Beaumont and Fletcher in the “Humorous Lieu-
tenant:”

“This is the tamest trout I ever tickled.”

We find it also in “Twelfth Night:”

“Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.”
And in “Measure for Measure:”

“Groping for trout.”

Cast. My mistress, the lady Rossaline, withdrew her gracious aspect even now.

Bal. My mistress, the lady Rossaline, withdrew her gracious aspect even now.

Fel. (*Aside.*) Well said, Echo.

Alb. My mistress, and his mistress, and your mistress, and the dog's mistress: (*aside.*) 'Spre-cious! dear heaven, that Alberto lives, to have such rivals!

'Slid! I have been searching every private room, Corner, and secret angle of the court:

And yet, and yet, and yet she lives conceal'd.

Good sweet Feliche, tell me how to find

My bright-fac'd mistress out.

Fel. Why, man, cry out for lantern and candle-light. For 'tis your only way to find your bright flaming wench with your light burning torch; for most commonly these light creatures live in darkness.

Alb. Away, you heretic, you'll be burnt for——

Fel. Go, you amorous hound, follow the scent of your mistress's shoe; away.

For. Make a fair presence; boys, advance your lights:

The princess makes approach.

Bal. An't please the gods, now in very good deed, law, you shall see me tickle the measures fore the heavens! Do my hangers show?

Enter PIERO, ANTONIO, MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, ALBERTO, and FLAVIA. *As they enter, FELICHE and CASTILIO make a rank for the Duke to pass through. FOROBOSCO ushers the Duke to his State: then, whilst PIERO speaketh his first Speech, MEL-LIDA is taken by GALEATZO and MATZAGENTE to dance, they supporting her; ROSSALINE, in like manner, by ALBERTO and BALURDO; FLA-VIA, by FELICHE and CASTILIO.*

Pier. Beauteous Amazon, sit, and seat your thoughts

In the repose of most soft content.

Sound music there. Nay, daughter, clear your eyes

From these dull fogs of misty discontent:

Look sprightly, girl. What? though Antonio's
— drown'd,

That peevish dotard on thy excellence,

That hated issue of Andrugio,

Yet may'st thou triumph in my victories;

Since, lo! the high-born bloods of Italy

Sue for thy seat of love. Let music sound *.

Beauty and youth run descant on love's ground.

Matz. Lady, erect your gracious symmetry:

Shine in the sphere of sweet affection:

Your eye's as heavy as the heart of night.

Mel. My thoughts are as black as your beard;
my fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and

* "Let music sound," is printed as a stage direction: I have given it to Piero, and have no doubt it was an error.

all the powers of my mind, as leaden as your wit, and as dusty as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith, sweet, I'll lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mel. I prithee intrude not on a dead man's right.

Gal. No, but the living's just possession. Thy lips and love are mine.

Mel. You ne'er took seizin on them yet*: forbear.

There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fill'd with dead Antonio's loss.
Then urge no more; Oh, leave to love at all;
'Tis less disgraceful not to mount, than fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent lady, deign your ear:
You see this blade; had it a courtly lip,
It would divulge my valour, plead my love,
Justle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your love's seat; I am Matzagente.

Gal. Hark thee; I pray thee taint not thy sweet ear

With that sot's gabble. By thy beauteous cheek,
He is the flagging'st bulrush that ere droop'd
With each slight mist of rain. But with pleased eye

Smile on my courtship.

Mel. What said you, sir? Alas! my thought was fix'd

Upon another object. Good, forbear:
I shall but weep. Ah me; what boots a tear!

† The seizin, or *livery of seizin*, was the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement, which was held absolutely necessary to complete the donation. See Blackstone, vol. ii. p. 311.

Come, come, let's dance *. Oh, music, thou distill'st

More sweetness in us than this jarring world :
Both time and measure from thy strains do breathe,
Whilst from the channel of this dirt doth flow,
Nothing but timeless grief, unmeasured woe.

Ant. Oh, how impatience cramps my cracked veins,

And crudles thick my blood with boiling rage !

Oh, eyes, why leap you not like thunderbolts,

Or cannon bullets in my rival's face ;

Ohime infelice misero, o lamentevol fato !

[*He falls down.*

Alb. What means the lady's falling on the ground ?

Ros. Belike the falling sickness.

Ant. I cannot brook this sight, my thoughts grow wild.

Here lies a wretch, on whom heaven never smiled.

Ros. What, servant, ne'er a word, and I here, man ?

I would shoot some speech forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous compliment.

Say, sweet, what keeps thy mind, what think'st thou on ?

Alb. Nothing.

Ros. What's that nothing ?

Alb. A woman's constancy.

Ros. Good, why, would'st thou have us sluts,
and never shift the vesture of our thoughts ?
Away, for shame.

* These speeches between Mellida and her lovers must be supposed to pass whilst the music pauses. She wishes to dance again to avoid their conversation.

Alb. Oh, no, th' art too constant to afflict my heart,
Too, too firm fixed in unmoved scorn.

Ros. Pish, pish ; I fixed in unmoved scorn?
Why, I'll love thee to-night.

Alb. But whom to-morrow?

Ros. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heavens, now
would I might be the toy, to put you in the head,
kindly to conceit my—my—my—pray you give
in an epithet for love.

Fel. Roaring, roaring.

Bal. Oh, love, thou hast murdered me, made
me a shadow,
And you hear not Balurdo, but Balurdo's ghost*.

Ros. Can a ghost speak?

Bal. Scurvily, as I do.

Ros. And walk?

Bal. After their fashion.

Ros. And eat apples?

Bal. In a sort, in their garb.

Fel. Prithee, Flavia, be my mistress.

Flav. Your reason, good Feliche?

Fel. Faith, I have nineteen mistresses already ;
and I not much disdain, that thou shouldst make
up the full score.

Flav. Oh, I hear you make common places of
your mistresses, to perform the office of memory
by. Pray you, in ancient times were not those
satin hose? In good faith, now they are new
dyed, pinked, and scowered, they show as well
as if they were new. What mute, Balurdo?

* I have taken these lines from Feliche and given them to
Balurdo.

Fel. Ay, in faith, and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. Ay, in faith, and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Fel. Good again, Echo.

Flav. Thou art, by nature, too foul to be affected.

Fel. And thou, by art, too fair to be beloved. By wit's life, most spark spirits, but hard chance.
La ty dine.

Pier. Gallants, the night grows old, and downy sleep

Courts us to entertain his company :

Our tired limbs, bruis'd in the morning fight,

Entreat soft rest, and gentle hush'd repose.

Fill out Greek wines ; prepare fresh cressit-light* :

We'll have a banquet. Princes, then good night.

[The cornets sound a senet, and the Duke goes out in state. As they are going out, Antonio stays Mellida : the rest exeunt.]

Mel. What means these scattered looks? why tremble you †?

Why quake your thoughts in your distracted eyes?

* Cressit-light ;" they were a species of lights fixed on a moveable frame ; several sorts of them are represented in Douce's " Illustrations of Shakspeare." They are used poetically in " Henry IV."

" At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressits."

† I have again taken lines from one speaker and given them to another : on a careful examination, I think, the reader will agree that they properly belong to Mellida.

Ant. Collect your spirits, madam ; what do
you see ?
Dost not behold a ghost ?
Look, look where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds
of grief,
Darting his soul upon thy wondring eyes.
Look, he comes towards thee ; see, he stretcheth
out
His wretched arms to girt thy loved waist,
With a most wish'd embrace : see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ah, Mellida, thou well mayst err :
For look, he walks not like Antonio :
Like that Antonio, that this morning shone
In glistening habiliments of arms,
To seize his love, spite of her father's spite :
But, like himself, wretched and miserable,
Banish'd, forlorn, despairing, strook quite through
With sinking grief, rolled up in seven-fold doubles
Of plagues unvanquishable : hark, he speaks to
thee.

Mel. Alas ! I cannot hear nor see him.

Ant. Why? All this night about the room he
stalk'd,
And groan'd, and howl'd with raging passion,
To view his love (life-blood of all his hopes,
Crown of his fortunes) clipp'd by strangers' arms.
Look but behind thee.

Mell. Oh, Antonio ; my lord, my love, my——

Ant. Leave passion, sweet ; for time, place,
air, and earth
Are all our foes : fear, and be jealous ; fair,
Let's fly.

Mel. Dear heart ; ha, whither ?

Ant. Oh, 'tis no matter whither ; but let's fly.

Ha! now I think on't, I have ne'er a home;
 No father, friend, no country to embrace
 These wretched limbs: the world, the all that is,
 Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doit*:
 Only my head is hoysed† to high rate,
 Worth twenty thousand double pistolets,
 To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.
 But come, sweet creature, thou shalt be my home,
 My father, country, riches, and my friend,
 My all, my soul: and thou and I will live:—
 (Let's think like what) and thou and I will live
 Like unmatch'd mirrors of calamity.
 The jealous ear of night eave-drops‡ our talk.
 Hold, there's a jewel; and look, there's a note,
 That will direct thee when, where, how to fly:
 Bid me adieu.

Mel. Farewell, bleak misery.

Ant. Stay, sweet, let's kiss before you go.

Mel. Farewell, dear soul.

Ant. Farewell, my life, my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

* Vide vol. i. p. 227.

† "Hoysed," hoisted.

‡ "Eave-drops," overhears, listens to: it occurs frequently enough in the works of the time. And again, the Second Part of this play:

"That as I walk'd
 Muffled, to *eaves-drop speech*, I might observe
 The graver statesmen whispering fearfully."

In "Parisitaster:"

"Look, that body *eaves-drop us*."

And in "Richard III."

"I'll play the *eaves-dropper*,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me."

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ANDRUGIO in Armour, LUCIO with a Shepherd's Gown in his Hand, and a Page.

And. Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn,
that flakes

With silver tincture* the east verge of heaven?

Luc. I think it is, so please your excellence.

And. Away! I have no excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, states exalts;
And please my excellence! Oh, Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched; oh, read that, read that.

PIERO SFORZA to the Italian Princes, fortune.

*EXCELLENT, the just overthrow Andrugio took
in the Venetian gulf, hath so assured the Genoese
of the injustice of his cause, and the hatefulness of
his person, that they have banished him and all his
family: and, for confirmation of their peace with
us, have vowed, that if he or his son can be at-
tached, to send us both their heads. We, therefore,
by force of our united league, forbid you to har-
bour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his
person, we intreat you to send him or his head to*

* "Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

us. For we vow by the honour of our blood, to recompense any man that bringeth his head, with twenty thousand double pistolets, and the endearing to our choicest love.

From Venice, PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fix'd in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not have eyes and
ears.

Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless or imperfect thing.

Did nature make the earth, or the earth nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man
Moulds me up honour; and, like a cunning

Dutchman*,

Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.

Go to, go to; thou liest, philosophy;
Nature forms things imperfect, useless, vain.

Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear mens' complaints:
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of earth,

[He throws himself on the ground.

And in her ear, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus: Oh, thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cramm'st their
mouths,

And choak'st their throats with dust: open† thy
breast,

* The Dutch still maintain their reputation for making toys.

† The quarto reads "O chaune," and it is with reluctance I deviate from it, but I know of no authority for, or explanation of, the word.

And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But, oh! she's deaf and blind.
A wretch, but lean* relief on earth can find.

Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip† all fortune, lest more low'ring fate——

And. More low'ring fate? Oh, Lucio, choke
that breath.

Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And is more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell
can take.

Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Luc. Spoke like yourself: but give me leave,
my lord,

To wish your safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take——

* Lean is not unfrequently used in this sense. So in the
"Second Part of Henry VI."

"Whose large style

Agrees not with the *leanness* of his purse."

And in "Richard II."

"A lunatic *lean-witted* fool."

† Clip means clasp, and is more frequently used of the two
by the writers of the time.

And. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my
foes?

Being besieg'd by passion, entering lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief;
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience. Ah, Lucio, go unarm'd?
Come soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites *:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power;
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth,
This hollow wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly amazement, with upstart hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.

Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all
too light.

Alas! survey your fortunes, look what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.

And. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms;
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of arquebuse.
Oh, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide;
Legions of angels fight upon her side †.

* "The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger." RICHARD III.

† Mr. Lamb justly observes on this scene, "The situation of Andrugio and Lucio resembles that of Lear and Kent, in that king's distresses. Andrugio, like Lear, manifests a kind of royal impatience, a turbulent greatness, and affected resignation. The

Luc. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise

Unto some gracious prince, and sojourn there,
Till time and fortune give revenge firm means.

And. No, I'll not trust the honour of a man:
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness
A common waiter in most princes courts:
He's in the check-roll *: I'll not trust my blood:
I know none breathing but will cog a dye †
For twenty thousand double pistolets.
How goes the time?

Luc. I saw no sun to-day.

And. No sun will shine where poor Andrugio
breathes ‡,
My soul grows heavy: boy, let's have a song;
We'll sing yet, faith, even in despite of fate.

CANTANT.

And. 'Tis a good boy, and by my troth well
sung.

Oh, an thou felt'st my grief, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st have strook division § to the height,

enemies which he enters lists to combat, 'Despair, and mighty
Grief, and sharp Impatience,' and the forces ('cornets of horse,'
&c.) which he brings to vanquish them, are in the boldest style
of allegory."

* The check-roll contained the names of the household servants of the king.

† Vide vol. i. p. 210.

‡ "Who saw the sun to-day?"

Bat. Not I, my lord.

Rich. Then he disdains to shine."

RICHARD III.

§ "Some say the lark makes sweet *division*."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

On this passage, Mr. Stevens observes, "*Division* seems to

And made the life of music breathe. Hold, boy :
why so.

For God's sake call me not Andrugio,
That I may soon forget what I have been.

For heaven's name, name not Antonio,
That I may not remember he was mine.

Well, ere yon sun set, I'll show myself myself,
Worthy my blood. I was a duke, that's all.

No matter whether, but from whence we fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FELICHE walking, unbraced.

Fel. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none up?

Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet?

Then there's no courtier stirring, that's firm truth :

I cannot sleep, Feliche seldom rests

In these court lodgings. I have walk'd all night

To see if the nocturnal court delights

Could force me envy their felicity :

And by plain troth, I will confess plain troth,

I envy nothing but the travense light *.

have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So in the "First Part of Henry IV."

"Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing *division* to her lute."

We find it also in the contention between Eroclea and the Nightingale, a most exquisite piece of descriptive poetry, in "The Lover's Melancholy," of Ford, where it explains itself :

"A nightingale,

Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes

The challenge, and for ev'ry several strain

The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her own ;

He could not run division with more art

Upon his quaking instrument, than she,

The nightingale, did with her various notes

Reply to."

* "Traverse light," *i. e.* the lamp giving light to the different passages.

Oh! had it eyes, and ears, and tongues, it might
See sport, hear speech of most strange surque-
dries *.

Oh, if that candle-light were made a poet,
He would prove a rare firking satirist †,
And draw the core forth of imposthum'd sin.
Well, I thank heaven yet, that my content
Can envy nothing, but poor candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tire of the court,
Praise God, I either hate or pity them.
Well, here I'll sleep, till that the scene of up
Is past at court. Oh, calm, hush'd, rich content,
Is there a being blessedness without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou
dost rest,
Nectar to life, thou sweet ambrosian feast.

* "Surquedries," arrogance, pride. This word was probably introduced by Chaucer, direct from the French. It occurs in Spencer, and again in "Antonio's Revenge:"

"All hell-strain'd juice is poured to his veins,
Making him drunk with fuming *surquedries*."

I am not aware of Shakspeare using it; but it is not uncommonly met with in the dramatists of the time. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild Goose Chase:"

"There is no safety in his *surquedry*."

Again in "Monsieur Thomas," where Seward has a note on it, and quotes the passage in the text. Ford also uses it in "Fancies Chaste and Noble:"

"She hath ever prefer'd before the *surquedry* of protestation."

† A severe, a *lashing* satirist. But Mr. Stevens observes the word is used in such opposite senses by the old writers, it is almost impossible to fix its precise meaning. See his note in "Henry V." on

"I'll fer him, and *firk* him, and ferret him."

Enter CASTILIO and his Page. CASTILIO with a casting Bottle of sweet Water in his Hand, sprinkling himself.

Cast. Am not I a most sweet youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd, your very words

Do smell of ambergris. Oh, stay, sir, stay,
Sprinkle some sweet water to your shoe's heels,
That your mistress may swear you have a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing good.

Fel. 'Sfoot, what treble minikin* squeaks there, ha? good, very good, very very good?

Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my mistress' ear, and strike her thoughts with the pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine.

Fel. To thee my love divine.

Cast. I drink to thee, sweetening †.

* *Manakin* occurs in "Twelfth Night," where Fabian, speaking of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, says, "this is a dear *manakin* to you, Sir Toby;" and *minikin* in "King Lear," where Mr. Stevens observes it was a term of endearment. I cannot but think it also meant something diminutive, as now very small pins are called *minikins*. Feliche, who speaks of Castilio with contempt, must then mean the *diminutive semblance of a man*: it were better to read *manakin*.

† So in the reply of the Dauphin to the suggestion of La Pucelle, in the "First Part of Henry VI."

"Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that."

Fel. (Aside.) Plague on thee for an ass.

Cast. Now thou hast seen the court, by the perfection of it, dost not envy it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not envy me.

Why, man, I have been borne upon the spirit's wings,

The soul's swift Pegasus, the phantasy;

And from the height of contemplation,

Have view'd the feeble joints men totter on.

I envy none; but hate, or pity all.

For when I view, with an intentive thought,

That creature fair, but proud; him rich, but sot;

The other witty, but unmeasured arrogant;

Him great, yet boundless in ambition;

Him high-born, but of base life; t'other fear'd,

Yet feared fears, and fears most to be most loved;

Him wise, but made a fool for public use;

The other learn'd but self-opinionate.

When I discourse all these, and see myself

Nor fair, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd;

Yet amply suited with all full content:

Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,

Rubbing my quiet bosom, tossing up

A grateful spirit to Omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha; but if thy knew'st my happiness,

Thou wouldst even grate away thy soul to dust,

In envy of my sweet beatitude:

I cannot sleep for kisses; I cannot rest

For ladies letters, that importune me

With such unused vehemence of love,

Straight to solicit them, that——

Fel. Confusion seize me, but I think thou liest.

Why should I not be sought to then as well?

'Sfoot, methinks I am as like a man.

Troth, I have a good head of hair, a cheek,

Not as yet wan'd ; a leg, faith, in the full :
 I have not a red beard, take not tobacco much :
 And 'slid, for other parts of manliness——

Cast. Pew waw, you ne'er accosted them in
 pomp:

Put your good parts in presence, graciously.
 Ha, and you had, why they would have come off,
 sprung

To your arms, and su'd, and pray'd, and vow'd ;
 And opened all their sweetness to your love.

Fel. There are a number of such things, as thou
 Have often urged me to such loose belief:
 But 'slid, you all do lie, you all do lie.
 I have put on good clothes, and smugg'd my face,
 Strook a fair wench with a smart speaking eye ;
 Courted in all sorts, blunt and passionate ;
 Had opportunity, put them to the ah :
 And by this light I find them wondrous chaste,
 Impregnable : perchance a kiss, or so,
 But for the rest, oh, most inexorable.

Cast. Nay, then, i'faith, prithee look here.

*[Shews him the superscription of a seeming
 letter.]*

Fel. To her most esteemed, loved, and generous
 servant, *Sig. Castilio Balthazar.*

Prithee from whom comes this ? faith I must see.

*From her that is devoted to thee in most private
 sweets of love, Rossaline.*

Nay, God's my comfort, I must see the rest,
 I must, *sans* ceremony, faith I must.

[Felicie takes away the letter by force.]

Cast. Oh, you spoil my ruff, unset my hair :
 good, away.

Fel. Item for straight canvass, thirteen-pence
 halfpenny. Item for an ell and a half of taffeta

to cover your old canvass doublet, fourteen shillings and three-pence. 'Slight, this is a tailor's bill *.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter, on which I took the copy of a tailor's bill.

Cat. But 'tis not crossed †, I am sure of that. Lord have mercy on him, his credit hath given up the last gasp. Faith I'll leave him, for he looks as melancholy as a wench the first night she—

[*Exit.*

Fel. Honest musk-cod, 'twill not be so stitched together; take that, and that, (*striking him*), and belie no ladies' love: swear no more by Jesu, this madam, that lady: hence, go, forswear the presence, travail three years to bury this bastinado: avoid! puff-paste, avoid!

Cast. And tell not my lady-mother. Well, as I am a true gentleman, if she had not willed me on her blessing, not to spoil my face, if I could not find in my heart to fight, would I might ne'er eat a potato-pie more. [*Exit.*

Enter BALURDO backward; DILDO following him with a Looking-glass in one Hand, and a Candle in the other Hand: FLAVIA following him backward, with a Looking-glass in one Hand, and a Candle in the other; ROSSALINE following her; BALURDO and ROSSALINE stand setting of faces: and so the Scene begins.

Fel. More fool, more rare fools! Oh, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to act

* The reader will not fail to remember Falstaff's bonds of "forty pounds each."

† *Id est*, crossed out or paid.

these fools ! Here might be made a rare scene of folly, if the plat could bear it.

Bal. By the sugar-candy sky, hold up the glass higher, that I may see to swear in fashion. Oh, one loof more would have made them shine ; Gods neaks*, they would have shone like my mistress's brow. Even so the duke frowns for all this curson'd world : oh, that gerne† kills, it kills. By my golden—what's the richest thing about me ?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold up ; that I may put on—hold up, I say, that I may see to put on my gloves.

Dil. Oh, delicious sweet-cheeked master, if you discharge but one glance from the level of that set face, oh, you will strike a wench ; you'll make any wench love you.

Bal. By Jesu, I think I am as elegant a cour-tier, as—How likest thou my suit ?

* “ Gods neaks,” an unmeaning exclamation.

† *Gerne* is yet in use in the North of England, and signifies that particular species of *grin* which denotes the anger or displeasure of the hearer : it has here a very similar meaning to *set the teeth*, in “ Henry V.”

“ Now *set the teeth*, and stretch the nostril wide.”

This is my interpretation of the passage ; but the word occurs in Spencer's “ Fairy Queen,” B. 5. C. 12.

“ And gaped like a gulfe when he did *gerne*.”

where it is explained to mean *yawn* : and it may be observed, that as Balurdo was just up, he might here yawn, which would destroy or *kill* the “ set face” mentioned by Dildo, and the omission of the stage direction is no argument against this conjecture, as they are rarely met with in the copies of this play.

Cat. All, beyond all, no peregal*: you are wondered at (*aside*) for an ass.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no christian creature shall know hereafter, what I will do for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, Flavia.

Dil. Ay, but master, you have one little fault; you sleep open mouthed.

Bal. Pew, thou jestest. In good sadness, I'll have a looking-glass nailed to the testern of the bed, that I may see when I sleep whether 'tis so or not; take heed you lie not: go to, take heed you lie not.

Flav. By my troth, you look as like the princess, now——

Ros. Ay, but her lip is—is a little—redder, a very little redder, but by the help of art, or nature, ere I change my periwig, mine shall be as red†.

* “Peregal,” equal. So in Chaucer’s “Troilus and Creseide,” B. 5.

“His heart aie with the first and with the best,
Stode *peregall* to dare done what him lest.”

And in Spencer’s “Shepherd’s Calendar;” August:

“Whilom thou was *peregall* to the best.”

To which Mr. Todd adds, “and in ‘The Bankis of Helicone,’ an elegant old Scottish ballad, in Mr. Pinkerton’s Maitland collection:

“Declair, ye banks of Helicon,
Gif ony of your muses all,
Or nymphis, may be *peregall*
Unto my Lady Schein.”

† This speech in the original is given as the continuation of Flavia’s, but it is evidently the reply of Rossaline on being complimented on her likeness to the princess: this error having been committed it almost necessarily led to another, and the succeeding speech is in the original given to Balurdo, although it

Flav. Oh, ay! that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your body, that wanton dandling of your fan, becomes prethely, so sweetly, 'tis even the goodest lady that breathes, the most amiable—Faith the fringe of your satin petticoat is ripped. Good faith, madam, they say you are the most bounteous lady to your women, that ever—Oh, most delicious beauty! Good madam, let me kith it.

Enter PIERO.

Fel. Rare sport, rare sport! a female fool, and a female flatterer.

Ros. Body o' me, the duke: away the glass.

Pier. Take up your paper, Rossaline.

Ros. Not mine, my lord.

Pier. Not yours, my lady? I'll see what 'tis.

Bal. And how does my sweet mistress? O lady dear, even as 'tis an old say, " 'Tis an old horse that can neither wighy, nor wag his tail:" even so—(*Aside to Dildo.*) do I hold my set face still? Even so, 'tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pier. (*Reads.*) *Meet me at Abraham's the Jews, where I bought my Amazon's disguise. A ship lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come private.* ANTONIO.

Enter CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO.

Pier. Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keep the palace, post to the ports, go has internal evidence of belonging to Flavia, and the speech of Feliche places it beyond question, "a female fool, and a female flatterer."

to my daughter's chamber. Whither now? Scud to the Jew's; stay, run to the gates; stop the gondelets; let none pass the marsh; do all at once. Antonio? his head, his head. Keep you the court, the rest stand still, or run, or go, or shout, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or do—do—do,—su—su—su—something: I know not who—who—who,—what I do—do—do, nor who—who—who,—where I am.

O trista traditriche, rea ribalda fortuna

Negandomi vendetta mi causa fera morte.

[*Exeunt all but Feliche.*]

Fel. Ha, ha, ha; I could break my spleen at his impatience.

Enter ANTONIO and MELLIDA.

Ant. *Alma et graziosa fortuna siati favorevole,
E fortunati siano i voti della mia dolce Mellida,
Mellida.*

Mel. Alas, Antonio, I have lost thy note.
A number mount my stairs; I'll straight return.
[*Exit.*]

Fel. Antonio,
Be not affright, sweet prince; appease thy fear,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble* action, or thou art surpris'd.

Ant. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or——

* “Wimble,” nimble, quick. So in “The Shepherd's Calendar,” March:

“He was so *wimble* and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.”

Ant. Both, both, all, all : I prithee let me lie ;
Spite of you all, I can, and I will die.

Fel. You are distraught ; oh, this is madness'
breath.

Ant. Each man takes hence life, but no man
death :

He's a good fellow, and keeps open house :
A thousand thousand ways lead to his gate,
To his wide-mouth'd porch : when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.

We wring ourselves into this wretched world,
To pule, and weep, exclaim, to curse and rail,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth
As I do now. Antonio curse thy birth,
And die.

Fel. Nay, heaven's my comfort, now you are
perverse ;
You know I always lov'd you ; prithee live.
Wilt thou strike dead thy friends, draw mourn-
ing tears.

Ant. Alas, Feliche, I have ne'er a friend,
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weep my fate, or sigh my funeral :
I roll but up and down, and fill a seat
In the dark cave of dusky misery.

Fel. Fore heaven, the duke comes : hold you,
take my key.
Slink to my chamber ; look you, that is it :
There shall you find a suit I wore at sea :
Take it, and slip away. Nay, 'precious !
If you'll be peevish, by this light, I'll swear,
Thou rail'dst upon thy love before thou diedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. She'll not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one : I'll defame thy love ;
And make thy dead trunk held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs have it so ? Why, then, Antonio,
Vivi speranza in despetto del fato. [*Exit.*

Enter PIERO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, FORO-
BOSCO, BALURDO, *and* CASTILIO, *with Weapons.*

Pier. Oh, my sweet princes, was't not bravely
found ?

Even there I found the note, even there it lay.

I kiss the place for joy, that there it lay.

This way he went, here let us make a stand :

I'll keep this gate myself : Oh, gallant youth !

I'll drink carouse unto your country's health,

Even in Antonio's scull.

Bal. Lord bless us ; his breath is more fear-
ful than a sergeant's voice, when he cries, I
arrest.

Enter ANTONIO, *disguised as a Sailor.*

Ant. Stop, Antonio, keep, keep Antonio.

Pier. Where, where man, where ?

Ant. Here, here : let me pursue him down the
marsh.

Pier. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet :
Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour,
I'll make thee the wealthiest mariner that breathes.

Ant. I'll sweat my blood out, till I have him
safe.

Pier. Spoke heartily, i'faith, good mariner.
Oh, we will mount in triumph ! soon at night,
I'll set his head up. Let's think where.

Bal. Upon his shoulders, that's the fittest

place for it. If it be not as fit as if it were made for them; say Balurdo, thou art a sot, an ass.

Enter MELLIDA, in Pages attire, dancing.

Pier. Sprightly, i'faith. In troth he's somewhat like

My daughter Mellida: but, alas, poor soul, Her honour's heels, God knows, arn't half so light.

Mel. Escaped I am, spite of my father's spite.

Pier. Oh! this will warm my bosom ere I sleep.

Enter FLAVIA running.

Flav. Oh, my lord, your daughter—

Pier. Ay, ay, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.

This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My days unmeasuredly.

It shall be chronicled, time to come;

Piero Sforza slew Andrugio's son.

Flav. Ay, but, my lord, your daughter—

Pier. Ay, ay, my good wench, she is safe enough.

Flav. Oh, then, my lord, you know she's run away.

Pier. Run away, away, how run away?

Flav. She's vanish'd in an instant, none knows whither.

Pier. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away.

(Feliche singing, "And was not good King Solomon.")

Fly, call, run, row, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:

Haste, hurry, shout, cry, ride, row, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.

Maledetta fortuna che dura sorte

Che farò, che dirò, per fuggir tanto mal!

Cast. 'Twas you that struck me even now,
was it not?

Fel. It was I that struck you even now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you took it.

Cast. Faith, sir, I have the richest tobacco in
the court for you, I would be glad to make you
satisfaction, if I have wronged you. I would
not the sun should set upon your anger; give
me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'lt breed no more
such lies.

I hate not man, but man's lewd qualities.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO, in his Sea-gown, running.

Ant. Stop, stop Antonio! stay Antonio!
 Vain breath, vain breath, Antonio's lost,
 He cannot find himself, not seize himself.
 Alas, this that you see is not Antonio,
 His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
 Hurling about his agile faculties,
 To apprehend the sight of Mellida.
 But poor, poor soul, wanting apt instruments
 To speak or see, stands dumb and blind, sad
 spirit,
 Roll'd up in gloomy clouds as black as air,
 Through which the rusty coach of night is drawn;
 'Tis so, I'll give you instance that 'tis so.
 Conceit you me. As having clasp'd a rose
 Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
 My hand retains a little breath of sweet:
 So may man's trunk, his spirit slipp'd away,
 Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest.
 'Tis so; for when discursive powers fly out,
 And roam in progress through the bounds of
 heaven,
 The soul itself gallops along with them,
 As chieftain of this winged troop of thought,
 Whilst the dull lodge of spirit * standeth wast,

* So in the "Return from Parnassus:"

"When shall our soules their wearied *lodge* forego?"

Until the soul return from——What was't I said?
 Oh, this is nought but speckling melancholy.
 I have been——
 That Morpheus tender skinp——cousin-german
 Bear with me good——
 Mellida: clod upon clod thus fall.
 Hell is beneath, yet heaven is over all*.

Enter ANDRUGIO *and* LUCIO†.

And. Come, Lucio, let's go eat; what hast thou got?

Roots, roots? Alas, they are seeded, new cut up.
 Oh, thou hast wronged nature, Lucio:
 But boots not much, thou but pursuest the world,
 That cuts off virtue 'fore it comes to growth,
 Lest it should seed, and so o'errun her son,
 Dull purblind error. Give me water, boy.
 There is no poison in't, I hope; they say
That lurks in massy plate: and yet the earth
 Is so infected with a general plague,
 That he's most wise, that thinks there's no man
 fool:

Right prudent that esteems no creature just:
 Great policy the least things to mistrust.
 Give me assay—How we mock greatness now.

* The situation of Antonio here is a faint picture of Othello in Act IV. of that play; and I think the stage direction, "Falls in a trance," might have been well transplanted: but I was not willing to hazard it.

† The stage direction in the original runs, "Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwood;" but no such persons appearing throughout the play, it was, I presume, the names of the actors representing the characters: and as it was not unusual to print from the copy belonging to the theatre, these names might be the only ones in the MS. copy; to which the printer, instead of substituting for, added their names in the *dramatis personæ*.

Luc. A strong conceit is rich, so most men
deem :

If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.

And. Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstuffs, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince :
'Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do ought, save wrong,
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spongy sycophants : who stands unmov'd,
Despite the justling of opinion :
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him :
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting, majesty :
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content : this, Lucio, is a king.
And of this empire, every man's possess'd,
That's worth his soul.

Luc. My lord, the Genoese had wont to
say——

And. Name not the Genoese ; that very word
Unkings me quite, makes me vile passion's slave.
Oh, you that made open the glibbery ice
Of vulgar favour, view Andrugio.
Was never prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of triumph launched out
Into the surgy main of government.
Was never prince with more despite cast out,

Left shipwreck'd, banish'd, on more guiltless
ground.

Oh, rotten props of the crazed multitude,
How you still double, falter, under the lightest
chance

That strains your veins. Alas, one battle lost,
Your whorish love, your drunken healths, your
houts and shouts*,

Your smooth God save's, and all your devils last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.

Spit on me, Lucio, for I am turn'd slave;

Observe how passion domineers over me.

Luc. No wonder, noble lord, having lost a son,
A country, crown, and——

And. Ay, Lucio, having lost a son, a son,
A country, house, crown, son. *O lares misereri
lares!*

Which shall I first deplore? My son! my son!

My dear sweet boy, my dear Antonio!

Ant. Antonio?

And. Ay, echo, ay; I mean Antonio.

Ant. Antonio, who means Antonio?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou
Antonio?

Ant. Yes.

And. Lives he?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies he dead?

Ant. Here.

And. Where?

* The allusion seems to be to the "*Hutesium et clamor*," (the noise of horns and voices) with which felons were formerly pursued, and which were probably occasionally made use of on more joyful occasions.

Ant. Here.

And. Art thou Antonio?

Ant. I think I am.

And. Dost thou but think? what, dost not know thyself?

Ant. He is a fool that thinks he knows himself.

And. Upon thy faith to heaven, give me thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,
If I denied my name's Antonio.

And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name Andrugio.

And dost thou live? Oh, let me kiss thy cheek,
And dew thy brow with trickling drops of joy.
Now heaven's will be done, for I have liv'd
To see my joy, my son Antonio.

Give me thy hand; now Fortune do thy worst,
His blood, that lapp'd thy spirit in the womb,
Thus (in his love) will make his arms thy tomb.

Ant. Bless not the body with your twining arms,
Which is accurs'd of heaven. Oh, what black sin
Hath been committed by our ancient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruin's branded slaves?

And. Do not expostulate the heavens' will:
But, oh, remember to forget thyself;
Forget remembrance what thou once hast been.
Come, creep with me from out this open air.
Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boy,
Which fortune will not envy, 'tis so mean,
And (like the world) all dirt, there shalt thou rip
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine ears,

Whilst I sit weeping, blind with passion's tears :
Then I'll begin, and we'll such order keep,
That one shall still tell griefs, the other weep.

[*Exit.*

Ant. I'll follow you.—Boy, prithee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold marsh,
Wherein we lurk, have not corrupted it.

*Enter MELLIDA, standing out of sight in her
Page's Suit.*

I prithee sing ; but, sirrah, mark you me,
Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extremest grief.
Make me a strain speak groaning like a bell,
That tolls departing souls.
Breathe me a point that may enforce me weep,
To wring my hands, to break my cursed breast,
Rave and exclaim, lie groveling on the earth,
Straight start up frantic, crying, Mellida.
Sing but, *Antonio hath lost Mellida,*
And thou shalt see me (like a man possess'd)
Howl out such passion, that even this brinish
marsh
Will squeeze out tears from out his spungy cheeks,
The rocks even groan, and——
Prithee, prithee sing,
Or I shall ne'er have done when I am in.
'Tis harder for me end, than to begin.

[*The boy runs a note, Antonio breaks it**.

For look thee, boy, my grief that hath no end,
I may begin to plain, but—prithee sing.

* *Id est*, the boy begins to sing, and Antonio interrupts him.

CANTANT *.

Mel. Heaven keep you, sir.

Ant. Heaven keep you from me, sir.

Mel. I must be acquainted with you, sir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamity?

Art thou true sorrow, hearty grief? canst weep?
I am not for thee if thou canst not rave,

[*Antonio falls on the ground.*

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaim on
heaven :

Oh, trifling nature, why inspiredst thou breath?

Mel. Stay, sir, I think you named Mellida.

Ant. Knowest thou Mellida?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seen Mellida?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Then thou hast seen the glory of her sex,
The music of nature, the unequall'd lustre
Of unmatched excellence, the united sweet
Of heaven's graces, the most adored beauty,
That ever struck amazement in the world.

Mel. You seem to love her.

Ant. With my very soul.

Mel. She'll not requite it: all her love is fix'd
Upon a gallant, one Antonio,
The Duke of Genoa's son. I was her page;
And often as I waited she would sigh,
Oh, dear Antonio; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kiss, and kiss me thus.

* The songs are rarely met with in any of the old plays.

Therefore leave loving her ; for, faith, methinks
 Her beauty is not half so ravishing
 As you discourse of ; she hath a freckled face,
 A low forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. Oh, heaven, that I should hear such blas-
 phemy.

Boy, rogue, thou liest, and
Spavento del mio cor, dolce Mellida,
Di grave morte ristoro vero, dolce Mellida,
Celeste salvatrice, sovrana Mellida
Del mio sperar ; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. *Diletta et soave anima mia Antonio,*
Godevole bellezza cortese Antonio,
Signor mio et virginal amore, bell' Antonio,
Gusto delli miei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. *O smarisce il cor, in un soave bacio.*

Mel. *Muojono i sensi, nel desiato desio.*

Ant. *Nel cielo può esser beltà più chiara ?*

Mel. *Nel mondo può esser beltà più chiara ?*

Ant. *Dammi un bacio da quella bocca beata,*
Lasciami coglier l'aura odorata,
Che in seco reggia in quelle dolci labbra.

Mel. *Dammi per impero del tuo gradit' amore*
Che bea me con sempiterno honore,
Così, così mi converrà morir.

Good sweet, scout o'er the marsh, for my heart
 trembles

At every little breath that strikes my ear.
 And when thou returnest, I will discourse
 How I deceiv'd the court : then thou shalt tell
 How thou escap'dst the watch : we'll point our
 speech

With amorous kissing, kissing commas, and even
 suck

The liquid breath from out each other's lips.

Ant. Dull clod, no man but such sweet favour clips.

I go, and yet my panting blood persuades me stay. Turn coward in her sight? Away, away. [*Exit.*

Luc. I think confusion of Babel is fallen upon these lovers that they change their language; but I fear me, my master having but feigned the person of a woman*, hath got their unfeigned imperfection, and is grown double-tongued: as for Mellida, she were no woman, if she could not yield strange language. But, howsoever, if I should sit in judgment, 'tis an error easier to be pardoned by the auditors, than excused by the authors; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure †.

Enter PIERO, CASTILIO, MATZAGENTE, FOROBOSCO, FELICHE, and GALEATZO. BALURDO and his Page, at another Door.

Pier. This way she took, search my sweet gentlemen. How now, Balurdo, canst thou meet with any body?

Bal. As I am a true gentleman, I made my horse sweat that he hath ne'er a dry thread on him, and I can meet with no living creature, but men and beasts. In good sadness, I would have sworn I had seen Mellida even now, for I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peeped, and I spied a thing, and I peered, and I tweered ‡ un-

* It must be borne in mind that Antonio first appeared in the disguise of an Amazon.

† In the original this speech is given to Antonio.

‡ "And I tweer'd underneath," *i. e.* peeped slyly and secretly. The same word (as I apprehend) though spelt somewhat dif-

derneath: and truly a right wise man might have been deceived, for it was——

Pier. What in the name of heaven?

Bal. A dun cow.

Fel. She had ne'er a kettle on her head*?

Pier. Boy, didst thou see a young lady pass this way?

Gal. Why speak you not?

Bal. Gods neaks, proud elf, give the duke reverence, stand bare with a——

Whogh! heavens bless me, Mellida, Mellida.

Pier. Where, man, where?

Bal. Turned man, turned man: women wear the breeches; lo, here.

Pier. Light and unduteous! kneel not, peevish elf,

Speak not, entreat not, shame unto my house!

Curse to my honour! Where's Antonio?

Thou traitress to my hate, what is he ship'd

For England now? Well, whimpering harlot, hence.

Mel. Good father——

ferently, is found in "The Monsieur Thomas," of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I saw the wench which *twir'd* and twinkled at thee."

And in the "Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson:

"Which maids will *twire* at through their fingers thus."

As Chaucer uses *twireth*, it is supposed a translation of *surrat*.

* The "Dun Cow" is, we all know, intimately connected with the history of the celebrated Guy Earl of Warwick, and I believe his "kettle" is one of the pretended relics still shown there. From the text I conjecture that the dun cow with the kettle on her head was in the time of Marston a well-known sign.

Pier. Good me no goods. Seest thou that
sprightly youth?

Ere thou canst term to-morrow morning old,
Thou shalt call him thy husband, lord and love.

Mel. Ay me!

Pier. Blirt on your ay mees, guard her safely
hence.

Drag her away, I'll be your guard to-night.
Young prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your nuptial's eve with pomp.

Gal. The time is scant, now nimble wits ap-
pear,

Phœbus begins to gleam, the welkin's clear.

[*Exeunt all but Balurdo and his page.*]

Bal. Now nimble wits appear; I'll myself ap-
pear,

Balurdo's self, that in quick wit doth surpass,
Will show the substance of a complete——

Dil. Ass, ass.

Bal. I'll mount my courser, and most gal-
lantly prick——

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands
hardly in the verse, sir*.

Bal. I'll speak pure rhyme, and' will so bravely
prank it, that I'll toss love like a—prank,—prank
it,—a rhyme for prank it.

Dil. Blanket.

Bal. That I'll toss love like a dog in a blanket:
ha, ha, in deed law; I think, ha, ha; I think, ha,

* Dildo is making a jest of Balurdo, and by the addition of
ass to what he had said before, formed something like a couplet;
he now observes that there was a redundancy of syllables in what
Balurdo had spoken last, which would spoil the measure.

ha, I think I shall tickle the Muses. An I strike it not dead, say, Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDRUGIO and ANTONIO wreathed together, and LUCIO.*

And. Now, come united force of chap-fall'n death :

Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distress.
Oh, thus infolded, we have breasts of proof
'Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an antidote
'Gainst all the poison that the world can breathe.
My Mellida, my Mellida doth bless
This bleak waste with her presence. How now,
boy,

Why dost thou weep? Alas, where's Mellida?

Luc. Ay me, my lord †.

Ant. A sudden horror doth invade my blood,
My sinews tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosom to go out,
Dreading the assailant, horrid passion :
Oh, be no tyrant, kill me with one blow.
Speak quickly, briefly, boy.

Luc. Her father found and seized her ; she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy blood, be not froze up with grief.

* *Id est*, folded in each other's arms.

† " Ay me, my lord," is in the original given to Antonio : and this error committed, the next speech was of necessity thrust upon Andrugio.

Courage, sweet boy, sink not beneath the weight
Of crushing mischief. Oh, where's thy dauntless
heart,

Thy father's spirit? I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Luc. See how his grief speaks in his slow-
pac'd steps:

Alas, 'tis more than he can utter, let him go.
Dumb solitary path best suiteth woe.

And. Give me my arms, my armour, Lucio.

Luc. Dear lord, what means this rage; when
lacking use

Scarce saves your life, will you in armour rise?

And. Fortune fears valour, presseth cowardice.

Luc. Then valour gets applause, when it hath
place

And means to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Luc. Patience, my lord, may bring your ills
some end.

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes
attend?

Come, let me die like old Andrugio:

Worthy my birth. Oh, blood! true-honour'd graves
Are far more blessed than base life of slaves.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BALURDO, *a Painter with two Pictures,*
and DILDO.

Bal. And are you a painter, sir; can you draw, can you draw?

Paint. Yes, sir.

Bal. Indeed law; now so can my father's fore-horse.

And are these the workmanship of your hands?

Paint. I did limn them.

Bal. Limn them? a good word, limn them: whose picture is this? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Believe me, master *Anno Domini* was of a good settled age when you limned them; 1599 years old? Let's see the other. *Ætatis suæ*, 24. By'r Lady he is somewhat younger. Belike master *Ætatis suæ* was *Anno Domini's* son.

Paint. Is not your master a——

Dil. He hath a little proclivity to him.

Paint. Proclivity, good youth? I thank you for your courtly proclivity.

Bal. Approach, good sir. I did send for you to draw me a device, an *Imprezza*, by *Synecdoche a Mott*. By Phœbus' crimson taffeta mantle, I think I speak as melodiously,—look you, sir, how think you on't? I would have you paint me, for my device, a good fat leg of mutton, swimming in stewed broth of plums, (boy keel your

mouth, it runs over) and the word * shall be; *Hold my dish, whilst I spill my pottage.* Sure in my conscience, 'twould be the most sweet device; now——

Paint. 'Twould scent of kitchen-stuff too much.

Bal. Gods neaks, now I remember me, I have the rarest device in my head that ever breathed. Can you paint me a driveling reeling song, and let the word be, uh?

Paint. A belch?

Bal. Oh, no, no: uh, paint me uh, or nothing.

Paint. It cannot be done, sir, but by a seeming kind of drunkenness.

Bal. No? well, let me have a good massy ring, with your own posey graven in it, that must sing a small treble, word for word, thus:

And if thou wilt my true lover be,

Come follow me to the green wood tree†.

Paint. O lord, sir, I cannot make a picture sing.

Bal. Why? 'slid, I have seen painted things sing as sweet:

But I hav't will tickle it for a conceit i'faith.

Enter FELICHE and ALBERTO.

Alb. Oh, dear Feliche, give me thy device. How shall I purchase love of Rossaline?

Fel. S'll, flatter her soundly.

Alb. My love is such, I cannot flatter her: But with my utmost vehemence of speech, I have ador'd her beauties.

* *Id est*, the motto: the devices of the burning glass, and the glow-worm, with their corresponding *words* or mottos, are explained more at length.

† "Tree" is an addition for which I am responsible.

Fel. Hast writ good moving unaffected rhymes to her?

Alb. Oh yes, Feliche, but she scorns my writ.

Fel. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weak to offer them.

Fel. Oh, then I have it, I'll tell thee what to do.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Fel. Go hang thyself; I say, go hang thyself; If that thou canst not give, go hang thyself: I'll rhyme thee dead, or verse thee to the rope. How thinkst thou of a poet that sung thus?

*Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:
Munere solicites Pallada, Cypris erit.*

Munera, munera.

Alb. I'll go and breathe my woes unto the rocks,
And spend my grief upon the deafest seas.
I'll weep my passion to the senseless trees,
And load most solitary air with plaints.
For woods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthless as my Rossaline.
Farewell, dear friend, expect no more of me,
Here ends my part in this love's comedy.

[*Exit Alb. and Paint.*

Fel. Now, master Balurdo, whither are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior Feliche, how do you faith, and by my troth, how do you?

Fel. Whither art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heaven help me, how do you? How do you i'faith he?

Fel. Whither art going, man?

Bal. O God! to the court; I'll be willing to

give you grace and good countenance if I may but see you in the presence.

Fel. Oh, to court? Farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffeta doublet, cut upon carnation velure*, a green hat, a blue pair of velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange tawny pair of worsted silk stockings, that's I, that's I.

Fel. Very good: farewell.

Bal. O, you shall know me as easily—I have bought me a new green feather with a red sprig; you shall see my wrought shirt† hang out at my breeches; you shall know me.

Fel. Very good, very good; farewell.

Bal. Marry, in the mask 'twill be somewhat hard. But if you hear any body speak so wittily, that he makes all the room laugh, that's I, that's I. Farewell, good Signior.

* *Velure*, says Mr. Stevens in a note in Act III. of “Taming the Shrew,” is velvet; if this be correct, it must, I think, have been of very inferior quality, and the passage, of which only a part is quoted by Mr. Stevens, in the “Noble Gentleman,” of Beaumont and Fletcher, seems to confirm it:

“Did not you walk the town,
In a long cloak, half-compass? an *old hat*
Lined with *vellure*, and on it *for a band*
A skein of crimson crewel.”

And as Balurdo is only introduced to make a jest of, it is probable that his dress, as he describes it, is not only ridiculous but purposely a compound of trumpery and finery.

† The wrought shirt appears to have been another mark of a person being fashionably or foppishly dressed in the time of our poet, as the curious reader may collect from the relation of Fastidius Busk's encounter with Luculento, in Act IV. of Jonson's “Every Man out of his Humour.”

Enter FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, a Boy carrying a Gilt Harp; PIERO, MELLIDA in Night Apparel; ROSSALINE, FLAVIA, two Pages.

Pier. Advance the music's prize; now capering wits,

Rise to your highest mount; let choice delight
Garland the brow of this triumphant night.

Page. S'foot, a sits like Lucifer himself.

Ros. Good, sweet Duke, first let their voices strain for music's prize. Give me the golden harp: faith, with your favour, I'll be umpiress.

Pier. Sweet niece content: boys, clear your voice and sing.

(First Boy sings.)

Ros. By this gold, I had rather have a servant with a short nose, and a thin hair, than have such a high-stretched minikin voice.

Pier. Fair niece, your reason?

Ros. By the sweet of love, I should fear extremely that he were an eunuch.

Cast. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?

Ros. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?
So help me, youth, thy voice squeaks like a dry cork-shoe: come, come, let's hear the next.

(Second Boy sings.)

Pier. Trust me, a good strong mean*, Well sung, my boy.

* *Id est*, a full-toned tenor voice.

Enter BALURDO.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are ye blind? could you not see my voice coming for the harp*? An I knock not division on the head, take hence the harp, make me a slip, and let me go but for ninepence †. Sir Mark, strike up for Master Balurdo.

3. CANTAT.

Judgment, gentlemen, judgment. Was't not above line?

I appeal to your mouths that heard my song.
Do me right, and dub me knight ‡.

Ros. Balurdo kneel down, and I'll dub thee knight of the golden harp.

* Of the three competitors for the gilt harp, the first seems to have been the page of Castilio, the second of Forobosco, and the last Balurdo himself. He calls himself Sir Jeffery immediately after the honour conferred upon him by Rossaline, and says, in the Second Part of this play, that he was made a knight only for his voice.

† Slips are frequently mentioned by the writers of the time, and, as the reader may remember, in "Mother Bombie," vol. i. p. 321. Mr. Reed has extracted the following from Robert Green's works, of "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their goods."—"And, therefore, he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*."

‡ "Do me right, and dub me knight." This line is sung by Justice Silence, in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Both Shakespeare and our poet might perhaps take it from a catch in one of Marsh's plays, which has been quoted by Stevens:

"Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, *do me right,*
And dub me knight."

Bal. Indeed law, do ; and I'll make you lady of the silver fiddlestick.

Ros. Come kneel, kneel.

Enter Page to BALURDO.

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath never a whistle in it.

Ros. Nay, good sweet cuz raise up your drooping eyes ; an I were at the point of, “ to have and to hold, from this day forward,” I would be ashamed to look thus lumpish. What, my pretty cuz, 'tis but the loss of an odd maidenhead : shall us dance ? Thou art so sad, hark in thine ear—I was about to say, but I'll forbear.

Bal. I come, I come ; more than most honey-suckle sweet ladies, pine not for my presence, I'll return in pomp. Well spoke, Sir Jeffery Balurdo. As I am a true knight, I feel honourable eloquence begin to grow upon me already.

[*Exit.*

Pier. Faith, mad niece, I wonder when thou wilt marry ?

Ros. Faith, kind uncle, when men abandon jealousy, forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to wear their beards so rudely long. Oh, to have a husband with a mouth continually smoking, with a bush of furze on the ridge of his chin, ready still to flop into his foaming chaps ; ah, 'tis more than most intolerable.

Pier. Nay faith, sweet niece, I was mighty strong in thought we should have shut up night with an old comedy : the prince of Millan shall have Mellida, and thou shouldst have——

Ros. Nobody, good sweet uncle. I tell you, sir, I have thirty-nine servants, and my monkey that makes the fortieth. Now I love all of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate fool, and he flatters me above belief; the second's a testy ape, and he rails at me beyond reason; the third is as grave as some censor, and he strokes up his mustachios three times, and makes six plots of set faces, before he speaks one wise word; the fourth is as dry as the bur of an artichoke; the fifth paints, and hath always a good colour for what he speaks: the sixth——

Pier. Stay, stay, sweet niece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants' worth?

Ros. Oh, when I see one wear a periwig, I dread his hair; another wallow in a great slop*, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and wears

* These slop breeches, or trunk-hose, as they were called, were much worn in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, and fashion carried them to a most extravagant excess. Mr. Strut gives a MS. note, preserved in the Harlean Library, from which it would appear *that temporary seats were erected in the House of Commons for the convenience of the wearers*. Another extract from Bulver's "Man transformed," gives the reader so clear an idea of this excess, and places these breeches in so truly ludicrous a light, that I trust I shall be excused for inserting it. "Bulver, in his 'Pedigree of his English Gallant,' speaks of a man whom the judges accused of wearing breeches contrary to law, (for a law was made against them): he, for his excuse, *drawed out of his slops the contents; as first, a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, and a comb, with night-caps and other things of use*, saying, 'Your worships may understand, that, because I have no safer a store-house, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay up my goods in; and though it be a strait prison, yet it is big enough for them, for *I have many things of value yet within it;*' and so was his discharge accepted and well laughed at."

a ruffled boot*, I fear the fashion of his leg. Thus, something in each thing, one trick in every thing, makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

[*The cornets sound a senet.*]

Enter GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, and BALURDO in Maskery †.

Pier. The room's too scant; boys, stand in there close.

Mel. (To Galeatzo.) In faith, fair sir, I am too sad to dance.

Pier. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heaven dance,
And grace him too, or go to, I say no more.

Mel. A burning glass, the word *splendente Phæbo*?

'Tis too curious, I conceit it not.

Gal. Faith I'll tell thee. I'll no longer burn,
Then you'll shine and smile upon my love.
For look ye, fairest, by your pure sweets,
I do not dote upon your excellence.
And faith, unless you shed your brightest beams
Of sunny favour, and acceptive grace
Upon my tender love, I do not burn:
Marry but shine, and I'll reflect your beams,
With fervent ardour. Faith I would be loath to
flatter thee, fair soul, because I love, not doat,
court like thy husband, which thy father swears
to-morrow morn I must be. This is all, and now

* The boots of the beaux of that time were worn loose and with ruffles, as here mentioned.

† *Id est*, in masquerade habits.

from henceforth, trust me, Mellida, I'll not speak one wise word to thee more.

Mel. I trust ye.

Gal. By my troth, I'll speak pure fool to thee now.

Mel. You will speak the liker yourself.

Gal. Good faith, I'll accept of the cock's comb, so you will not refuse the bauble*.

Mel. Nay, good sweet, keep them both, I am enamoured of neither.

Gal. Go to, I must take you down for this. Lend me your ear.

Ros. (*To Matzagente.*) A glow-worm? the word, *splendescit tantùm tenebris*.

Mat. Oh, lady, the glow-worm figurates my valour; which shineth brightest in most dark, dismal, and horrid achievements.

Ros. Or rather, your glow-worm represents your wit; which seems to have fire in it, though indeed 'tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines only in the dark dead night of fools' admiration.

Mat. Lady, my wit hath spurs, if it were disposed to ride you.

Ros. Faith, sir, your wit's spurs have but walking rowels†; dull, blunt, they will not draw blood: the gentlemen ushers may admit them the presence, for any wrong they can do to ladies.

* The cock's comb was literally the cap which the licensed fool or jester wore; and the *bauble*, the carved truncheon which he carried in his hand. See notes on "All's Well that Ends Well," Act IV. Scene V.

† This passage, as well as many others in the old dramatists, show that spurs were then, as now, frequently worn for ornament and not use.

Bal. Truly, I have strained a note above Ela for a device; look you, 'tis a fair ruled singing book: the word, *Perfect, if it were pricked.*

Flav. Though you are masked, I can guess who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite Balurdo, the most rarely shaped Balurdo?

Bal. Who I? No, I am not Sir Jeffery Balurdo. I am not as well known by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice*? I am not worthy to love and be beloved of Flavia.

Flav. I will not scorn to favour such good parts, as are applauded in your rarest self.

Bal. Truly, you speak wisely and like a gentlewoman of fourteen years of age. You know the stone called *lapis*; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the geometricians call *avis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heaven: and love, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote, (there's a word, remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quick, a little thing pleaseth a young lady, and a small favour contenteth an old courtier; and so sweet mistress I truss my codpiece point†.

* The *chequers* still painted in front of our public houses, are the same or vary little from the *red lattice* here mentioned: we find it frequently alluded to in the old writers; and Mr. Stevens and Mr. Malone have notes on its occurrence, in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act. II. The origin of the custom has been variously disputed: the inquisitive reader will find two conjectures on it in the "Gentleman's Magazine," one in June, 1793; the other in September, 1794.

† Mr. Stevens, in a note on the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," refers the reader to Bulver's "Artificial Changeling" for an explanation of that filthy custom here alluded to: he may also find it explained in the third volume of Strut's "Manners and Customs."

(*A sound of Trumpets.*) *Enter FELICHE.*

Pier. What might import this flourish? bring us word.

Fel. Stand away: here's such a company of flyboats, hulling* about this galliass of greatness, that there's no boarding him. Do you hear you thing called, duke?

Pier. How now, blunt Feliche, what's the news?

Fel. Yonder's a knight hath brought Andrugio's head, and craves admittance to your chair of state.

(*Cornets sound a Senet.*) *Enter ANDRUGIO in Armour.*

Pier. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of joy;
Make triumph stand on tiptoe whilst we meet:
Oh, sight most gracious; Oh, revenge most sweet!

And. (*Reads.*) *We vow, by the honour of our birth, to recompense any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twenty thousand double pistolets, and the endearing to our choicest love.*

Pier. We still with most unmov'd resolve confirm

Our large munificence; and here breathe

A sad and solemn protestation:

When I recall this vow, oh, let our house

Be ev'n commanded, stain'd, and trampled on,

As worthless rubbish of nobility.

And. Then here, Piero, is Andrugio's head,

* This is spoken in the peculiar language of a sailor; "*to hull*," Blount explains "to float, to ride to and fro on the water."

Royally casked in a helm of steel :
 Give me thy love, and take it. My dauntless soul
 Hath that unbounded vigour in his spirits,
 That it can bear more rank indignity,
 With less impatience, than thy canker'd hate
 Can sting and venom his untainted worth,
 With the most vip'rous sound of malice. Strike,
 Oh, let no glimpse of honour light thy thoughts,
 If there be any heat of royal breath
 Creeping in thy veins, oh, stifle it.
 Be still thyself, bloody and treacherous :
 Fame not thy house with an admired act
 Of princely pity. Piero, I am come
 To soil thy house with an eternal blot
 Of savage cruelty ; strike, or bid me strike.
 I pray my death, that thy ne'er dying shame
 Might live immortal to posterity.
 Come, be a princely hangman, stop my breath.
 Oh, dread thou shame, no more than I dread death.

Pier. We are amaz'd, our royal spirits numb'd
 In stiff astonish'd wonder at thy prowess,
 Most mighty, valiant, and high-towering heart.
 We blush, and turn our hate upon ourselves,
 For hating such an unpeer'd excellence.
 I joy my state : him whom I loath'd before,
 That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.

*[The still flutes * sound a mournful senet. A coffin is brought in.]*

* In " Henry V." we find

" The hum of either army *stilly* sounds."

And Mr. Malone explains *stilly*, *gently*, *softly* ; adding, so in the sacred writings, " a *still* small voice." This stage direction in the text means, therefore, I conceive, a particular description of flutes of a *softer tone* than the common.

But stay, what tragic spectacle appears,
Whose body bear you in that mournful hearse?

Luc. The breathless trunk of young Antonio.

Mel. Antonio! ah me! my lord, my love,
my——

And. Sweet precious issue of most honour'd
blood!

Rich hope, ripe virtue! Oh, untimely loss.
Come hither, friend. I prithee do not weep:
Why, I am glad he's dead, he shall not see
His father vanquish'd by his enemy.
Even in princely honour; nay, prithee speak,
How died the boy?

Luc. My lord——

And. I hope he died yet like my son, i'faith.

Luc. Alas, my lord——

And. He died unforc'd, I trust, and valiantly.

Luc. Poor gentleman, being——

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye look dull,
His thoughts reel, fearful when he struck the
stroke?

And if they did, I'll rend them out the hearse,
Rip up his cere-cloth, mangle his bleak face;
That when he comes to heaven, the powers divine
Shall ne'er take notice that he was my son.
I'll quite disclaim his birth: nay, prithee speak;
And 'twere not hoop'd with steel, my breast
would break.

Mel. Oh, that my spirit in a sigh could mount
Into the sphere where thy sweet soul dost rest.

Pier. Oh, that my tears, bedewing thy wan
cheek,

Could make new spirit sprout in thy cold blood!

Bal. Verily, he looks as pitifully as poor John* ; as I am true knight, I could weep like a stoned horse.

And. Villain, 'tis thou hast murder'd my son,
Thy unrelenting spirit (thou black dog,
That took'st no passion of his fatal love)
Hath forc'd him give his life untimely end.

Pier. Oh, that my life, her love, my dearest
blood,
Would but redeem one minute of his breath !

Ant. I seize that breath †. Stand not amaz'd,
great states :

I rise from death, that never liv'd till now.
Piero, keep thy vow, and I enjoy
More unexpressed height of happiness
Than power of thought can reach : if not, lo, here,
There stands my tomb, and here a pleasing stage :
Most wish'd spectators of my tragedy,
To this end have I feign'd, that her fair eye,
For whom I liv'd, might bless me ere I die.

Mel. Can breath depaint my unconceived
thoughts ?

Can words describe my infinite delight,
Of seeing thee, my lord Antonio ?
Oh, no ; conceit, breath, passion, words be dumb,
Whilst I instil the dew of my sweet bliss,

* *Poor John* is said, in a note of Weber's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. viii. p. 416, to be the *hake dried and salted* ; but in "The Picture" of Massinger, the starved Hilario describes it as a *fresh-water fish* ; and in a sense better suited to the present passage :

"I look'd this morning in my glass, *the river*,
And there appear'd a fish, called a *poor John*,
Cut with a *lenten face* in my own likeness."

† *Id est*, claim that implied promise.

In the soft pressure of a melting kiss;

Sic sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Pier. Fair son, now I'll be proud to call thee
son,

Enjoy me thus, my very breast is thine;

Possess me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Dear father——

And. Sweet son, sweet son; but I can speak
no more:

My joy's passion flows above the shore,

And chokes the current of my speech.

Pier. Young Florence prince, to you my lips
must beg

For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your fair daughter? with all my thought:

So help me faith, the naked truth I'll unfold,

He that was never hot, will soon be cold.

Pier. No man else makes claim unto her?

Mat. The valiant speak truth in brief; no.

Bal. Truly, for Sir Jeffery Balurdo, he dis-
claims to have had any thing in her.

Pier. Then here I give her to Antonio.

Royal, valiant, most respected prince,

Let's clip our hands; I'll thus observe my vow.

I promis'd twenty thousand double pistolets,

With the endearing to my dearest love,

To him that brought thy head; thine be the gold,

To solemnize our houses' unity:

My love be thine, the all I have be thine.

Fill us fresh wine, the form we'll take by this:

We'll drink a health, while they two sip a kiss.

Now there remains no discord that can sound

Harsh accents to the ear of our accord;

So please you, niece, to match.

Ros. Troth, uncle, when my sweet-faced cuz hath told me how she likes the thing called wedlock, may be I'll take a survey of the check-roll of my servants; and he that hath the best parts of—I'll prick him down for my husband.

Bal. For passion of love now, remember me to my mistress, Lady Rossaline, when she is pricking down the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiff, I shall carry it.

Pier. I will.

Sound Lydian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On nectar streams of your sweet airs to float.

Ant. Here ends the comic crosses of true love,
Oh, may the passage most successful prove.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, though I remain an armed Epilogue*, I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us that acted it; but a most submissive suppliant for both. What imperfection you have seen in us, leave with us, and we'll amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you and cherish it. You shall not be more ready to embrace any thing commendable, than we will endeavour to amend all things reprovably. What we are, is by your favour: what we shall be, rests all in your applausive encouragements.

* I should presume from this, that Epilogue was spoken by Andrugio.

*The following is prefixed to the First Edition of
this Play.*

To the only rewarder and most just poiser of
virtuous merit, the most honourably renowned
Nobody, bounteous Mecænas of poetry, and
Lord Protector of oppressed innocence.

Do Dedicoque.

Since it hath flow'd with the current of my humorous
blood, to affect (a little too much) to be seriously fantas-
tical: here take (most respected Patron) the worthless
present of my slighter idleness. If you vouchsafe not your
protection, then (oh, thou sweetest perfection!) female
beauty shield me from the stopping of vinegar bottles;
which most wished favour, if it fail me, then *sic nequeo
flectere superos, Acheronta movebo*: but yet, honour's re-
deemer, virtue's advancer, religion's shelter, and piety's
fosterer, yet, yet, I faint not in despair of this gracious
affection and protection; to which I only shall ever rest
most serving-man like, obsequiously making legs, and
standing (after our free-born English garb) bare headed,

Thy only affied slave, and admirer,

J. M.

The following is prefixed to the First Edition of
this Play.

To the only reward and most just prize of
virtuous merit, the most honourably rewarded
Nobody, dangerous Mischance of poetry, and
Lord Protector of oppressed innocence.

Do Dedicate
Since it hath flow'd with the current of my humours
blood, to affect (a little too much) to be seriously im-
lial: here take (poor respected Patron) the worthless
present of my slighter idleness. If you vouchsafe not your
protection, then (oh, how sweetest perfection!) leave
humbly shield me from the sweeping of vinegar bottles;
which most wished favour, it is bid me, then in we go
active superior, Alas! a waste: but yet, honour a re-
deemer, virtue's advocate, religion's shelter, and poetry's
protector, yet I find not in the name of this generous
affection and protection: to which I only shall ever rest
most serving man be, obsequiously making legs, and
standing (after our free-born English way) bare headed.

Thy only affixed slave, and admirer,

J. M.

WHAT YOU WILL:

A

COMEDY.

BY

JOHN MARSTON.

Langhain speaks of this Comedy as one of the best of the author's; though some parts of the plot, viz. "that of Francis's assuming the name and behaviour of Al. bano, is borrowed from Plautus's *Amphitruon*." It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1607.

* Run Alley is one of the passages into the Temple from Fleet-street, which formerly claimed to be exempt from the process of the court of law, and was consequently much frequented by sirrups and pickpockets. See notes on Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 429.

I mention in the life of the author that under the
name of *James*, he was entered in the *Register* from
Parramatta, an anonymous play acted at St. John's of
London, Cambridge, and published 1700. The very name
is mentioned in the *Register* and I imagine is the name
of the performer in that play, and the reader will find
in the induction to this, that the circumstances, and the
whole of the induction and several of the scenes in that
induction intended notice the author in this play. The
following extract is from the induction of the play
above referred to.

What! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
against the world, but up and down the world
nothing but a *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
William *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
He passed a *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
That *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Cris, *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
And *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
The *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Eligible to give up *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Give him *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
That *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Ay, there is one that *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
And *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Struck his *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Bring the *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
And at last *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!
Butter the *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*! *James*!

Langbaine speaks of this Comedy as one of the best of
the author's; though some part of the plot, viz. that
of *James*'s assuming the person and name of *James*,
is borrowed from *James*'s *James*. It was
entered in the books of the Stationers Company, Aug. 9,
1607.

* *James* is one of the greatest of the *James* from *James*,
which is formerly printed in the *James* of the
county of *James*, and was consequently much frequented by *James*
and *James*. See note on *James*'s *James*, vol. 1, p. 10.

I MENTIONED in the life of this author, that, under the name of Kinsayder, he was satirized in "The Return from Parnassus," an anonymous play acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, and published 1606. This very name is mentioned in the second act, and Philomuse is the name of the performer in that play, and as the reader will find in the Induction to this: these circumstances, and the whole of the Induction and second act, lead me to think Marston intended noticing the attack in this play. The following extract is the criticism of *Judicio* in the play above referred to :

"What, Monsier Kinsayder, lifting up your legge and pissing against the world; put up man, put up, for shame.

Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,
Withouten bands or garters ornament;
He quaffes a cup of Frenchman's Helicon,
Then royster doyster in his oily tearmes,
Cuts, thrusts, and foynes at whomsoever he meets,
And strowes about Ram ally* meditations.
'Tut, what cares he for modest close coucht termes,
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines.
Give him plain naked words stript from their shirts,
That might beseeme plaine dealing Aretine:
Ay, there is one that backes a paper steed,
And manageth a penknife gallantly:
Strikes his *poinado* at a button's breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of tearmes to townes,
And at first volly of his cannon-shot,
Batters the walles of the old fusty world."

Langbaine speaks of this Comedy as one of the best of the author's; though some part of the plot, *viz.* "that of Francisco's assuming the person and humour of Albano, is borrowed from Plautus's 'Amphytrion'." It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1607.

* Ram Alley is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet-street, which formerly claimed to be exempt from the process of the courts of law, and was consequently much frequented by strumpets and pickpockets. See note on Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. v. p. 409.

PERSONS IN THE INDUCTION.

Atticus.
Doricus.
Philomuse.
Tire-man.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Albano, a Merchant.
Jacomo, in love with Celia.
Andrea, } Brothers to Albano.
Randulfo, }
Quadratus.
Laverdure, a Frenchman.
Lampatho Doria.
Simplicius Faber.
Francisco, a Perfumer.
Philus, page to Jacomo.
Bidet, lacquey to Laverdure.
Slip, page to Albano.
Holofernness Pippo, page to Simplicius.
Battus, }
Nous, } School-boys.
Nathaniel, }
Slip, }
Noose, } Pages.
Trip, }
Doite, }
Celia, wife to Albano.
Meletza, sister to Celia.
Lyzabetta.
Lucia, waiting-woman to Celia.

INDUCTION.

Before the Music sounds for the Act, enter ATTICUS, DORICUS, and PHILOMUSE: they set a good while on the Stage before the Candles are lighted, talking together, and on the sudden DORICUS speaks.

Dor. O FIE, some lights; sirs, fie, let there be no deeds of darkness done among us.

Enter TIRE-MAN with Lights.

Ay so, so prithee, Tire-man, set Seignior Snuff on fire, he's a choleric gentleman, he will take pepper in the nose instantly; fear not; 'fore heaven, I wonder they tolerate him so near the stage.

Phil. Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, keel it, keel it*, or all the fat's in the fire: in the name of Phœbus, what merry genius haunts thee to-day? Thy lips play with feathers.

Dor. Troth they should pick straws before they should be idle.

Att. But why, but why doest thou wonder they dare suffer Snuff so near the stage?

* *Id est*, cool it. The passage in "Love's Labour Lost:"

"Whilst greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot"—

will occur to the reader, and it is there properly explained by Stevens, and the passage in the text quoted.

Dor. Oh, well recall'd, marry Sir, Seignior Snuff, Monsieur Mew, and Cavaliero Blirt*, are three of the most to be fear'd auditors that ever——

Phil. Pish, for shame, stint thy idle chat.

Dor. Nay, dream whatsoe'er your fantasy swims on, Philomuse; I protest in the love you have procured me to hear your friend, the author, I am vehemently fearful, this threefold halter of contempt that chokes the breath of wit, these aforesaid *tria sunt omnia*, knights of the Mew, will sit heavy on the skirts of his scenes, if——

Phil. If what? Believe it, Doricus, his spirit
Is higher blooded than to quake and pant,
At the report of Scoff's† artillery;
Shall he be crest-fall'n, if some looser brain,
In flux of wit uncivily befilth
His slight composures? Shall his bosom faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sour breath,
From Hatred's surfeit on his labour's front?
Nay, say some half a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice on his latest scene,
Shall his resolve be struck through with the blirt
Of a goose breath? What imperfect born,

* It appears from this passage that *mew*, and *blirt*, were the expressions of disapprobation among the audience in the time of Marston: Seignior Snuff is an allusion to the petulant and captious disposition in the audience, which made them ready on any trifling occasion to take offence; the reader may recollect it occurs in this sense in the "First Part of Henry IV."

"Who, therewith angry when it next came there,
Took it in *snuff*."

And in "Love's Labour Lost," where it is used equivocally:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it in *snuff*."

† *Id est*, at the noise of this artillery of *scoffers*.

What short-liv'd Meteor, what cold-hearted snow
 Would melt in dolour, cloud his mudded eyes,
 Sink down his jaws, if that some juiceless husk,
 Some boundless ignorance, should on sudden shoot
 His gross knobb'd birdbolt, with *that's not so*
good,

Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light, chaffy stuff?

Why, gentle spirits, what loose waving fane,
 What any thing would thus be screw'd about
 With each slight touch of odd Phantasmatas?
 No, let the feeble palsied lamer joints
 Lean on opinion's crutches, let the——

Dor. Nay, nay, nay, heaven's my hope, I cannot smooth this strain,

Wit's death! I cannot. What a leprous humour
 Breaks from rank swelling of these bubbling wits?
 Now out upon't! I wonder what tight brain
 Wrung in this custom to maintain contempt
 'Gainst common censure; to give stiff counter-
 buffs,

To crack rude scorn even on the very face
 Of better audience. Slight, is't not odious?
 Why, hark you, honest, honest Philomuse,
 (You that endeavour to endear our thoughts
 To the composer's spirit) hold this firm:
 Music and poetry were first approv'd
 By common sense; and that which pleased most,
 Held most allowed pass: rules of art
 Were shap'd to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules;
 Think you if that his scenes took stamp in mint,
 Of three or four deem'd most judicious,
 It must enforce the world to current them,
 That you must spit defiance on dislike?
 Now, as I love the light, were I to pass
 Through public verdict, I should fear my form,

Least ought I offer'd were unsquar'd or warp'd,
 "The more we know, the more we know we want:
 What Bayard * bolder than the ignorant?
 Believe me, Philomuse: i'faith thou must,
 The best best seal of wit, is wit's distrust."

Phil. Nay, gentle Doricus——

Dor. I'll hear no more of him; nay, an your friend the author, the composer—the *What you will*—seems so fair in his own glass, so straight in his own measure, that he talks once of squinting critics, drunken censure, splay-footed opinion, juiceles husks; I ha' done with him, I ha' done with him.

Phil. Pew, nay then——

Dor. As if any such unsanctified stuff could find a being 'mong these ingenuous breasts.

Att. Come, let pass, let pass, let's see what stuff must clothe our ears: what's the play's name?

Phil. *What you will.*

Dor. Is't comedy, tragedy, pastoral, moral, nocturnal, or history?

Phil. Faith, perfectly neither, but even, *What you will*, a slight toy, lightly composed, too swiftly finish'd, ill plotted, worse written, I fear me worst acted, and indeed, *What you will.*

Dor. Why I like this vein well now.

Att. Come, we strain the spectators' patience in delaying their expected delights. Let's place ourselves within the curtains, for, good faith, the stage is so very little, we shall wrong the general eye else very much.

* This is undoubtedly an allusion to the Chevalier Bayard, who was called by his contemporaries "the knight without fear and without reproach."

Phil. If you'll stay but a little, I'll accompany you ; I have engag'd myself to the author to give a kind of inductive speech to his comedy.

Att. Away : you neglect yourself*, a gentleman——

Phil. Tut, I have vow'd it, I am double charg'd, go off as't will, I'll set fire to it.

Dor. I'll not stand ; it may chance recoil, an't be not stuff'd with saltpetre well : mark the report, mark the report.

Phil. Nay, prithee stay ; slid the female presence, the genteletza, the women will put me out !

Dor. And they strive to put thee out, do thou endeavour to put them——

Att. In good faith, if they put thee out of countenance, put thou them out of patience, and hew their ears with hacking, imperfect utterance.

Dor. Go stand to it, show thyself a tall man † of thy tongue, make an honest leg ‡, put off thy cap with discreet carriage : and so we leave thee to the kind gentlemen, and most respected auditors. [Exeunt.

Remanet tantum Philomusus.

* *Id est*, degrade yourself.

† “ A *tall man*,” *i. e.* a bold and valiant man. It is very commonly used in this sense by the writers of that age. So in Ben Jonson's “ Every Man out of his Humour,” Shift says, “ I never robb'd any man, but only said so because I would get myself a name, and be counted a *tall man*.” And Falstaff to Pistol, in “ Merry Wives of Windsor,” (alluding to him and Nim) : I am damn'd to hell for swearing to gentlemen that you were good soldiers and *tall fellows*.” Again in the “ Second Part of Henry IV.”

‡ “ Make an honest leg,” *i. e.* make a respectful and graceful bow. So in “ Parasitaster :”

“ Makes a nodding *leg* courtly.”

PROLOGUE.

NOR labours he the favour of the rude,
Nor offers sops unto the Stygian dog,
To force a silence in his vip'rous tongues :
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace
Of loth'd detraction ; nor pursues the love
Of the nice critics of this squeamish age ;
Nor strives he to bear up with every sail
Of floating censure ; nor once dreads or cares,
What envious hand his guiltless Muse hath struck,
“ Sweet breath from tainted stomachs who can
suck ? ”

But to the fair proportion'd loves of wit,
To the just scale of even-paized * thoughts,
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature, to their gentle minds,
That can as soon slight of †, as find a blemish,
To those as humbly low as to their feet
I am oblig'd to bend : to those his Muse,
Makes solemn honour for their wish'd delight :
He vows industrious sweat shall pale his cheek,
But he'll gloze up sleek objects for their eyes :
For those he is asham'd, his best's too bad,
A silly subject too too simply clad,
Is all his present, all his ready pay,
For many many debts. Give further day,
I'll give a proverb, *Sufferance giveth ease* :
So you may once be pay'd, we once may please.

* *Id est*, poised. Shakspeare, in “ King John,” spells it peised.

† *Id est*, make slight of.

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter QUADRATUS preceded by a Page with a Torch, and followed by PHILUS with a Lute.

Phil. OH, I beseech you, sir, reclaim his wits,
My master's mad, stark mad; alas, for love.

Quad. For love? nay, an he be not mad for
hate,

"Tis amiable fortune; I tell thee, youth,
Right rare and geason*: strange, mad for love!
Oh, show me him, I'll give him reasons straight,
So forcible, so all-invincible,
That it shall drag love out: run mad for love?
What mortally exists, on which our hearts
Should be enamoured with such passion?
For love? Come, Philus, come, I'll change his
fate,
Instead of love, I'll make him mad for hate:
But troth say, what strain's his madness of?

* *Geason* was never a word much in use, I think, though it occurs again in this Act; it means *uncommon*: in which sense it may be found in Spencer's "Fairy Queen:"

"Found nothing that he said unmeet nor *geason*."

In his "Mother Hubbard's Tale:"

"That it to leaches seemed strange and *geason*."

And "Visions of the World's Vanity:"

"Such as this age, in which all good is *geason*."

Phil. Fantastical.

Quad. Immure him, sconce him*, barricado
him in't,
Fantastical mad! thrice blessed heart;
Why hark, good Philus: (Oh, that thy narrow
sense
Could but contain me now), all that exists,
Takes valuation from opinion:
A giddy minion now; pish, thy taste is dull,
And canst not relish me: come, where's Jacomo?

Enter JACOMO unbraced and carelessly dressed.

Phil. Look where he comes: oh, map of
boundless woe!

Jac. Yon gleam is day; darkness, sleep, and
fear,
Dreams, and the ugly visions of the night
Are beat to hell by the bright palm of light;
Now roams the swain, and whistles up the morn:
Deep silence breaks; all things start up with light;
Only my heart, that endless night and day
Lies bed-rid, crippled by coy Celia.

Quad. There's a strain, law!
Nay, now I see he's mad most palpable,
He speaks like a player, ah! poetical.

Jac. The wanton spring lies dallying with the
earth,
And pours fresh blood in her decayed veins,
Look how the new sapp'd branches are in child
With tender infants, how the sun draws out,

* Sconce him, *i. e.* guard him, shut him up. So in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

"And yet, you rogue, will *ensconce* your rags."
A *sconce* is literally a petty fortification.

And shapes their moisture into thousand forms
Of sprouting buds ; all things that show or breathe
Are now instaur'd *, saving my wretched breast ;
That is eternally congeal'd with ice
Of froz'd despair. Oh, Celia, coy, too nice!

Quad. Still sans question mad.

Jac. Oh, where doth piety and pity rest?

Quad. Fetch cords, he's irrecoverable, mad,
rank mad ;

He calls for strange Chymera's, fictions,
That have no being since the curse of death
Was thrown on man. Pity and piety !
Who'll deign converse with them? Alas, vain head,
Pity and piety are long since dead.

Jac. Ruin to chance! and all that strive to stand,
Like swoln Colossus on her tottering base.
Fortune is blind.

Quad. You lie, you lie ;
None but a mad man would term fortune blind,
How can she see to wound desert so right?
Just in the speeding-place †: to girt lewd brows
With honour'd wreath ; ha, fortune blind? away,
How can she hood-wink'd then so rightly see
To starve rich worth, and glut iniquity?

Jac. Oh, love!

Quad. Love? hang love,
It is the abject out-cast of the world,
Hate all things, hate the world, thyself, all men,
Hate knowledge, strive not to be over-wise,
“ It drew destruction unto Paradise.”

* “ Instaur'd,” *i. e.* renovated.

† *Id est*, in the place where a wound is fatal. Tharsalio, in
the “ Widow's Tears” of Chapman, says,

“ I have given 't him i' th' speeding-place for all his confidence.”

Hate honour, virtue, they are baits,
 That tice mens' hopes to sadder fates;
 Hate beauty, every ballad-monger
 Can cry his idle foppish humour;
 Hate riches, wealth's a flattering Jack*,
 Adores to face, mews † 'hind thy back.
 He that is poor is firmly sped,
 He never shall be flattered,
 All things are error, dirt, and nothing,
 Or pant with want, or gorg'd to loathing.
 Love only hate, affect no higher
 Than praise of heaven, wine, a fire.
 Suck up thy days in silent breath,
 When their snuff's out, come Seignior Death.
 Now, sir, adieu, run mad and t'wilt;
 The worst is this, my rhyme's but spilt.

Jac. Thy rhymes are spilt; who would not run
 rank mad,

To see a wandering Frenchman rival, nay,
 Outstrip my suit? He kiss'd my Celia's cheek.

Quad. Why, man, I saw a dog even kiss thy
 Celia's lips.

Jac. To-morrow morn they go to wed.

Quad. Well then I know
 Whither to-morrow night they go.

Jac. Say quick.

Quad. To bed.

* So in the "Second Part of Antonio and Mellida:"

"Comfort's a parasite, a *flattering Jack*."

Jack is a very common term of contempt in the authors of the time. So in "Taming of the Shrew," Catherine calls her music master "a twangling *Jack*." And in "Much Ado about Nothing," Benedict asks Claudio, "do you play the flouting *Jack*?"

† *Id est*, speaks contemptuously.

Jac. I will invoke the triple Hecate,
Make charms as potent as the breath of fate,
But I'll confound the match.

Quad. Nay then, good day,
An you be conjuring once, I'll slink away.

[*Exit Quad.*]

Jac. Boy, could not Orpheus make the stones
to dance?

Phil. Yes, sir.

Jac. By'r lady, a sweet touch: did he not
bring Eurydice out of hell with his lute?

Phil. So they say, sir.

Jac. An thou canst bring Celia's head out of
the window with thy lute, well hazard thy breath:
look, sir, here's a ditty.

'Tis foully writ, slight wit, cross'd here and there,
But where thou findest a blot, there fell a tear.

THE SONG.

Fie, peace, peace, peace, it hath no passion in't.
Oh, melt thy breath in fluent softer tones,
That every note may seem to trickle down
Like sad distilling tears, and make—O God,
That I were but a poet now t' express my thoughts,
Or a musician but to sing my thoughts,
Or any thing but what I am: sing 't o'er once
more,

My grief's a boundless sea that hath no shore.

[*The boy sings, and is answered by another
song from within: A willow* garland is
flung down, and the song ceaseth.*]

* This stage direction is quoted in a very interesting note
in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," upon the willow being worn
by forsaken lovers: to this it is, no doubt, intended to refer; a

Is this my favour? am I crown'd with scorn?
 Then thus I manumit my slav'd condition.
 Celia, but hear me execrate thy love.
 By heaven! that once was conscious of my love,
 By all that is, that knows my all was thine,
 I will pursue with detestation,
 Thwart with out-stretch'd vehemence of hate
 Thy wished hymen: I will craze my brain
 But I'll dissever all thy hopes unite;
 What rage so violent as love turn'd spite?

Enter RANDOLFO and ANDREA, with a Supplication reading.

Rand. Humbly complaining, kissing the hands of your excellence; your poor orators, Randolfo and Andrea, beseech the forbidding of the dishonoured match of their niece, Celia, widow to their brother——

Oh, 'twill do, 'twill do, it cannot choose but do.

And. What should one say, what should one do now, umph,
 If she do match with yon same wand'ring knight?
 She's but undone, her estimation, wealth——

Jac. Nay, sir, her estimation's mounted up,
 She shall be lady'd, and sweet madam'd now*.

Rand. Be lady'd; ha, ha. Oh, could she but recal

The honour'd port of her deceased love;

custom, the origin of which is still in obscurity, though the tree has been poetically appropriated to the children of sorrow, from the time of the holy Psalmists to the present hour.

* The reader of the play of "Eastward-Hoe," in which our author had a share, may see what charm these titles were supposed to have for imprudent females.

But think whose wife she was, God wot, no
knight's,

But one (that title off) was even a prince,
A Sultan Solyman: thrice was he made
In dangerous arms, Venice' Providetore.

And. He was a merchant, but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That nought was valued, praiseful, excellent,
But in it was he most praiseful, excellent.

Jac. Oh, I shall ne'er forget how he went cloth'd,
He would maintain 't a base ill-used fashion,
To bind a merchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black, chiefly in Venice' state,
Where merchants gilt the top;
And therefore should you have him pass the bridge,
Up the Rialto * like a soldier,
(As still he stood a Potestate at sea)——

Rand. In a black beaver felt, ash colour plain,
A Florentine cloth of silver jerkin, sleeves
White satin cut on tinsel, then long stock——

Jac. French panes embroider'd †, goldsmiths'
work, O God!

Methinks I see him now how he would walk;
With what a jolly presence he would pace
Round the Rialto. Well, he's soon forgot,
A straggling sir ‡ in his rich bed must sleep,
Which if I cannot cross, I'll curse and weep.
Shall I be plain as truth? I love your sister.

* The Exchange at Venice is, I believe, held on the Rialto.

† "French panes embroider'd," *i. e.* ribbed breeches cut in the French fashion. *Pain'd hose* are mentioned in the "Woman Hater" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and by others of our dramatic poet.

‡ *Id est*, one who is without a settled habitation.

My education, birth, and wealth deserves her;
 I have no cross, no rub to stop my suit,
 But Laverdure's a knight, that strikes all mute.

And. Ay, there's the devil, she must be lady'd
 now.

Jac. Oh, ill-nurs'd custom; no sooner is the
 wealthy merchant dead,
 His wife left great in fair possessions,
 But giddy rumour grasps it 'twixt his teeth,
 And shakes it 'bout our ears. Then thither flock
 A rout of crazed fortunes, whose crack'd states
 Gape to be soder'd up by the rich mass
 Of the deceased's labours, and now and then
 The troop of, *I beseech, and I protest,*
And believe it sweet, is mix'd with two or three
 Hopeful, well-stock'd, neat-clothed citizens.

Rand. But as we see the son of a divine
 Seldom proves preacher, or a lawyer's son
 Rarely a pleader, (for they strive to run
 A various fortune from their ancestors)
 So 'tis right geason for the merchant's widow,
 To be the citizen's lov'd second spouse.

Jac. Variety of objects please us still,
 One dish though ne'er so cook'd doth quickly fill.
 When divers cates the palate's sense delight,
 And with fresh taste create new appetite;
 Therefore my widow she cashiers the blacks;
 Forswears, turns off the fur'd gowns, and surveys
 The bead-roll of her suitors, thinks and thinks,
 And straight her questing thoughts springs up a
 knight:

Have after then amain! the game's a-foot,
 The match clap'd up, tut, 'tis the knight must do't.

Rand. Then must my pretty peat* be fan'd
and coach'd.

Jac. Muff'd, mask'd, and ladyed, with my more
than most sweet madam :

But how long doth this perfume of sweet madam
last?

Faith 'tis but a wash scent. My riotous sir
Begins to crack jests on his ladies' front,
Touches her new-stamp'd gentry, takes a glut ;
Keeps out, abandons home, and spends and spends
Till stock be melted, then sir takes up here,
Takes up there †, till no where ought is left.
Then for the low countries ‡, hay for the French,
And so (to make up rhyme) good night, sweet
wench.

Rand. By blessedness ! we'll stop this fatal lot.

Jac. But how ? but how ?

Rand. Why, stay, let's think a plot.

And. Was not Albano Beletzo honourable, rich ?

Rand. Not peer'd in Venice, for birth, fortune,
love.

* We still call a spoilt child a *pet* : but the same words occur
in " Eastward Hoe ;" again in the " City Madam," of Mas-
singer ; and in the " Taming the Shrew :"

" A pretty *peat* ! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye."

† " Takes up here, takes up there," *i. e.* borrows money or
buys goods on credit from any one that will trust him.

‡ The policy of Elizabeth allowed her subjects to enter into
the service of the States, and it was very common for men, who
had at home dissipated their fortunes, to avail themselves of a
privilege, which at the same time procured them a maintenance
and concealed them from their creditors ; and though the scene
of the present play is laid at Venice, yet Marston's allusions,
like those of the greater dramatic poets, Shakspeare, Beaumont
and Fletcher, &c. are generally drawn from the manners and
customs of his own country.

And. 'Tis scarce three months since fortune gave him dead.

Rand. In the black fight in the Venetian gulf.

And. You hold a truth.

Rand. Now what a gigglet is this Celia?

And. To match so sudden so unworthily?

Rand. Why she might have——

And. Who might not Celia have?

The passionate enamour'd Jacomo.

Jac. The passionate enamour'd Jacomo.

And. Of honour'd lineage, and not meanly rich.

Rand. The sprightful Piso; the great Florentine, Aurelius Tuber.

And. And to leave these all,
And wed a wandering knight, Sir Laverdure,
A God knows what?

Rand. Brother, she shall not; shall our blood be mongrel'd with the corruption of a straggling French?

And. Saint Mark! she shall not.

Jac. She shall not, fathers, by our brother souls.

Rand. Good day.

Jac. Wish me good day? it stands in idle stead,
My Celia's lost, all my good days are dead.

[*The cornets sound a flourish.*

Hark, Lorenzo Celso, the loose Venice duke
Is going to bed, 'tis now a forward morn
'Fore he take rest. Oh, strange transformed sight,
When princes make night day, the day their night.

And. Come, we'll petition him.

Jac. Away, away!

He scorns all complaints, makes jest of serious suit.

Rand. Fall out as't 'twill, I am resolv'd to do't.

[*The cornets sound.*

Enter the Duke coupled with a Lady, two couples more with them, the Men having Tobacco-pipes in their Hands; the Women sit, the Men dance a round. The Petition is delivered up by RANDOLFO, the Duke lights his Tobacco-pipe with it, and goes out dancing.

Rand. Saint Mark! Saint Mark!

Jac. Did not I tell you? lose no more rich time; What can one get but mire from a swine?

And. Let's work a cross*, we'll fame it all about, The Frenchman's gelded.

Rand. Oh, that's absolute.

Jac. Fie on't! away! she knows too well 'tis false,

I fear it too well. No, no, I hav't will strongly do't, Who knows Francisco Soranza?

Rand. Pish, pish, why what of him?

Jac. Is he not wondrous like your deceas'd kinsman, Albano?

And. Exceedingly, the strangest nearly like In voice, in gesture, face, in——

Rand. Nay, he hath Albano's imperfection too, And stuts † when he is vehemently mov'd.

Jac. Observe me then, him would I have disguis'd,

Most perfect, like Albano: giving out,
Albano sav'd by swimming (as in faith,
'Tis known he swum most strangely) rumour him
This morn arriv'd in Venice, here to lurk,
As having heard the forward nuptials,

* *Id est*, let's thwart their schemes.

† *Id est*, stutters.

T' observe his wife's most infamous lewd haste,
And to revenge——

Rand. I hav't, I hav't, I hav't, 'twill be invincible.

Jac. By this means now some little time we catch,

For better hopes at least disturb the match.

And. I'll to Francisco.

Rand. Brother Andrea,
You have our brother's picture, shape him to it*.

And. Precise in each but tassel†, fear it not.

Rand. Saint Mark, then prosper once our hopeful plot.

Jac. Good souls, good day, I have not slept last night,

I'll take a nap, then pell-mell broach all spite.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Id est*, dress him to correspond.

† Is dressed in imitation even to the tassel.

ACT II. SCENE I.

One knocks; LAVERDURE draws the Curtains, sitting on his Bed apparelling himself, his Trunk of Apparel standing by him.

Lav. Ho, Bidet! lacquey!

Bid. Signior.

Enter BIDET with Water and a Towel.

Lav. See who knocks, look you, boy, peruse their habits, return perfect notice, la la ly ro.

[Exit Bidet, and returns presently.]

Bid. *Quadratus.*

Lav. *Quadratus, Mort Dieu! ma vie!* I lay not at my lodging to-night, I'll not see him now on my soul; he's in his old *Perpetuana* suit; I am not within.

Bid. He is fair, gallant, rich, neat as a bridegroom, fresh as a new-minted sixpence, with him Lampatho Doria, Simplicius Faber.

Lav. And in good clothes?

Bid. Accoutered worthy a presence.

Lav. *Uds so:* my gold-wrought waistcoat and night-cap; open my trunk, lay my richest suit on the top, my velvet slippers, cloth of gold gamashes*; where are my cloth of silver hose? lay them——

* These are, I presume, what are sometimes called gambados, or spatterdashes: and a passage in "The Relation of the Royal

Bid. At pawn, sir?

Lav. No, sir, I do not bid you lay them at pawn, sir.

Bid. No, sir, you need not, for they are there already.

Lav. *Mort dieu, Garçon!* set my richest gloves, garters, hats*, just in the way of their eyes; so let them in; observe me with all duteous respect, let them in.

Enter QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO DORIA, and SIMPLICIUS FABER.

Quad. Phœbus, Phœbe, sun, moon, and seven stars, make thee the dilling † of fortune, my sweet Laverdure, my rich French blood; ha, ye dear rogue, hast any pudding tobacco ‡?

Entertainments, given by Lord Knowles to the Queen," published 1613, *signat* A 5, will tend to confirm this: "The Gardener was suted in gray, with a jerkin double jagged all about the wings and skirts, he had a pair of great slops with a cod-peece, and *buttoned gamachios* all of the same stuff."

* This direction seems strange to a reader of the present day, but in the reign of Elizabeth dress was carried to an excess of which, fortunately, we know nothing but by referring to the authors of the time. I have before mentioned the extravagant adornment of a *hat-band*, gloves and hats were sometimes equally expensive, and if we may take the devil's word for it, they had

"Garters and roses, *fourscore pounds a pair.*"

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

† *Id est*, darling.

‡ That a particular sort of tobacco was then called *pudding* will appear from the following extract from Deekar's "Gull's Hornbook:" "From thence (*i. e.* from the booksellers) you should blow yourself into the tobacco ordinary, where you are likewise to spend your judgment (like a quacksalver) upon that mystical wonder, to be able to discourse whether *your cane or your pudding* be sweetest, and which pipe has the best bore, and which burns black, which breaks in the burning," &c.

Lam. Good morrow, Seignior.

Sim. Monsieur Laverdure, do you see that gentleman, he goes but in black satin, as you see ; but, by Helicon, he hath a cloth of tissue wit ; he breaks a jest, ha, he'll rail against the court till the gallants——O God, he is very Nectar ; if you but sip of his love you were immortal, I must needs make you known to him : I'll induce your love with dear regard. Signior Lampatho, here's a French gentleman, Monsieur Laverdure, a traveller, a beloved of heaven, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir, I protest I not only take distinct notice of your dear rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently enamour'd, and very passionately dote on your inward adornments and habilities of spirit ; I protest I shall be proud to do you most obsequious vas-salage.

Quad. (Aside.) Is not this rare now ? Now by Gorgon's head,
I gape, and am struck stiff with wonderment
At sight of these strange beasts. Yon Chamblet youth,
Simplicius Faber that hermaphrodite,
Party per pale *, that bastard mongrel soul,
Is nought but admiration and applause,
Of yon, Lampatho Doria, a fusty cask,
Devote to mouldy customs of hoar'd eld :
Doth he but speak ? Oh, tones of heaven itself !

* "*Party per pale*," is a term in heraldry denoting that the field or ground on which the figures that make up a coat of arms are represented, is divided into two equal parts by a perpendicular line ; and Quadratus means that the external appearances of the two sexes are, in Simplicius, divided with equal exactness.

Doth he once write? Oh, Jesu, admirable!
 Cries out Simplicius: then Lampatho spits,
 And says, faith 'tis good. But, oh, to mark yon
 thing
 Sweat to unite acquaintance to his friend,
 Labour his praises, and endear his worth
 With titles, all as formally trick'd forth
 As the cap of a dedicatory epistle;
 Then, sir, to view Lampatho, he protests,
 Protests * and vows such sudden heat of love,
 That, oh! 'twere warmth enough of mirth to dry
 The stintless tears of old Heraclitus,
 Make Niobe to laugh.

Lam. I protest I shall be proud to give proof,
 I hold a most religious affiance with your love.

Lav. Nay, gentle Signior.

Lam. Let me not live else, I protest I will
 strain my utmost sinews in strengthening your
 precious estimate; I protest I will do all rights
 in all good offices that friendship can touch, or
 amplest virtue deserve.

Quad. (Aside.) I protest believe him not; I'll
 beg thee, Laverdure,
 For a conceal'd idiot if thou credit him;
 He's a hyena, and with civet scent
 Of perfum'd words draws to make a prey
 For laughter of thy credit. Oh, this hot crack-
 ling love,
 That blazeth on an instant, flames me out
 On the least puff of kindness, with *protest, protest*;
 Catzo, I dread these hot protests, that press,
 Come on so fast; no, no; away, away!

* The affected use of this word had been ridiculed by Shakespeare, in his "Romeo and Juliet," before the present play was written. See Stevens' note in Act II.

You are a common friend, or will betray.
 Let me clip amity that's got with suit,
 I hate this whorish love that's prostitute.

Lav. Horn on my tailor! could he not bring
 home

My satin, taffeta, or tissue suit;
 But I must needs be clothed in woollen thus?
 Bidet, what says he for my silver hose,
 And primrose satin doublet? God's my life,
 Gives he no more observance to my body?

Lam. Oh, in that last suit, gentle Laverdure,
 Visit my lodging: by Apollo's front,
 Do but inquire my name; oh, straight they'll say
 Lampatho suits himself in such a hose.

Sim. Mark that, Quadratus.

Lam. Consorts himself with such a doublet.

Sim. Good, good, good; O Jesu! admirable.

Lav. La la ly ro, sir.

Lam. Oh, Pallas! Quadratus, hark, hark; a
 most complete phantasma, a most ridiculous hu-
 mour; prithee shoot him through and through
 with a jest, make him lye by the lee, thou basi-
 lisco * of wit.

Sim. O Jesu! admirably well spoken, angelical
 tongue.

Quad. Gnathonical † coxcomb.

Lam. Nay, prithee; fut! fear not; he is no
 edge tool, you may jest with him.

Sim. No edge tool, oh!

Quad. Tones of heaven itself!

* The baisilisk was a large piece of ordnance.

† This epithet is taken from the character of Gnatho, in the
 "Eunuch of Terence," who flatters himself that he should be
 the founder of a sect, and that parasites of the same cast should,
 after him, be called *Gnathonics*.

Sim. Tones of heaven itself!

Quad. By blessedness, I thought so.

Lam. Nay, when, when?

Quad. Why thou polehead, thou Janus, thou poltroon, thou protest, thou earwig that wrigglest into mens' brains, thou dirty cur that bemirest with thy fawning, thou——

Lam. Obscure me, or——

Quad. Signior Laverdure, by the heart of an honest man, this Jebusite, this—confusion to him! this worse than I dare to name, abuseth thee most incomprehensibly; is this your protest of most obsequious vassalage, protest to strain your utmost sum, your most——

Lam. So Phœbus warm my brain, I'll rhyme thee dead,
Look for the satire, if all the sour juice
Of a tart brain can souce thy estimate,
I'll pickle thee.

Quad. Ha, ha, mount cheval on the wings of fame.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse*;
Look thee, I speak play scraps. Bidet, I'll down,
Sing, sing, or stay, we'll quaff, or any thing,
Rivo †! Saint Mark! let's talk as loose as air,
Unwind youths colours, display ourselves,
So that yon envy-starved cur may yelp,
And spend his chaps at our fantasticness.

* "Richard III." Act V. Scene VI.

† "Rivo" seems to have been an expression used by drunkards without any precise meaning, except their disregard of all care and order: in this sense it occurs again in this play; and in a speech of Prince Henry's, in the "First Part of Henry IV." "Rivo, says the drunkard," where see Johnson's and Stevens's note.

Sim. O Lord, Quadratus.

Quad. Away, idolater! Why, you Don Kin-sayder,

Thou canker-eaten rusty cur, thou snaffle
To freer spirits.

Think'st thou a libertine, and ungyv'd breast,
Scorns not the shackles of thy envious clogs;
You will traduce us unto public scorn?

Lam. By this hand I will.

Quad. A *foutra* for thy hand, thy heart, thy
brain,

Thy hate, thy malice, envy, grinning spite;
Shall a free-born that holds antipathy——

Lam. Antipathy?

Quad. Ay, antipathy.

A native hate unto the curse of man, bare-pated
servitude,

Quake at the frowns of a ragg'd satirist?

A scrubbing railer, whose coarse harden'd fortune,
Grating his hide, galling his starved ribs,
Sits howling at deserts more battle* fate,

Who out of dungeon of his black despairs,
Scowls at the fortune of the fairer merit.

Lam. Tut, Via! let all run glib and square.

Quad. Ud's foot! he cogs and cheats your sim-
pler thoughts.

My spleen's a fire, in the heat of hate

I bear these gnats, that hum about our ears,

And sting-blister our credits in obscured shades.

Lam. Pewte, *bougra*, la, la, la, tit, pshaw!
Shall I forbear to caper, sing or vault,

* "Battle" seems here to be used in a very peculiar sense, and to denote that portion of bread, butter, &c. &c. with which the students at Oxford are furnished by the college butler: a Cambridge it is called "sizing."

To wear fresh clothes, or wear perfumed sweets,
 To trick my face, or glory in my fate,
 To abandon natural propensitudes,
 My fancy's humour, for a stiff-jointed,
 Tatter'd, nasty, taber-fac'd, puh, la, la, ly ro.

Quad. Now by thy lady's cheek I honour thee,
 My rich free blood; oh, my dear libertine,
 I could suck the juice, the syrup of thy lip,
 For thy most generous thought. My Elysium!

Lam. Oh, sir, you are so square, you scorn
 reproof.

Quad. No, sir, should discreet Mastigophoros,
 Or the dear spirit, acute Canaidus,
 (That Aretine, that most of me beloved,
 Who in the rich esteem I prize his soul
 I term myself) should these once menace me,
 Or curb my humours with well-govern'd check,
 I should with most industrious regard,
 Observe, abstain, and curb my skipping lightness:
 But when an arrogant, odd, impudent,
 A blushless forehead, only out of sense
 Of his own wants, bawls in malignant questing
 At others' means of waving gallantry;
 'Slight foutra!

Lam. I rail at none, you well-squar'd Signior.

Quad. I cannot tell, 'tis now grown fashion,
 What's out of railing's out of fashion:
 A man can scarce put on a tuck'd-up cap,
 A button'd frizado suit, scarce eat good meat,
 Anchovies, caviare, but he's satired
 And term'd fantastical, by the muddy spawn
 Of slimy newts; when troth fantasticness,
 That which the natural sophisters term
Phantasia incomplexa, is a function,
 Even of the bright immortal part of man.

It is the common pass, the sacred door,
 Unto the privy chamber of the soul,
 That barr'd, nought passeth past the baser court
 Of outward sense; by it th' inamorate
 Most lively thinks he sees the absent beauties
 Of his lov'd mistress:

By it we shape a new creation,
 Of things as yet unborn: by it we feed
 Our ravenous memory, our intention feast:
 'Slid, he that's not fantastical's a beast*.

Lam. Most fantastical, protection of fantastic-
 ness.

Lav. Faith 'tis good.

Quad. So't be fantastical, 'tis wit's life-blood.

Lav. Come, Signior, my legs are girt.

Quad. Fantastically?

Lav. After a special humour, a new cut.

Quad. Why then 'tis rare, 'tis excellent. Ud's fut!
 An I were to be hang'd I would be choak'd
 Fantastically; he can scarce be sav'd
 That's not fantastical, I stand firm to it.

Lav. Nay then, sweet sir, give reason: come
 on, when †?

Quad. 'Tis hell to run in common base of men.

Lav. Hast not run thyself out of breath, bully?

Quad. An I have not jaded thy ears more
 than I have tir'd my tongue, I could run dis-
 course, put him out of his full pace.
 I could pour speech till thou cry'dst hold; but
 troth,

* *Id est*, who has no fancy or imagination.

† "Come on, when?" When, as an expression of impatience,
 is found in the first scene of "Richard II." where other in-
 stances are produced by Stevens.

I dread a glut, and I confess much love
 To freer gentry, whose pert agile spirits
 Are too much frost-bit, numb'd with ill-strain'd
 snibs *,
 Hath tender-reach'd my speech. By Brutus'
 blood,
 He is a turf that will be slave to man;
 But he's a beast that dreads his mistress' fan.

Lav. Come all mirth and solace, capers, healths
 and whiffs,
 To-morrow are my nuptials celebrate:
 All friends, all friends.

Lam. I protest——

Quad. Nay, leave protests, pluck out your
 snarling fangs. When thou hast means be fan-
 tastical and sociable; go to, here's my hand; an
 you want forty shillings I am your Mecenass,
 though not *Atavis edite regibus*.

Lam. Why content, and I protest——

Quad. I'll no protest.

Lam. Well an I do not leave these fopperies,
 do not lend me forty shillings, and there's my
 hand; I embrace you, love you, nay, adore thee;
 for, by the juice of wormwood, thou hast a bitter
 brain.

Quad. You, Simplicius, wilt leave that star-
 ing fellow Admiration, and Adoration of thy ac-
 quaintance, wilt? A scorn on't, 'tis odious; too
 eager a defence argues a strong opposition, and
 too vehement a praise draws a suspicion of others
 worthy disparagement.

* "Snibs" is used for *snubs*, reproofs. So in the "Ordinary"
 of Cartwright:

"*Moth.* You *snyb* mine old years."

Set tapers to bright day, it ill befits,
Good wines can vent themselves, why not good
wits.

Sim. Good truth I love you, and with the grace
of heaven,
I'll be very civil and——

Quad. Fantastical.

Sim. I'll be something; I have a conceal'd hu-
mour in me, an 'twere broach'd 'twould spirt
i'faith.

Quad. Come then, Saint Mark! let's be as light
as air,
As fresh and jocund as the breast of May:
I prithee, good French knight, good plump-
cheek'd chub,
Run some French passage; come let's see thy vein
Dances, scenes, and songs, royal entertain.

Lav. Petit, lacquey, page, page, Bidet sing,
Give it the French jerk, quick spirt, lightly, ha,
Ha, here's a turn unto my Celia.

Quad. Stand stiff; ho, stand, take footing firm,
stand sure,
For if thou fall before thy mistress
Thy manhood's damn'd; stand firm—ho, good!
so, so.

THE DANCE AND SONG.

Lav. Come, now via! allons to Celia.

Quad. Stay, take an old rhyme first, though
dry and lean,
'Twill serve to close the stomach of the scene.

Lav. This is thy humour to berhyme us still,
Never so slightly pleas'd, but out they fly.

Quad. They are mine own, no gleaned poetry :
My fashion's known ; out rhyme, tak't as you list ;
A *fico* for the sour-brow'd Zoilist.

Music, tobacco, sack, and sleep,
The tide of sorrow backward keep.
If thou art sad at others' fate,
Rivo ! drink deep, give care the mate*.

On us the end of time is come,
Fond fear of that we cannot shun ;
Whilst quickest sense doth freshly last,
Clip time about, hug pleasure fast.

The Sisters ravel out our twine,
He that knows little 's most divine.
Error deludes ; who'll beat this hence,
Nought's known but by exterior sense.

Let glory blazon others deed,
My blood than breath craves better meed.
Let twatling† Fame cheat others rest,
I am no dish for Rumour's feast.

Let honour others' hope abuse,
I'll nothing have, so nought will lose ;
I'll strive to be nor great nor small,
To live nor die, fate helpeth all.
When I can breathe no longer, then
Heaven take all ; there put amen.

How is't, how is't ?

Lav. Faith so, so, *tellement, quellement*, as't
please Opinion to current it.

Quad. Why then via ! let's walk.

Lav. I must give notice to an odd pedant as

* "Mate," *i. e.* check-mate : the metaphor is taken from the game of chess, where the game is won by giving your antagonist check-mate.

† "Twatling," *i. e.* tattling.

we pass of my nuptials; I use him, for he is obscure; and he shall marry us in private: I have many enemies, but secresy is the best evasion from envy.

Quad. Holds it to-morrow?

Lav. Ay, firm, absolute.

Lam. I'll say amen, if the priest be mute.

Quad. Epithalamiums will I sing, my chuck,
Go on, spend freely, out on dross! 'tis muck.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a School-master, draws the curtains behind, and discovers BATTUS, NOUS, SLIP, NATHANIEL, and HOLOFERNES PIPPO, School-boys, sitting with Books in their Hands.

All. *Salve magister.*

Ped. *Salvete pueri, estote salvi, vos salvere exopto, vobis salutem, Batte mi fili, fili mi Batte.*

Bat. *Quid vis?*

Ped. Stand forth, repeat your lesson without book.

Bat. A noun is the name of a thing, that may be seen, felt, heard, or understood.

Ped. Good boy, on, on.

Bat. Of noun, some be substantives, and some be substantives.

Ped. Adjectives.

Bat. Adjectives; a noun substantive either is proper to the thing that it betokeneth—

Ped. Well, to numbers.

Bat. In nouns be two numbers, the singular and the plural; the singular number speaketh of one, as *lapis*, a stone; the plural speaketh of more than one, as *lapides*, stones.

Ped. Good child, now thou art past *lapides*, stones,—proceed to the cases *Nous*, say you next *Nous*, where's your lesson, *Nous*?

Nous. I am in a verb, forsooth.

Ped. Say on, forsooth, say, say.

Nous. A verb is a part of speech, declined with mood and tense, and betokeneth doing; as *amo*, I love.

Ped. How many kind of verbs are there?

Nous. Two: personal and impersonal.

Ped. Of verbs personal, how many kinds?

Nous. Five: active, passive, neuter, deponent, and common. A verb active endeth in *o*, and betokeneth to do; as *amo*, I love; and by putting to *r* it may be a passive, as *amor*, I am loved.

Ped. Very good child; now learn to know the deponent and common: say you, Slip.

Slip. *Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.*

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua*, inflecte, inflecte?

Slip. *Singulariter nominativo, hæc lingua.*

Ped. Why is *lingua* the feminine gender?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the feminine gender.

Ped. Ha, thou ass, thou dolt, *idem per idem*? mark it: *lingua* is declined with *hæc* the feminine, because it is a household stuff, particularly belonging, and most commonly resident under the roof of womens' mouths. Come on, you Nathaniel, say you, say you next, not too fast, say tretably*, say.

Nath. *Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba nomina quædam.*

* *Tretable* occurs in Chaucer, where it is understood to mean *tractable*: here it seems to mean *distinctly*, deliberately.

Ped. Faster, faster.

Nath. *Ut sal, sol, ren, et splen: car, ser, vir, vas,
vadis, as, mas,*

*Bes, cres, præs et pes, glis gliris habens genitivo,
Mos, flos, ros et tros, mus, dens, mons, pons.*

Ped. *Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, hor, cor, mor:*
holla, holla, holla, you Holofernes Pippo, put
him down, wipe your nose: fie, on your sleeve!
where's your muckender your grandmother gave
you? Well, say on, say on.

Hol. Pray, master, what word's this?

Ped. *As, as.*

Hol. *As in præsentî perfectum format, in, in,
in——*

Ped. In what, sir?

Hol. *Perfectum format* in what, sir?

Ped. In what, sir? *in avi.*

Hol. In what, sir, *in avi.*

Ut no, nas navi, Vocito, vocitas, voci, voci, voci——

Ped. What's next?

Hol. *Voci*, what's next.

Ped. Why thou ungracious child, thou simple
animal, thou barnacle*. Nous, snare him, take
him up, an you were my father you should up.

* *Barnacle* is explained by Skinner to be *Anser Scoticus*, or
wild goose; it is a kind of shell-fish commonly found on the
bottoms of ships, and formerly supposed, even by writers of
respectability, that when broken off it became one of these geese.
Our poet alludes to this in the "Malcontent:"

"Like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."

See also Stevens' and Collins' note on the last scene in Act IV. of
the "Tempest." The following account I found in the third part

Hol. Indeed I am not your father; O Lord, now for God sake let me go out—my mother told a thing—I shall bewray all else. Hark you master, my grandmother intreats you to come to dinner to-morrow morning.

Ped. I say untruss, take him up; Nous, dispatch; what not perfect in *as in præsenti*?

Hol. In truth I'll be as perfect an *asse in presenty*, as any of this company; with the grace of God law, this once, this once, an I do so any more——

Ped. I say, hold him up.

Hol. Ah, let me say my prayers first. You know not what you ha' done now, all the syrup of my brain is run into my buttocks, and ye spill the juice of my wit; well, ah sweet, ah sweet, honey Barbary sugar*, sweet master!

Ped. Sans tricks, trifles, delays, demurs, procrastinations, or retardations, mount him! mount him †!

of Cockerham's Dictionary: "A kind of sea-gull, it grows not by Venus' act, but as Dubartas writes,

First 'twas a green tree,
Next a stately hull,
Lately a mushromp,
Now a flying gull."

* To understand this it must be remembered that sugar, though now brought principally from the West Indies, was in Marston's time commonly, if not generally, brought from *Barbary*, Candia, &c. So in the "Beggar's Bush" of Beaumont and Fletcher:"

"*Merch.* Or if you want *fine sugar*, 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to *Barbary*."

† The audience must have been much indebted to the poet for his ingenuity, after proceeding thus far, in preventing the execution of the sentence.

Enter QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, LAVERDURE, and SIMPLICIUS.

Quad. Be merciful, my gentle Seignior.

Lav. We'll sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is reprieved: and now Apollo bless your brains: facundious and elaborate elegance make your presence gracious in the eyes of your mistress.

Lav. You must along with us, lend private ear.

Sim. What is your name?

Hol. Holofernes Pippo.

Sim. Who gave you that name? Nay, let me alone for posing of a scholar.

Hol. My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism.

Sim. Truly, gallants, I am enamour'd on the boy; wilt thou serve me?

Hol. Yes, and please my grandmother, when I come to years of discretion.

Ped. An you have a propensitude to him, he shall be for you: I was solicited to grant him leave to play the lady in comedies presented by children; but I knew his voice was too small, and his stature too low. Sing, sing a treble, Holofernes; sing——

HOLOFERNES SINGS.

A very small* sweet voice, I'll assure you.

Quad. 'Tis smally sweet indeed.

* Quince, in overcoming the objections of Flute, to his personating Thisbe, says, "you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as *small* as you will."

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Sim. A very pretty child, hold up thy head ; there, buy thee some plums.

Quad. Nay they must play ; you go along with us.

Ped. *Ludendi venia est petita et concessa.*

All. *Gratias.*

Sim. Pippo's my page, how like you him, ha ? has he not a good face, ha ?

Lav. Exceeding amiable ; come away, I long to see my love, my Celia.

Sim. Carry my rapier ; hold up ; so, good child ! stay gallants ; umph ! a sweet face——

[*All quit the stage except Lampatho and Quadratus* *.]

Lam. I relish not this mirth, my spirit is untwist,

My heart is ravel'd out in discontents,
I am deep thoughtful, and I shoot my soul
Through all creation of omnipotence.

Quad. What art melancholy, Lampo ? I'll feed thy humour,
I'll give thee reason straight to hang thyself ;
Mark't, mark't : In heaven's handy work there's nought
Believe it——

Lam. In heaven's handy-work there's nought,
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to bliss
Than man, 'mong men a scholar most.
Things only fleshly sensitive, an ox or horse,
They live, and eat, and sleep, and drink, and die ;

* This stage direction is not in the original, but I think it is evident that the remainder of the scene passes between Lampatho and Quadratus only, and that Simplicius, who speaks occasionally, does it *from within*, as I have marked it.

And are not touch'd with recollections
Of things o'erpast, or stagger'd infant doubts,
Of things succeeding : but leave the manly beasts,
And give but pence a-piece * to have a sight
Of beastly man now——

Sim. (From within.) What so, Lampatho ! good
truth I will not pay your ordinary if you come
not.

Lam. Dost hear that voice ? I'll make a parrot
now

As good a man as he in fourteen nights ;
I never heard him vent a syllable
Of his own creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and ears. Well, he's perfect bless'd,
Because a perfect beast. I'll 'gage my heart
He knows no difference essential
'Twixt my dog and him. The whoreson sot is
bless'd,
Is rich in ignorance, makes fair usance on't,
And every day augments his barbarism ;
So love me Calmness, I do envy him for't.
I was a scholar ; seven useful springs
Did I deflour in quotations,
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man ;
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt,
Knowledge and wit faith's foes, turn faith about.

Sim. (From within.) Nay, come, good Sig-
nior, I stay all the gentlemen here, I wou'd fain
give my pretty page a pudding-pie.

* *Id est*, a penny each : it is a mode of expression still re-
tained in the north, and may be found in the " Beggar's Bush"
of Beaumont and Fletcher, where one of the boors, delighted
with Higgins' songs, exclaims :

" Groats a-piece, groats a-piece, groats a-piece !"
as the money they would give him for their entertainment."

Lam. Honest Epicure.
 Nay mark, list ! Delight, Delight my spaniel slept,
 whilst I baus'd * leaves,
 Toss'd o'er the dunces, por'd on the old print
 Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept.
 Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, 'bated my flesh,
 Shrunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept.
 And still I held converse with Zabarell,
 Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
 Of antic Donate †, still my spaniel slept.
 Still on went I, first *an sit anima*,
 Then, an it were mortal ; oh, hold, hold
 At that they are at brain buffets fell by the ears,
 Amain, pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.
 Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,
 Extraduce ; but whether 't had free will
 Or no, O philosophers
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propp'd,
 I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part ;
 But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
 Stuff'd noting books, and still my spaniel slept.
 At length he wak'd, and yawn'd, and by yon sky,
 For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

Sim. (*From within.*) Delicate good Lampatho,
 come away.
 I assure you I'll give but two-pence more.

Lam. How 'twas created, how the soul exists ;
 One talks of motes, the soul was made of motes ;

* This word may be derived from “baiser,” to kiss ; and “*basse*,” has been used by Chaucer in this sense.

† I know not, by the simple mention of Zabarell, whether the Cardinal of Florence, or James, Professor at Padua, be referred to ; but probably the latter. Thomas Aquinas, John Duns Scotus, and Donatus, are all celebrated in ecclesiastical history.

Another fire, t'other light, a third a spark of star-
like nature ;
Hippo, water ; Anaximenes, air ;
Aristoxenus, music ; Critias, I know not what ;
A company of odd phrenetici
Did eat my youth ; and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numbness in this nimble age,
I fell a railing ; but now soft and slow,
I know, I know nought, but I nought do know ;
What shall I do, what plot, what course pursue ?

Quad. Why, turn a temporist, row with the tide,
Pursue the cut, the fashion of the age ;
Well, here's my scholar's course* : first get a school,
And then a ten pound cure ; keep both, then buy,
(Stay marry, ay marry), then a farm or so,
Serve God and mammon, to the devil go ;
Affect some sect ; ay, 'tis the sect is it,
So thou canst seem, 'tis held the precious wit ;
And, oh, if thou canst get some higher seat,
Where thou mayst sell your holy portion,
(Which charitable providence ordain'd
In sacred bounty for a blessed use)
Alien the glebe, entail it to thy loins,
Entomb it in thy grave
Past resurrection to its native use.
Now if there be a hell, and such swine sav'd,
Heaven take all, that's all my hopes have crav'd.

Enter PIPPO.

Pip. My *Simplicias* master.

Lam. Your Master *Simplicius*.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

* *Id est*, the general practice of a scholar.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha, ha, 'has bought me a fine dagger, and a hat, and a feather; I can say *as in præsenti* now.

(*All within.*) Quadratus, Quadratus, away, away.

Quad. We* come, sweet gallants; and grumbling hate lie still,
And turn fantastic: he that climbs a hill
Must wheel about, the ladder to account
Is sly dissemblance; he that means to mount,
Must lie all level in the prospective
Of eager-sighted greatness, thou wouldst thrive,
The Venice state is young, loose and unknit,
Can relish nought but luscious vanities;
Go fit his tooth; oh, glavering flattery,
How potent art thou: (*aside*) front, look brisk
and sleek,
That such base dirt as you should dare to reek
In princes nostrils. Well, my scene is long.

All within. Quadratus.

Quad. I come, hot bloods, those that their
state would swell,
Must bear a counter-face: (*aside*) the devil and
hell

Confound them all, that's all my prayers exact,
So ends our chat; sound music for the act.

[*Exeunt.*

* This speech, in the original, is given to Lampatho; but Quadratus is the person called; and as the beginning of the speech is a reply to it, and the advice he had been giving is seemingly continued throughout the remainder, I have given it to him.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FRANCISCO half drest, in his black Doublet and round Cap, the rest of his Dress rich, JACOMO bearing his Hat and Feather, ANDREA his Doublet and Band, RANDOLFO his Cloak and Staff; whilst they are dressing FRANCISCO, BIDET creeps in and observes them. Much of this done whilst the Music before the Act is playing.

Fran. For God's sake remember to take special marks of me, or you will never be able to know me.

And. Why, man?

Fran. Why, good faith, I scarce know myself already; methinks I should remember to forget myself, now I am so shining brave. Indeed Francisco was always a sweet youth, for I am a perfumer; but thus brave, I am an alien to it: would you make me like the drown'd Albano, must I bear 't manly up, must I be he?

Rand. What else, man? Oh, what else?

Jac. I warrant you, give him but fair rich clothes,

He can be ta'en, reputed any thing;
Apparel's grown a god, and goes more neat,
Makes men of rags, which straight he bears aloft,
Like patch'd up scare-crows to affright the rout
Of the idolatrous vulgar, that worship images;
Stand aw'd, and bare-scalp'd at the gloss of silks,

Which (like the glorious A-jax of Lincoln's Inn*,
Survey'd with wonder by me when I lay
Factor in London), lap up † nought but filth
And excrements, that bear the shape of men ;
Whose inside every day would peck and tear,
But that vain scare-crow clothes entreats forbear.

Fran. You would have me take upon me Albano,
A valiant gallant Venetian Burgomasco :
Well, my beard, my feather, short sword, and my
oaths

Shall do't, fear not. What ! I know a number
By the sole warrant of a lappy-beard,
A rain-beat plume, and a good chop-filling oath,
With an odd French shrug, and *by the Lord* or so,
Ha' leap'd into sweet captain with such ease,
As you would—Fear't not, I'll gage my heart
I'll do't.

How sits my hat? ha, Jack, does my feather wag?

Jac. Methinks now in the common sense of
fashion,
Thou shouldst grow proud, and like a fore-horse
view

None but before-hand gallants ; as for sides,
And those that rank in equal file with thee,
Study a faint salute, give a strange eye :

But as to those in rearward, oh, be blind,
The world wants eyes, and cannot see behind.

* A-jax is used to denote a jakes, by Sir John Harrington and Ben Jonson, the former of whom published a tract, called the "Metamorphosis of Ajax," by which he incurred the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth. See a note on Nabbes's "Microcosmus," in Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. ix. p. 133 ; and another by Stevens, in Act V. of "Love's Labour Lost."

† "Lap up" is used by Johnson for "wrap up," and is yet very commonly used in the northern counties.

Fran. Where is the strumpet? Where's the hot-
vein'd French?

*Lives not Albano? Hath Celia so forgot
Albano's love, that she must forthwith wed
A run-a-bout, a skipping Frenchman*?*

Jac. Now you must grow in heat, and stut.

Fran. An odd phantasma, a beggar, a sir, a
who—who—who—What you will; a straggling
go—go—go—gunds, f—f—f—'foot—

And. Passing like him, passing like him! oh,
'twill strike all dead!

Pan. I am ravish'd, 'twill be peerless, exquisite,
Let him go out instantly.

Jac. Oh, not till twilight, meantime I'll prop up
The tottering rumour of Albano's 'scape,
And safe arrival; it begins to spread;
If this plot live, Frenchman thy hopes are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Bid. And if it live, strike off this little head.

[*Exit.*

Enter ALBANO with SLIP his Page.

Alb. Can it be? is't possible? is't within the
bounds of faith? Oh, villany!

Slip. The clapper of rumour strikes on both
sides, ringing out the French knight is in firm
possession of my mistress, your wife.

Alb. Is't possible I should be dead so soon
In her affects? How long is't since our ship-
wreck?

Slip. Faith I have little arithmetic in me, yet
I remember the storm made me cast up perfectly
the whole sum of all I had receiv'd three days

* Francisco here gives a specimen of the manner in which he
will personate Albano.

before; I was liquor'd soundly; my guts were rinc'd; 'fore the heavens I look as pale ever since as if I had ta'en the diet* this spring.

Alb. But how long is't since our shipwreck?

Slip. Marry, since we were hung by the heels on the batch of Sicily, to make a gaol delivery of the sea in our maws †, 'tis just three months: shall I speak like a poet?

Thrice hath the horned moon——

Alb. Talk not of horns. Oh, Celia, how oft
(When thou hast laid thy cheek upon my breast,
And with lascivious petulancy sued
For Hymenal dalliance marriage rites)
Oh, then how oft with passionate protests
And zealous vows hast thou oblig'd thy love,
In dateless bands ‡ unto Albano's breast?
Then did I but mention second marriage,
With what a bitter hate would she inveigh
'Gainst retail'd wedlocks. Oh, would she lisp
If you should die, (then would she slide a tear,
And with a wanton languishment entwist
Her hands) *O God, an you should die! marry?*
Could I love life? My dear Albano dead,
Should any prince possess his widow's bed?
And now, see, see, I am but rumour'd, drown'd.

Slip. She'll make you prince, your worship
must be crown'd;
Oh, master, you know the woman is the weaker
creature,

* Mr. Stevens observes, in a note on "Two Gentlemen of Verona," that to *take diet* was the phrase for being under a regimen for the venereal disease.

† *Id est*, to vomit up the salt water which we had swallowed.

‡ "Oblig'd thy love in dateless bands," i.e. bound thy love in everlasting ties.

She must have a prop: the maid is the brittle
metal,

Her head is quickly crack'd: the wife is queasy
stomach'd,

She must be fed with novelties; but then what's
your widow?

Custom is a second nature; I say no more, but
think you the rest.

Alb. If love be holy, if that mystery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;
If the unbounded goodness have infus'd
A sacred ardour of a mutual love
Into our species; if those amorous joys,
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,
Spring from a cause above our reasons' reach;
If that clear flame deduce his heat from heaven,
'Tis like its cause eternal; always one,
As is th' instiller of divinest love
Unchang'd by time immortal maugre death.
But, oh, 'tis grown a figment; love a jest;
A comic poesy; the soul of man is rotten,
Even to the core no sound affection.
Our love is hollow, vaulted, stands on props,
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious hopes,
The other tissue gown, or chain of pearl,
Makes my coy minx to nussel 'twixt the breasts
Of her lull'd husband; t'other carkanet*,
Deflowers that lady's bed: one hundred more
Marries that loathed blowze; one ten pound odds

* The carkanet was probably a chain set with precious stones. On the mention of it in Act III. of the "Comedy of Errors," Mr. Stevens gives extracts from "Le Grand Dict." de Nicot. and the "Partheneia Sacra," which clearly explain it to have been a necklace. But in *Lingua* (1607) they are both mentioned among ladies' ornaments, "scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes," &c.

In promis'd jointure makes the hard-palm'd sire
 Enforce his daughter's tender lips to start
 At the sharp touch of some loath'd stubbed beard;
 The first pure time, the golden age is fled;
 Heaven knows I lie, 'tis now the age of gold,
 For it all marreth, and even virtue's sold.

Slip. Master, will you trust me, and I'll——

Alb. Yes, boy, I'll trust thee, babes and fools
 I'll trust;

But servants' faith, wives' love, or females' lust,
 An usurer and the devil sooner. Now were I dead,
 Methinks I see a huff-cap swaggering sir
 Pawning my plate, my jewels mortgage; nay,
 Selling outright the purchase of my brows;
 Whilst my poor fatherless lean-totter'd son,
 My gentries' relic, my house's only prop,
 Is saw'd asunder, lyes forlorn all bleak,
 Unto the griefs of sharp necessities;
 Whilst his father-in-law, his father-in-devil, or
 d—d—d—d—

Devil, f—f—f—father.

Or who—who—who—who—What you will—
 When is the marriage morn?

Slip. Even next rising sun.

Alb. Good! good! good! go to my brother
 Andrea,

Tell him I'll lurk—stay—tell him I'll lurk—stay—

&c. And from the "Second Part of Antonio and Mellida," we learn that they were worn entwined with the hair:

*"Curled hairs, hung full of sparkling carcanets,
 Are not the true adornment of a wife."*

From these passages I cannot but think there must have been a known though *slight* distinction between them; and in Cockeram's Dictionary, 1650, it is explained merely as "*a small chain.*"

Now is Albano's marriage-bed new hung
 With fresh rich curtains ; now are my valance up,
 Imbost with orient pearl, my grandsire's gift ;
 Now are the lawn sheets fum'd with violets,
 To fresh the pall'd lascivious appetite ;
 Now work the cooks, the pastry sweats with
 slaves,

The march-panes* glitter ; now, now the musicians
 Hover with nimble sticks o'er squeaking crowds †,
 Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat ;
 The tailors, starchers, sempsters, butchers, poul-
 terers,

Mercers, all, all, all, now, now, now, none think
 o' me,

The f—f—f—French is *te f—f—f—fine man, d—*
p—p—p—pock man, de—

Slip. Peace, peace, stand conceal'd ; yonder,
 by all descriptions, is he would be husband of
 my mistress : your wife hath meat hah.

Alb. Uds so—so—so—soul ! that's my velvet
 cloak.

Slip. Oh peace, observe him, hah.

* “ Good thou, save me a piece of *march-pane*.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

On which Grey observes, “ Marchpane was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time.” Hawkins says it was called by some “ almond-cake.” And Stevens adds, it “ was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors.” See their several accounts for further information.

† “ Crowds,” fiddles ; but they do not appear to have been held in their present estimation if we may judge from Adorni, who, among his ill wishes to the maids, in the “ Ladies Privilege,” says, if they will not claim their privilege and save Doria,

“ They may (may they) never
 Dance, unless to a bagpipe or a crowd.”

Enter LAVERDURE and BIDET, talking; QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, SIMPLICIUS, PEDANT, and HOLOFERNES PIPPO.

Bid. 'Tis most true, sir, I heard all, I saw all, I tell all, and I hope you believe all; the sweet Francisco Soranza, the perfumer, is by your rival Jacomo, and your two brothers that must be, when you have married your wife, that shall be——

Ped. With the grace of heaven.

Bid. Disguis'd so like the drown'd Albano to cross your suit, that by my little honesty 'twas great consolation to me to observe them: passion of joy! of hope! O excellent! cry'd Andrea; passingly! cry'd Randolfo; unparallel'd! lisps Jacomo; good! good! good! says Andrea; now stut, says Jacomo; now stut, says Randolfo, whilst the ravish'd perfumer had like to have watered the seams of his breeches for extreme pride of their applause.

Lav. Sest*, I'll to Celia, and maugre the nose of her friends, wed her, bed her; my first son shall be a captain, and his name shall be what it please his godfathers; the second, if he have a face bad enough, a lawyer; the third a merchant; and the fourth, if he be maim'd, dull brain'd, or hard shap'd, a scholar, for that's your fashion.

Quad. Get them, get them, man, first: now by the wantonness of the night, an I were a wench,

* This may be the same word as sessa and sessey, found in the "Taming the Shrew," and the "Lear" of Shakspeare, and which Dr. Johnson supposes to be a corruption of "cessez," be quiet, stop.

I would not ha' thee, wert thou an heir, nay
(which is more) a fool.

Lav. Why I can rise high, a straight leg, a
plump thigh, a full vein, a round cheek, and when
it pleaseth the fertility of my chin to be delivered
of a beard, 'twill not wrong my kissing, for my
lips are rebels, and stand out.

Quad. Oh! but there's an old fusty proverb,
These great talkers are never good doers.

Lam. Why what a babel arrogance is this?
Men will put by the very stock of fate,
They'll thwart the destiny of marriage,
Strive to disturb the sway of Providence,
They'll do it.

Quad. Come, you'll be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free will in supernatural
Effects, and that our love or hate
Depended not on causes 'bove the reach
Of human stature.

Quad. I think I shall not lend you forty shil-
lings now.

Lam. Dirt upon dirt! fear is beneath my shoe,
Dreadless of racks, strappadoes, or the sword,
Maugre informer, and sly intelligence,
I'll stand as confident as Hercules,
And with a frightless resolution
Rip up and lance our time's impieties.

Sim. Udds so, peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous ear, for I'll be free,
Ample as heaven, give my speech more room;
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeves;
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To strike his head off with the keener edge
Of my sharp spirit.

Lav. Room and good licence ; come on, when ?
when ?

Lam. Now is my fury mounted, fix your eyes,
Intend your senses, bend your list'ning up,
For I'll make greatness quake, I'll taw* the hide
Of thick-skinn'd Hugeness.

Lav. 'Tis most gracious, we'll observe thee
calmly.

Quad. Hang on thy tongue's end ; come on,
prithee do.

Lam. I'll see you hang'd first, I thank you, sir,
I'll none,

This is the strain that chokes the theatres ;
That makes them crack with full-stuff'd audi-
ence † :

This is your humour only in request,
Forsooth to rail ; this brings your ears to bed,
This people gape for ; for this some do stare,
This some would hear, to crack the author's neck,
This admiration and applause pursues ;
Who cannot rail ? My humour's chang'd, 'tis clear,
Pardon I'll none, I prize my joints more dear.

* The phrase is still used by the lower classes.

† As it appears that Ben Jonson and our poet had quarrelled a short time before this play was published, Marston's satire might have been aimed at the assuming manner of his quondam friend in the Induction to "Every Man out of his Humour," and elsewhere.

"*Asper.* My soul
Was never ground into such oily colours
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity ;
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked, as at their birth——
———And with a whip of steel
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs."

Bid. Master, master, I ha' descried the perfumer in Albano's disguise; look you, look you, rare sport, rare sport.

Alb. I can contain my impatience no longer: you Mounsieur Cavalier, Saint Dennis, you capricious sir, Signior Coranto French Brawl *, you that must marry Celia Galanto, is Albano drown'd now? Go wander, avaunt! knight-errant, Celia shall be no cuck-queen, my heir no beggar, my plate no pawn, my land no mortgage, my wealth no food for thy luxuries, my house no harbour for thy comrades, my bed no booty for thy lusts, my any thing shall be thy nothing; go hence, pack! pack! avaunt! caper! caper! allons! allons! pass by! pass by! cloak your nose! away! vanish! wander! depart! slink by! away!

Lav. Hark, you perfumer, tell Giacomo, Randolpho, and Andrea 'twill not do, look you say no more, but 'twill not do.

Alb. What perfumer? what Giacomo?

Quad. Nay, assure thee honest perfumer, good Francisco, we know all, man: go home to thy civet-box, look to the profit, commodity or emolument of thy musk-cat's tail; go, clap on your round

* Albano takes this title from a dance called the French Brawl, much in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth, and frequently referred to by authors of that age. Marston has perhaps left us the best account of it in the "Malcontent:" "*The brawl*," why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour." The modern reader will recollect Gray's mention of it in "*The Long Story*."

cap *, my—*what do you lack, sir, for i'faith, good rogue, all's descry'd.*

Alb. What perfumer? what musk-cat? what Francisco? What do you lack? is't not enough that you kiss'd my wife?

Lav. Enough?

Alb. Ay, enough, and may be I fear me too much, but you must flout me, deride me, scoff me; keep out, touch not my porch: as for my wife——

Lav. Stir to the door: dare to disturb the match, And by the——

Alb. My sword! menace Albano 'fore his own doors?

Lav. No, not Albano but Francisco; thus, perfumer, I'll make you stink if you stir a ——; for the rest: well, *via! via!*

[*Exeunt all but Alb. Slip, Sim. and Hol.*

Alb. Jesu! Jesu! what intends this? ha?

Sim. O God, sir, you lie as open to my understanding as a courtezan, I know you as well——

Alb. Somebody knows me yet, praise heaven somebody knows me yet.

Sim. Why look you, sir, I ha' paid for my know-

* Woollen caps seem to have been generally worn by the citizen and shopkeepers in the time of Marston; accordingly, in "The Dutch Courtezan," Mrs. Mulligrub observes, "though my husband *be a citizen*, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Mr. Stevens, in a note in Act V. of "Love's Labour Lost," quotes another passage from "*News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*," printed 1606: "In a bowling-alley in a *flat cap* like a *shopkeeper*." And to illustrate the same passage, Mr. Gray mentions a statute passed, the 13th of Elizabeth, providing, that all above the age of six (except the nobility and some others) should on sabbath days and holidays *wear caps of wool*."

ing of men and women too in my days; I know you are Francisco Soranza, the perfumer; ay, maugre Signior Satin, ay——

Alb. Do not tempt my patience, go to, do not.

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint Mark's lane, at the sign of the musk-cat as well——

Alb. Fool, or mad, or drunk, no more!

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were——

Alb. Nay then take all, take all, take all.

[*He bastinadoes Simplicius.*]

Sim. An I tell not my father—if I make you not lose your office of gutter-mastership—an you be scavenger next year, well: come, Holofernes, come, good Holofernes, come servant.

[*Exit Sim. and Hol.*]

Enter JACOMO.

Alb. Francisco Soranzo! and perfumer! and musk-cat! and gutter-master! hay—hay—hay—go—go—go—gods f—f—f—foot! I'll to the duke, and I'll so ti—ti—ti—tickle them.

Jac. 'Precious! what means he to go out so soon, Before the dusk of twilight might deceive The doubtful priers? what holla?

Alb. Whoop! what devil now?

Jac. I'll feign I know him not; what business 'fore those doors?

Alb. What's that to thee?

Jac. You come to wrong my friend, sir Lavender, Confess, or——

Alb. My sword, boy! s—s—s—s—soul! my sword.

Jac. Oh, my dear rogue, thou art a rare dissembler.

Alb. See! see!

Enter ANDREA and RANDOLFO.

Jac. Francisco, did I not help to clothe thee even now,
I would have sworn thee, Albano, my good sweet slave. [*Exit Jacomo.*

Alb. See! see! Jesu! Jesu! impostors! coney-catchers*!

Santa Maria!

Rand. Look you, he walks, he feigns most excellent.

And. Accost him first, as if you were ignorant Of the deceit.

Rand. Oh, dear Albano, now thrice happy eyes, To view the hopeless presence of my brother.

Alb. Most loved kinsman, praise to heaven yet, You know Albano; but for yonder slaves—well!

And. Success could not come on more gracious.

Alb. Had not you come, dear brother Andrea, I think not one would know me. Ulysses' dog Had quicker sense than my dull countrymen, Why none had known me.

Rand. Doubt you of that? would I might die, Had I not known the guile, I would have sworn Thou hadst been Albano, my nimble cozening knave.

* Coney-catcher is, literally, to take Green's interpretation of it, in his "Notable Discovery of Cozenage," one who way-lays another claiming an acquaintance, that he may afterwards cheat him at cards: but it is commonly used for cheats or sharpers without distinction.

Alb. Whoop! whoop! heaven preserve all!
St. Mark! St. Mark!

Brother Andrea, be frantic, prithee be,
Say I am a perfumer—Fancisco—hay, hay!
Is't not some feast-day? you are all rank drunk,
R—rats, ra—ra—ra—rats, knights of the be—be—
be—bell, be—be—bell.

And. Go, go, proceed; thou dost it rare, fare-
well. [*Exeunt Andrea and Rand.*]

Alb. Farewell? ha, is't even so? Boy, who am I?

Slip. My lord Albano.

Alb. By this breast you lie;
The Samian faith is true*; true, I was drown'd,
And now my soul is skipp'd into a perfumer,
A gutter-master.

Slip. Believe me sir——

Alb. No, no, I'll believe nothing; no;
The disadvantage of all honest hearts
Is quick credulity; perfect state policy
Can cross-bite even sense; the world's turn'd
juggler,
Casts mists before our eyes; *Hey—pass, repass†!*
I'll credit nothing.

Slip. Good sir——

Alb. Hence, ass.

Doth not opinion stamp the current pass
Of each man's value, virtue, quality?
Had I engross'd the choice commodities
Of heaven's traffic, yet reputed vile

* *Id est*, the doctrine of Pythagoras, who was born at Samos, and taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

† These are terms used by jugglers, or those skilled in legerdemain; and the reader may remember the Clown accuses Faustus with using them, vol. i. p. 75.

I am a rascal; Oh, dear unbelief,
 How wealthy dost thou make thy owner's wit?
 Thou train of knowledge, what a privilege
 Thou giv'st to thy possessor; anchor'st him
 From floating with the tide of vulgar faith;
 From being damn'd with multitudes dear unbelief,
 I am a perfumer I: thinkst thou my blood,
 My brothers know not right Albano yet?
 Away, 'tis faithless; if Albano's name
 Were liable to sense, that I could taste, or touch,
 Or see, or feel it, it might 'tice belief;
 But since 'tis voice and air, come to the musk-
 cat, boy,
 Francisco, that's my name, 'tis right, ay, ay,
What do you lack? what is't you lack? right,
 that's my cry. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter SLIP, NOOSE, and TRIP with a Truncheon
 of a Staff Torch, and DOITE with a Pantofle,
 BIDET, HOLOFERNES following. The Cornets
 sound.*

Bid. Proclaim our titles.

Doit. *Bosphoros Cormelydon honorificacuminos*
Bidet.

Hol. I think your majesty's a Welchman, you
 have a horrible long name.

Bid. Death or silence! proceed.

Doit. *Honorificacuminos Bidet, Emperor of*
*Cracks**, *Prince of Pages, Marquis of Mum-*

* "Emperor of Cracks," i. e. boys. It is a word very often
 used by our dramatic writers in this sense. So Shakspeare, in
 the "Second Part of Henry IV." "I saw him break Skogan's
 head at the court gate, when he was *a crack* not thus high."
 And in the "Unnatural Combat" of Massinger:

"Here's *a crack*!

I think they suck this knowledge in their milk."

chance *, and sole regent over a bale of false dice †, to all his under ministers' health, crowns, sack, tobacco, and stockings uncrack'd above the shoe.

Bid. Ourself will give them their charge. Now let me stroke my beard an I had it, and speak wisely if I knew how: most unconscionable, honest little, or little honest good subjects, inform our person of your several qualities, and of the prejudice that is foisted upon you, that ourself may perview, prevent, and pre-occupy the pestilent dangers incident to all your cases.

Doit. Here is a petition exhibited of the particular grievances of each sort of pages.

Bid. We will vouchsafe in this our public session to peruse them. *Pleaseth your excellent wagship to be informed that the division of pages is tripartite (tripartite) or three-fold; of pages, some be court pages, others ordinary gallants' pages, and the third apple-squires, basket-bearers, or pages of the placket ‡; with the last we will proceed first: stand forth, page of the placket; what is your mistress?*

Slip. A kind of puritan §.

Bid. How live you?

Slip. Miserably complaining to your crackship; though we have light mistresses, we are made the

* Mum-chance is the name of the game at which the cheats rob the coney, in Green's work before referred to.

† A *bale* of dice, as Mr. Reed informs us, means a *pair* of dice. So in Jonson's "New Inn:"

"For exercise of arms a *bale* of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards to show the cheat
And nimbleness of hand."

‡ These are three different names for the attendants of women of light character.

§ The puritans were so little esteemed in Marston's time that their name became a common term for prostitutes.

children and servants of darkness; what profane use we are put to, all these gallants more feelingly know, than we can lively express; it is to be commiserated, and by your royal insight only to be prevented, that a male monkey and the diminutive of a man should be *synonima* and no sense. Though we are the dross of your subjects, yet being a kind of pages, let us find your *celsitude* kind and respective of our time's-fortune and birth's abuse; and so in the name of our whole tribe of empty basket bearers, I kiss your little hands.

Bid. Your case is dangerous and almost desperate: stand forth, ordinary gallant's page, what is the nature of your master?

Noose. He eats well and right slovenly; and when the dice favour him, goes in good clothes, and scowers his pink-colour silk stockings: when he hath any money, he bears his crowns, when he hath none, I carry his purse; he cheats well, swears better, but swaggers in a wanton's chamber admirably; he loves his boy, and the rump of a cramm'd capon; and this summer hath a passing thrifty humour to bottle ale; as contemptuous as Lucifer, as arrogant as ignorance can make him, as libidinous as Priapus; he keeps me as his adamant to draw metal * after to his lodging; I curl his periwig, paint his cheeks, perfume his breath; I am his froterer or rubber in a hot-house, the prop of his lies, the bearer of his false dice; and yet for all this, like the Persian louse, that

* "He keeps me as his *adamant* to draw *metal*." In "Troilus and Cressida," Troilus says, "as true as *iron* to *adamant*:" and Malone adds so in Green's "Tu Quoque:"

"As true to thee as *steel* to *adamant*."

eats biting, and biting eats, so I say sighing, and sighing say, my end is to paste up a *si quis**. My master's fortunes are forced to cashier me, and so six to one I fall to be a pippin squire. *Hic finis priami*, this is the end of pickpockets.

Bid. Stand forth, court page, thou lookest pale and wan.

Trip. Most ridiculous emperor.

Bid. Oh, say no more, I know thy miseries; what betwixt thy lady, her gentlewoman, and thy master's late gaming, thou may'st look pale. I know thy miseries, and I condole thy calamities; thou art born well, bred ill, but diest worst of all; thy blood most commonly gentle, thy youth ordinarily idle, and thy age too often miserable. When thy first suit is fresh, thy cheeks clear of court soils, and thy lord fall'n out with his lady, so long may be he'll chuck thee under the chin, call thee good pretty ape, and give thee a scrap from his own trencher; but after, he never beholds thee, but when thou squirest him with a torch to a wanton's sheets, or lights his tobacco-pipe; never useth thee but as his pander, never regardeth thee but as an idle bur that stickest upon the nap of his fortune; and so naked thou cam'st

* Probably the advertisements, that in the time of our poet were pasted up in St. Paul's by those who wanted employment, are here referred to. Two very humorous instances of this kind are to be found in Act III. of Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour." And Green, in the work before-mentioned, speaking of prostitutes, says, "they either walk like stales up and down the streets, or stand like the devil's *si quis* at a tavern or alehouse, as if who should say, if any be so minded, to satisfy his filthy lust, to lend me his purse and the devil his soul, let him come in and be welcome."

into the world, and naked thou must return. Whom serve you?

Hol. A fool.

Bid. Thou art my happiest subject; the service of a fool, is the only blessedst slavery that ever put on a chain and a blue coat*: they know not what, nor for what they give, but so they give, 'tis good, so it be good they give: fortunes are ordain'd for fools, as fools are for fortune, to play withal, not to use; hath he taken an oath of allegiance? is he of our brotherhood yet?

Hol. Not yet, right *venerable Honorificac—cac—cac—cacuminous Bidet*: but as little an infant as I am, I will, and with the grace of wit I will deserve it.

Bid. You must perform a valorous, virtuous, and religious exploit first, in desert of your order.

Hol. What is't?

Bid. Cozen thy master; he is a fool, and was created for men of wit, such as thyself, to make use of.

Hol. Such as myself? nay, faith, for wit I think—for my age, or so—but on, sir.

Bid. That thou may'st the easier purge him of superfluous blood, I will describe thy master's constitution, he loves and is beloved of himself and one more—his dog. There is a company of unbraced, untruss'd rutters in the town, that crinkle in the hams, swearing their flesh is their

* *Id est*, I presume from the steward who wore a chain, to the common servants who wore a blue coat. That stewards wore chains as a badge of office, see Stevens's note on "rub you chain with crumbs," in Act II. of "Twelfth Night."

only living, and when they have any crowns, cry *god a mercy, Moll*, and shrugging *let the cuck-olds pay for't*; intimating that their maintenance flows from the wantonness of merchants' wives, when in troth the plain troth is, the *plain and the stand*, or the plain *stand and deliver**, delivers them all their living. These comrades have persuaded thy master that there's no way to redeem his peach-coloured satin suit from pawn, but by the love of a citizen's wife; he believes it; they flout him, he feeds them: and now 'tis our honest and religious meditation that he feed us; Holofernes Puppi.

Hol. Pippo an shall please you.

Bid. Pippo, 'tis our will and pleasure thou suit thyself like a merchant's wife; leave the managing of the sequence unto our prudence.

Hol. Or unto *our Prudence*: truly she is a very witty wench, and hath a stammel petticoat with three guards for the nonce†; but for your merchant's wife, alas, I am too little, speak too small, go too gingerly, by my troth I fear I shall look too fair.

Bid. Our majesty dismounteth, and we put off our greatness; and now, my little knaves, I am plain Crack; as I am Bosphoros Carmelidon

* It is, perhaps, needless to say that the gallants he describes maintained themselves by robbing on the highway.

† *Id est*, "a red petticoat, with three guards for the occasion." Girtred says to her sister, in "Eastward Hoe:"

"Do you wear your quoiff with a London licket,
Your *stammel petticoat* with two *guards*."

And Poins, in overcoming the objections of Prince Henry to rob Falstaff and the others, in the "First Part of Henry IV." says,
"I have cases of buckram *for the nonce*."

Honorificacuminos Bidet, I am imperious ; honour sparkles in mine eyes ; but as I am Crack, I will convey *, cros-bite †, and cheat upon Simplicius ; I will feed, satiate, and fill your paunches, replenish, stuff, or furnish your purses ; we will laugh when others weep, sing when others sigh, feed when others starve, and be drunk when others are sober : this my charge at the loose ; as you love our brotherhood, avoid true speech, square dice ‡, small liquor, and above all, those two ungentlemanlike protestations of *indeed* and *verily* : and so, gentle Apollo, touch thy nimble string, our scene is done ; yet 'fore we cease, we sing. [*They sing, and exeunt.*

* “ *Nym.* The good humour is, to *steal* at a minute's rest.
Pist. Convey, the wise call it.”

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

† “ Cros-bite,” says Green, is “ cosenage by whores,” and the reader will observe that Holofernes is to deceive Simplicius in *the disguise of a woman*.

‡ “ Square dice,” *i. e.* honestly made dice.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CELIA, MELETZA, LYZABETTA, and LUCIA.

Cel. Faith, sister, I long to play with a feather. Prithee, Lucia, bring the shuttlecock.

Mel. Out on him*, light-pated fantastic, he's like one of our gallants at——

Lyz. I wonder who thou speak'st well of?

Mel. Why, of myself; for my troth I know none else will.

Cel. Sweet sister Meletza, let's sit in judgment a little, faith of my servant Monsieur Laverdure.

Mel. Troth, well for a servant, but for a husband, fie, I——

Lyz. Why? why?

Mel. Why he is not a plain fool, nor fair, nor fat, nor rich, rich fool; but he is a knight, his honour will give the passado in the presence to-morrow night; I hope he will deserve: all I can say is, as the common fiddlers will say in their god send you well to do †.

Lyz. How thinkst thou of the amorous Giacomo?

* Meletza alludes to the shuttlecock.

† The allusion is to the custom which prevailed at that time of the bride being entertained by music and a song, very early on the morning after her marriage. See vol. i. p. 271, where Natus calls out, "Good morrow, fair bride, and send you joy of your bridal;" and p. 273, "Good morrow, mistress bride, and send you a huddle."

Mel. Jacomo, why on my bare troth——

Cel. Why *bare* troth?

Mel. Because my troth is like his chin, 't hath no hair on't; gods me! his face looks like the head of a tabor; but trust me he hath a good wit.

Lyz. Who told you so?

Mel. One that knows, one that can tell.

Cel. Who's that?

Mel. Himself.

Lyz. Well, wench, thou hadst a servant, one Fabius; what hast thou done with him?

Mel. I done with him? out of him, puppy! by this feather his beard is directly brick colour, and perfectly fashion'd like the husk of a chestnut; he kisses with the dryest lip; fie on him.

Cel. Oh, but your servant Quadratus, the absolute courtier.

Mel. Fie, fie, speak no more of him, he lives by begging;

He is a fine courtier, flatters admirably, kisses Fair madam, smells surpassing sweet, wears And holds up the arras, supports the tapestry When I pass into the presence very gracefully, And I assure you——

Luc. Madam, here is your shuttlecock.

Mel. Sister, is not your waiting wench rich?

Cel. Why, sister, why?

Mel. Because she can flatter; prithee call her not,

She has twenty-four hours to madam yet*; come you,

You prate i'faith, I'll toss you from post to pillar.

* Laverdure, to whom Celia was to be married *next day*, was a knight, and to this Meletza alludes.

Cel. You post and I pillar.

Mel. No, no, you are the only post; you must support, prove a wench and bear, or else all the building of your delight will fall——

Cel. Down.

Lyz. What must I stand out?

Mel. Ay, by my faith, till you be married.

Lyz. Why do *you* toss then?

Mel. Why I am wed, wench.

Cel. Prithee to whom?

Mel. To the true husband right head of a woman, my will; which vows never to marry till I mean to be a fool, a slave, starch cambric ruffs, and make candles; pur, 'tis down; serve again, good wench *.

Luc. By your pleasing cheek you play well.

Mel. Nay, good creature, prithee do not flatter me, I thought 'twas for something you go cas'd in your velvet scabbard; I warrant these laces were ne'er stitch'd on with true stitch; I have a plain waiting wench, she speaks plain, and faith she goes plain; she is virtuous, and because she should go like virtue, by the consent of my bounty, she shall never have above two smocks to her back, for that's the fortune of desert, and the main in fashion or reward of merit (pur :) just thus do I use my servants, I strive to catch them in my racket, and no sooner caught, but I toss them away; if he fly well and have good feathers, I play with him till he be down, and then my maid serves him to me again; if a slug and weak wing'd, if he be down, there let him lie †.

* This refers to the shuttlecock, and is a direction to Lucia, who continues in waiting to pick it up and give it them.

† Meletza is comparing her servants to her shuttlecock.

Cel. Good Mell, I wonder how many servants thou hast.

Mel. Troth, so do I; let me see—Dupatzo.

Lyz. Dupatzo, which Dupatzo?

Mel. Dupatzo, the elder brother, the fool; he that bought the halfpenny ribbond, wearing it in his ear, swearing 'twas the duchess of Milan's favour; he into whose head a man may travel ten leagues before he can meet with his eyes: then there's my chub, my Epicure Quadratus, that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries Rivo! entertaining my ears perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle-ale and red herrings: then there's Simplicius Faber——

Lyz. Why, he is a fool.

Mel. True, or else he would ne'er be my servant: then there's the cap-cloak'd courtier Baltazar, he wears a double treble quadruple ruff, ay in the summer time: faith I ha' servants enow, and I doubt not, but by my ordinary pride, and extraordinary cunning, to get more.

Luc. Monsieur Laverdure with a troop of gallants is entering*.

Lyz. He capers the lascivious blood about, Within heart pants, nor leaps the eye, nor lips: Prepare yourselves to kiss, for you must be kiss'd.

Mel. By my troth 'tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage, a pretty loving: look where he comes, ha, ha.

* In the original this is given as a part of Meletza's speech, and perhaps there was no necessity for the change; but she seems too much occupied with the description of her lovers, and the speech is too tame for the character, and the first she now makes after their appearance is just such as might be expected.

Enter LAVERDURE, QUADRATUS, SIMPLICIUS,
and LAMPATHO.

Lav. Good day, sweet love.

Mel. Wish her good night, man.

Lav. Good morrow, sister.

Mel. A cursy to your caper; to-morrow morn
I'll call you brother.

Lav. But much, much falls betwixt the cup
and lip.

Mel. Be not too confident, the knot may slip.

Quad. Bounty, blessedness, and the spirit of
wine attend my mistress.

Mel. Thanks, good chub.

Sim. God ye good morrow heartily mistress,
and how do you since last I saw you?

Quad. Gods me, you must not inquire how
she does, that's privy counsel; fie, there's manners
indeed.

Sim. Pray you pardon my incivility, I was
somewhat bold with you, but believe me I'll never
be so saucy to ask you how you do again as
long as I live, la.

Mel. Square* chub, what sullen black is that?

Quad. A tassel that hangs at my purse-strings;
he dogs me, and I give him scraps and pay for his
ordinary; feed him; he liquors himself in the juice
of my bounty, and when he hath suck'd up
strength of spirit, he squeezeth it in my own face;
when I have refin'd and sharp'd his wits with
good food, he cuts my fingers, and breaks jests
upon me; I bearthem and beat him: but by

* Square meant honest in our author's time, and the name of
Quadratus may be an allusion to it.

this light the dull eyed thinks he does well, does very well; and but that he and I are of two faiths—I fill my belly, and he feeds his brain, I could find in my heart to hug him, to hug him.

Mel. Prithee persuade him to assume spirit and salute us.

Quad. Lampatho, Lampatho, art out of countenance? for wit's sake salute these beauties; how dost like them?

Lam. Uds fut! I can liken them to nothing, but 'great mens' great horses upon great days, whose tails are trussed up in silk and silver.

Quad. To them, man, salute them.

Lam. Bless you, fair ladies, God make you all his servants.

Mel. God make you all his servants.

Quad. He is holpen well had need of you, for be it spoken without profanism, he hath no more* in this train; I fear me you ha' more servants than he, I am sure the devil is an angel of darkness.

Lam. Ay, but those are angels of light.

Quad. Light angels! prithee leave them, withdraw a little and hear a sonnet, prithee hear a sonnet.

Lam. Made of Albano's widow that was, and Monsieur Laverdure's wife that must be.

[*Laverdure is kissing Celia.*

Quad. (*To Celia.*) Come leave his lips and command some liquor, if you have no bottle-ale, command some claret-wine and burrage†, for that's

* The original has it "he *hath* more in this train;" which made the sentence obscure and inconclusive.

† In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, Bourrachon is explained "a tipler, quaffer, toss-pot, whip-can," &c. *Burrage* may therefore, I conceive, mean *beverage*.

my predominate humour; sleek-bellied Bacchus;
let's fill thy guts. [*Wine is given to Quadratus.*

Lam. Nay, hear it, and relish it judiciously.

Quad. I do relish it most judicially.

[*Quadratus drinks.*

Lam. (*Reads.*) *Adored excellence, delicious sweet.*

Quad. *Delicious sweet, good! very good!*

Lam. *If thou canst taste the purer juice of love.*

Quad. *If thou canst taste the purer juice, good still! good still!*

I do relish it, it tastes sweet.

Lam. Is not the metaphor good, is't not well followed?

Quad. Passing good! very pleasing!

Lam. Is't not sweet?

Quad. Let me see't, I'll make it sweet,
I'll soak it in the juice of Helicon.

[*He steeps it in the wine, and then sucks it.*

By'r lady, passing sweet! good! passing sweet!

Lam. You wrong my muse.

Quad. The Irish flux upon thy muse, thy
whorish muse,

Here is no place for her loose brothelry;

We will not deal with her; go, away! away!

Lam. I'll be reveng'd.

Quad. How prithee, in a play? come, come, be
sociable.

In private severance from society,

Here leaps a vein of blood inflam'd with love,

Mounting to pleasure, all addict to mirth;

Thou'lt read a satire or a sonnet now,

Clagging their airy humour with——

Lam. Lamp-oil, watch-candles, rug-gowns,
and small juice,

Thin commons, four o'clock rising, I renounce
you all;

Now may I eternally abandon meat,
Rust fusty you with most embrac'd disuse!
You a made me an ass, thus shap'd my lot,
I am a mere scholar, that is a mere sot.

Quad. Come then lamp, I'll pour fresh oil into
thee;

Apply thy spirit that it may nimbly turn
Unto the habit, fashion of the age;
I'll make thee man the scholar, enable thy beha-
viour,

Apt for the entertain of any presence:
I'll turn thee gallant, first thou shalt have a mis-
tress;

How is thy spirit rais'd to yonder beauty?
She with the sanguine cheek, that dimpled chin,
The pretty amorous smile that clips her lips,
And dallies 'bout her cheek——
She with the speaking eye,
That casts out beams as ardent as those flakes,
Which sing'd the world by rash-brain'd Phaeton;
She with the lip—oh, lips! she for whose sake
A man could find in his heart to inhell himself;
There's more philosophy, more theorems,
More demonstrations, all invincible,
More clear divinity, drawn on her cheek,
Than in all volumes tedious paraphrase,
Of musty eld: oh, who would staggering doubt
The soul's eternity, seeing it hath
Of heavenly beauty, but to case it up;
Who would distrust a supreme existence
Able to confound, when it can create
Such heaven on earth able to entrance,
Amaze—oh, ay 'tis providence, not chance.

Lam. Now by the front of Jove methinks her
eye

Shoots more spirit in me; O beauty feminine!
How powerful art thou, what deep magic lies
Within the circle of thy speaking eyes.

Quad. Why now could I eat thee; thou dost
please mine appetite, I can digest thee; God make
thee a good fool, and happy and ignorant, and
amorous, and rich and frail, and a satirist, and
an essayist, and sleepy, and proud, and indeed a
fool, and then thou shalt be sure of all these.
Do but scorn her, she is thine own; accost her
carelessly, and her eye promiseth she will be
bound to the good abearing.

Cel. Now, sister Meletza, dost mark their craft,
some straggling thoughts transport thy attentive-
ness from his discourse.—(*To Laverdure.*) Was't
Jacomo's or our brother's plot?

Lav. Both, both, sweet lady; my page heard
all; we met the rogue, so like Albano, I beat the
rogue.

Sim. Ay, but when you were gone, the rogue
beat me.

Lav. Now take my counsel, listen.

Mel. A pretty youth, a pretty well-shap'd
youth, a good leg, a very good eye, a sweet inge-
nuous face, and I warrant a good wit; nay, which
is more, if he be poor, I assure my soul he is
chaste and honest; good faith I fancy, I fancy
him, ay and I may chance—well I'll think the
rest.

Quad. I say be careless still, court her without
compliment, take spirit.

Lav. Wert not a pleasing jest for me to clothe

Another rascal like Albano, say—
 And rumour him return'd without deceit,
 Would 't not beget errors most ridiculous?

Quad. *Meletza! bella bellezza! Madonna! bella, bella gentilezza!* prithee kiss this initiated gallant.

Mel. How would it please you I should respect ye?

Lam. As any thing, *What you will*, as nothing.

Mel. As nothing, how will you value my love?

Lam. Why just as you respect me, as nothing; for out of nothing, nothing is bred, so nothing shall not beget any thing, any thing bring nothing; nothing bring any thing, any thing and nothing shall be *What you will*, my speech mounting to the value of myself, which is——

Mel. What, sweet——

Lam. Your nothing: light as yourself, senseless as your sex, and just as you would ha' me, nothing.

Mel. Your wit skips a morisco, but by the brightest spangle of my tier, I vouchsafe you entire unaffected favour: wear this gentle spirit, be not proud. Believe it youth, slow speech swift love doth often shroud.

Lam. My soul's entranc'd, your favour doth transport
 My sense past sense, by your adored graces,
 I doat, am rapt——

Mel. Nay, if you fall to passion, and past sense,
 My breast's no harbour for your love, go pack!
 hence!

Quad. Ud's foot! thou gull, thou inky scholar,
 ha, thou whorson fop:
 Wilt not thou clap into our fashion'd gallantry?

Couldst not be proud and scornful, loose and vain?

God's my heart's object! what a plague is this?

My soul's entranc'd! fut, couldst not clip and kiss?

My soul's entranc'd! ten thousand crowns at least

Lost, lost: *my soul's entranc'd*, loves life! oh, beast.

Alb. (From without.) Celia open, open Celia!
I would enter, open Celia!

Fran. (From without.) Celia open, open Celia!
I would enter, open Celia!

Alb. (From without.) What Celia! let in thy husband Albano, what Celia!

Fran. (From without.) What Celia! let in thy husband Albano, what Celia!

Alb. (From without.) Uds f—f—f—fut! let Albano enter.

Fran. (From without.) Uds f—f—f—fut! let Albano enter.

Cel. Sweet breast you ha' played the wag i'faith.

Lav. Believe it, sweet, not I*.

Mel. Come, you have attired some fiddler like Albano, to fright the perfumer, there's the jest.

Ran. Good fortunes to our sister.

Mel. And a speedy marriage.

Adr. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Jac. For shame, for shame! straight clear your house, sweep out this dust, fling out this trash, return to modesty; your husband, I say your husband Albano, that was supposed drown'd, is returned, ay, and at the door.

* In taking this speech from Quadratus and giving it to Lavender, I have no fear but the reader will concur with me.

Cel. Ha, ha! my husband, ha, ha!

Adr. Laugh you shameless? laugh you?

Cel. Come, come, your plot's discover'd; good faith, kinsmen, I am no scold: to shape a perfumer like my husband, O sweet jest!

Jac. Last hopes all known.

Cel. For penance of your fault will you maintain a jest now? My love hath 'tired some fiddler like Albano, like the perfumer.

Lav. Not I, by blessedness, not I.

Mel. Come, 'tis true; do but support the jest, and you shall surfeit with laughter.

Jac. Faith we condescend; 'twill not be crost
I see,
Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Alb. (*From without.*) B—b—b—bar out Albano, O adulterous impudent!

Fran. (*From without.*) B—b—b—bar out Albano, O thou matchless g—g—g—giglet!

Enter ALBANO and FRANCISCO.

Quad. Let them in, let them in; now! now! now! observe! observe! look! look! look!

Jac. That same's a fiddler, shap'd like thee; fear nought, be confident, thou shalt know the jest hereafter; be confident, fear nought, blush not, stand firm.

Alb. Now brothers, now gallants, now sisters, now call me a perfumer, a gutter-master, bar me my house, beat me, baffle me, scoff me, deride me, ha, that I were a young man again, by the mass I would ha' you all by the ears, by the mass law; I am Francisco Soranza, am I not, giglet! strumpet! cutters! swaggerers! brothel-

haunters! I am Francisco: O God! O slaves!
O dogs! dogs! curs!

Jac. No, sir, pray you pardon us; we confess you
are not Francisco, nor a perfumer, but even——

Alb. But even Albano.

Jac. But even a fiddler, a minikin tickler, a
pum pum*.

Fran. A scraper! a scraper!

Art not asham'd before Albano's face
To clip his spouse? O shameless impudent!

Jac. Well said, perfumer.

Alb. A fiddler! a scraper! a minikin tickler! a
pum! a pum! even now a perfumer, now a fiddler,
I will be even *What you will*, do—do—do—k—k—
k—kiss my wife be—be—be—before——

Quad. Why wouldst have him kiss her be-
hind?

Alb. Before my own f—f—f—face.

Jac. Well done, fiddler.

Alb. I'll f—f—f—fiddle ye.

Fran. Dost f—f—f—flout me?

Alb. Dost m—m—m—mock me?

Fran. I'll to the duke, I'll p—p—p—paste up
infamies on every post.

Jac. 'Twas rarely, rarely done; away, away.

[*Exit Francisco.*

Alb. I'll f—f—f—follow, though I st—st—st—
stut, I'll stumble to the duke in p—p—plain lan-
guage. I pray you use my wife well, good faith she
was a kind soul, and an honest woman once: I
was her husband, and was called Albano before
I was drown'd; but now, after my resurrection,
I am I know not what: indeed brothers, and in-

* I conceive the meaning answers to *thrum thrum*.

deed sisters, and indeed wife, I am, *What you will*; dost thou laugh, dost thou ge—ge—ge—gern? A p—p—p—perfumer! a fiddler! a—*Diablo! madre de Dios!* I'll f—f—f—firk* you, by the Lord now, now I will. [*Exit Albano.*]

Quad. Ha, ha, 'tis a good rogue, a good rogue.

Lav. A good rogue, ha, I know him not.

Cel. No, good sweet love? come, come, dissemble not.

Lav. Nay, if you dread nothing, happy be my lot;

Come *Via*†! *sest*! come, fair cheeks! come let's dance!

The sweet of love is amorous dalliance.

Cel. All friends, all happy friends, my veins are light.

Lyz. Thy prayers are now, God send it quickly night.

Mel. And then come morning.

Lyz. Ay, that's the hopeful day.

Mel. Ay, there thou hit'st it.

Quad. Pray God he hit it.

Lav. (*To the musicians.*) Play.

THEY DANCE.

Jac. They say there's revels, and a play at court.

Lav. A play to-night?

Quad. Ay, 'tis this gallant's wit.

* Vide p. 149.

† “*Via*!” this exclamation, which is sufficiently common in the writers of that age, is one of encouragement, as *allons*! See notes on Act IV. of “*Henry V.*” where Stevens has produced several instances, and two of them from “*Parasitaster*” and the present play.

Jac. Is't good, is't good?

Lam. I fear 'twill hardly hit.

Quad. I like thy fear well, 'twill have better chance,

There's nought more hateful than rank ignorance.

Cel. Come, gallants, the table's spread, will you to dinner?

Quad. Yes, first a main at dice, and then we'll eat.

Sim. Truly the best wits have the bad'st fortune at dice still.

Quad. Who'll play, who'll play?

Sim. Not I, in truth I have still exceeding bad fortune at dice.

Cel. Come, shall we in? in faith thou art sudden sad,

Dost fear the shadow of my long dead lord?

Lav. Shadow? ha, I cannot tell,
Time tryeth all things, well, well, well.

Quad. Would I were time then. I thought 'twas for something that the old fornicator was bald behind; go, pass on, pass on. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Curtains are drawn by a Page, and CELIA and LAVERDURE, QUADRATUS and LYZABETTA, LAMPATHO and MELETZA, SIMPLICIUS and LUCIA are discovered sitting at Dinner. A Song is sung, during which time a Page whispers with SIMPLICIUS.

Quad. Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.*

Rivo! here's good juice, fresh burrage, boy.

Lam. I commend, commend myself to ye lady.

Mel. In troth, sir, you dwell far from neighbours that are enforced to commend yourself.

Quad. Why, Simplicius, whither now man? for good fashion's sake stir not; sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise, much good do it you.

Quad. Dost thou think thy rising will do them much good? sit still, sit still; carve me of that, good Meletza: fill, Bacchus, fill.

Sim. I must needs be gone, an you'll come to my chamber to-morrow morning, I'll send you a hundred crowns.

[Simplicius and Quadratus rise from the table and come forward, the curtains are drawn close on the rest of the company†.]

* This line, which is also found in the "Second Part of Henry IV." it has been remarked by Stevens, is a burlesque on a line in an old play, called "The Battle of Alcazar," in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword—

"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis."

And again in the same play: "Feed and be fat."

† This stage direction is not in the original, but they must

Quad. In the name of prosperity! what tide of happiness so suddenly is flowed upon thee?

Sim. I'll keep a horse and four boys, with grace of fortune now.

Quad. Now then i'faith get up and ride.

Sim. An I do not: I'll thwack* a jerkin till he groan again with gold lace: let me see, what should I desire of God? marry a cloak lin'd with rich taffeta, white satin suit, and my gilt rapier from pawn; nay she shall give me a chain of pearl that shall pay for all; good bye good Signior, good bye good Signior.

Quad. Why now thou speakest in the most embrac'd fashion that our time hugs; no sooner a good fortune, or a fresh suit falls upon a fellow, that would ha' been glad to ha' shoved into your society, but an he meet you he fronts you, with a faint eye, throws a squint glance over wried shoulder, and cries 'twixt the teeth, as very parsimonious of breath, *good bye good Signior, good bye good Signior.* Death! I will search the life-blood of your hopes.

Sim. And a fresh pearl-colour silk stocking— Oh, ay, ay, ay, ay, I'll go to the half-crown ordinary every meal, I'll have my ivory box of have left the stage before the entrance of Slip, Nous, Doite, and Bidet, or the curtains must have been drawn close, as, I have supposed, to conceal them from the audience; this was sometimes done, and the reader will remember they were before drawn open to discover them.

* "I'll thwack," *i. e.* cover or embroider thickly. A similar mode of expression is found in "The World runs on Wheels, or Odds betwixt Carts and Coaches," a work by Taylor the water poet, as he is commonly called. "You shall have an Irish footman with a jacket cudgell'd down the shoulders and skirts with yellow or orange tawny lace."

tobacco, I'll converse with none but counts and courtiers; now, good bye good Signior, a pair of massy silver spurs, to a hatch short sword*, and then your embroidered hanger, and—good Signior——

Quad. Shut the windows! darken the room! fetch whips! the fellow is mad, he raves, he raves, talks idly; lunatic, who procures thy——

Sim. One that has eat fat capon, suck'd the boiled chicken, and let out his wit with the soul† of bounty: one Fabius, I'll scorn him, he goes upon Fridays in black satin.

Quad. Fabius! by this light a cogging cheater; he lives on love of merchants' wives; he stands on the base of mains‡; he furnisheth your ordinary, for which he feeds Scot-free; keeps fair gold in his purse to put on upon mains, by which he lives and keeps a fair boy at his heels; he is damn'd Fabius.

Sim. He is a fine man law, and has a good wit; for when he list he can go in black satin, ay and in a cloak lin'd with unshorn velvet.

Quad. By the salvation of humanity! he's more pestilent than the plague of lice that fell upon Egypt; thou hast been knave if thou credit it; thou art an ass if thou follow it, and shalt be a perpetual idiot if thou pursue it; renounce the world, the flesh, the devil, and thy trust in mens' wives; for they will double with thee, and so I betake my-

* *Id est*, to a short sword having *the hilt engraved*.

† The original reads *fool*, but "He is the very *soul of bounty*," occurs in "Timon of Athens."

‡ As I conceive, he is partly supported by gaming, or perhaps by lending money to gamesters.

self to the sucking of the juice capon, my ingle * bottle-ale, and his gentleman usher that squires him red-herring; a fool I found thee, and a fool I leave thee; bear record heaven, 'tis against the providence of my speech, *good bye good Signior.*

[*Exit.*

Enter SLIP, NOUS, DOITE, and BIDET.

Sim. Ha! ha! ha! good bye good Signior, what a fool 'tis; ha! ha! what an ass 'tis; save you, young gentlemen, is she coming? will she meet me, shall's encounter, ha?

Bid. You were not lapp'd in your mother's smock? you ha' not a good cheek, an enticing eye, a smooth skin, a well-shap'd leg, a fair hand? you cannot bring a wench into a fool's paradise for you?

Sim. Not I by this garter; I am a fool, a very ninny I; how call you her? how call you her?

Bid. *Call her?* you rose on your right side to-day marry †, call her? Her name is Mistress Perpetuana, she is not very fair, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skin?

Bid. *A good skin?* she is wealthy, her husband's a fool; she'll make you, she wears the breeches; she'll make you ‡.

Sim. I'll keep two men, and they shall be

* Ingle means, in this play, darling or favourite; it is, however, sometimes used in a much more exceptionable sense.

† This alludes to the old proverb, That to rise on the right side was fortunate.

‡ "She'll make you," *i. e.* make your fortune: it is very common. So in the "Winter's Tale," the clown tells his father he is "a *made* old man." And, in "The Tempest," Trinculo, on finding Caliban, says that in England "this monster would *make* a man."

tailors; they shall make suits continually, and those shall be cloth of silver.

Bid. You may go in beaten precious stones every day; marry I must acquaint you with some observances which you must pursue most religiously; she has a fool, a natural fool waits on her, that is indeed her pander; to him at the first you must be bounteous; whatsoe'er he craves, be it your hat, cloak, rapier, purse, or such trifle, giv't, giv't, the night will pay all: and to draw all suspect from pursuing her love for base gain sake.

Sim. Giv't? by this light I'll giv't wert—*gain*? I care not for her chain of pearl, only her love; *gain*? The first thing her bounty shall fetch is, my blush-colour satin suit from pawn: *gain*?

Bid. When you hear one wind a cornet, she is coming down Saint Mark's street, prepare your speech, suck your lips, lighten your spirits, fresh your blood, sleek your cheeks, for now thou shalt be made for ever (*aside*) a perpetual and eternal gull. [*Exit.*

Sim. I shall so ravish her with my courtship, I have such variety of discourse, such copy of phrase* to begin, as this: sweet lady, Ulysses' dog after his master's ten years travel—I shall so tickle her; or thus, Pure beauty, there is a stone——

* *Id est*, such approved expressions. It is probable from the sample given by Simplicius that the manner of writing which Lyly had introduced and rendered fashionable, and which Drayton has represented, as

“ Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similies,”
is here satirized.

Slip. Two stones, man.

Sim. Called—'tis no matter what; I ha' the eloquence,
I am not to seek I warrant you.

(The Cornet is winded.) Enter PIPPO, BIDET; PIPPO attired like a Merchant's Wife, and BIDET like a Fool.

Sweet lady, Ulysses' dog—there's a stone called—
O Lord, what shall I say?

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radiance of your glimmering eyes, your glittering beauties blind my wit, and dazzled my——

Pip. I'll put on my mask an't please you; pray you wink, pray you.

Bid. O fine man, my mistress loves you best; I dreamt you ga' me this sword and dagger; I love your hat and feather, O——

Sim. Do not cry, man; do not cry, man; thou shalt ha' them, ay and they were——

Bid. Oh that purse, with all the white pence in it; fine man I love you, give you the fine red pence soon at night; he, I thank you, *(aside)* where's the fool now?

Sim. He has all my money, I have to keep myself, and——

Slip. Pocht.

Pip. Sir, the fool shall lead you to my house.

Bid. *(Aside.)* The fool shall not.

Pip. At night I expect you, till then take this seal of my affection. *[Kisses him.]*

Quad. *(Within.)* What, Simplicius!

Sim. I come, Quadratus; gentlemen, as yet I can but thank you—but I must be trusted for my

ordinary—soon at night; or stay, I'll—the fool has unfurnish'd me, but 'twill come again, good bye.

Quad. (Within.) What, ho Simplicius!

Sim. Good bye, good boys; I come, I come; good bye, good boys. [*Exit.*]

Bid. The fool shall wait on thee. Now do I merit to be ycleped, Bosphoros Carmelydon Honorificacuminos Bidet: who, who has any square dice *?

Pip. Marry, sir, that have I.

Bid. Thou shalt lose thy share for it in our purchase.

Pip. I pray you now, pray you now.

Bid. Sooner the whistle of a mariner
Shall sleek the rough curbs of the ocean back †,
Now speak I like myself, thou shalt lose thy
share.

Enter QUADRATUS, LAVERDURE, and CELIA, SIMPLICIUS, MELETZA, LIZABETTA, LUCIA, and LAMPATHO.

Pip. Ha, take all then, ha.

Quad. Without cloak, or hat, or rapier? fie!

Sim. Gods me! look yonder, who gave you these things?

Bid. Mistress Perpetuano's fool ‡.

Sim. Mistress Perpetuano's fool? ha, ha, there

* Square dice, *i. e.* fair dice.

† This may be an allusion to a superstition still existing in a degree among sailors, that *to whistle* during a storm will increase its violence.

‡ There is a great want of stage directions throughout Marston's plays, and as Simplicius does not at first recognise Bidet, it is more than probable that he had divested himself of some part of the fool's dress.

lies a jest; Signior, the fool promised me he would not leave me.

Bid. I know the fool well, he will stick to you; he does not use to forsake any youth that is enamour'd on another man's wife; he strives to keep company with a crimson satin suit continually; he loves to be all one with a critic, a good wit self-conceited, a hawk bearer, a dog keeper, and great with the nobility; he doats upon a mere scholar, an honest flat fool; but above all, he is all one with a fellow whose cloak hath a better inside than his outside, and his body richer lin'd than his brain.

Sim. Ud's so! I am cosened.

Pip. Pray you, master, pardon me, I must lose my share.

Sim. Give me my purse again.

Bid. You gave it me, and I'll keep't.

Quad. Well done! my honest crack, thou shalt be my ingles for't.

Lav. He shall keep all, maugre thy beardless chin, thy eyes.

Sim. I may go starve till Midsummer quarter.

Quad. Fool, get thee hence.

Pip. I'll to school again that I will; I left in *Asse in presenti*, and I'll begin in *Asse in presenti*, and so good night, fair gentry. [*Exit Pippo.*

Quad. The triple idiot's coxcomb crowns thee,
Bitter epigrams confound thee,
Cuckold be whene'er thou bride thee,
Through every comic scene be drawn,
Never come thy clothes from pawn,
Never may thy shame be sheathed,
Never kiss a wench sweet breathed.

(*Cornets sound.*) *A number of Pages enter with Torches, after them RANDOLFO, ANDREA, and JACOMO bare-headed; the Duke following with Attendants.*

Rand. Cease; the duke approacheth, 'tis almost night,
For the duke's up, now begins his day,
Come grace his entrance; lights! lights! now 'gins our play.

Duke. Still the same bawling pipes! sound softer strain,
Slumber our sense, tut these are vulgar strains;
Cannot your trembling wires throw a chain
Of powerful rapture 'bout our mazed sense?
Why is our chair thus cushion'd tapistry?
Why is our bed tired with wanton sports?
Why are we cloth'd with glist'ring attires?
If common bloods can hear, can feel,
Can sit as soft, lie as lascivious,
Strut all as rich as the greatest potentate;
Soul! an you cannot feast my thirsting ears
With aught, but what the lip of common birth
can taste,
Take all away, your labour is idly waste,
What sport for night?

Lam. A comedy, entitled Temperance.

Duke. What sot elects that subject for the court?

What should dame Temperance do here? away!
The itch on Temperance your moral play!

Quad. Duke, prince, royal blood, thou that hast the best means to be damn'd of any lord in Venice, thou great man, let me kiss thy flesh; I

am fat, and therefore faithful*; I will do that
 which few of thy subjects do—love thee; but I
 will never do that, which all thy subjects do, flat-
 ter thee; thy humour's real, good, a comedy:
 No, an thy sense would banquet in delights,
 Appropriate to the blood of emperors,
 Peculiar to the state of majesty,
 That none can relish but dilated greatness.
 Vouchsafe to view the structure of a scene
 That stands on tragic solid passion;
 Oh, that's fit traffic to commerce with births
 Strain'd from the mud of base unable brains,
 Give them a scene may force their struggling blood,
 Rise up on tiptoe in attention,
 And fill their intellect with pure elixed wit;
 Oh, that's for greatness apt, for princes fit.

Duke. Darest thou then undertake to suit our
 ears

With such rich vestment?

Quad. Dare? yes, my prince, I dare; nay,
 more, I will,

And I'll present a subject worth thy soul:
 The honour'd end of Cato Utican.

Duke. Who'll personate him?

Quad. Marry, that will I, on sudden without
 change.

Duke. Thou want'st a beard.

* This is evidently an allusion, I think, to a passage in Shak-
 speare's "Julius Cæsar:"

"Let me have men about me that are *fat*,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
 He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

If I am correct in this, it is an additional circumstance in confir-
 mation of Mr. Malone's conjecture, that "Julius Cæsar" was
 performed in, or before, 1607.

Quad. Tush, a beard ne'er made Cato, though
 many mens' Cato hang only on their chin.
 Suppose this floor the city Utica,
 The time the night that prolong'd Cato's death:
 Now being plac'd 'mong his philosophers,
 These first discourse the soul's eternity.

Jac. Cato grants that I am sure, for he was
 valiant and honest, which an Epicure ne'er was,
 and a coward never will be.

Quad. Then Cato holds a distinct notion
 Of individual actions after death:
 This being argu'd, his resolve maintains
 A true magnanimous spirit should give up dirt
 To dirt, and with his own flesh dead his flesh *,
 'Fore chance should force it crouch unto his foe:
 To kill one's self, some, ay some hold it no;
 Oh, these are points would entice away one's soul
 To break's indenture of base prentisage,
 And run away from 's body in swift thoughts,
 To melt in contemplation's luscious sweets;
 Now my voluptuous duke I'll feed thy sense,
 Worth his creation†: give me audience.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. My liege! my royal liege! hear, hear my
 suit.

Quad. Now may thy breath ne'er smell sweet
 as long as thy lungs can pant for breaking my
 speech, thou Muscovite, thou stinking perfumer.

Enter ALBANO.

Duke. Is not this Albano, our sometimes cour-
 tier?

* This is a very singular expression, denoting that with his
 own arm he should inflict a mortal wound upon his body.

† *Id est*, suited to his divine original.

Fran. No troth, but Francisco your always perfumer.

Alb. Lorenzo Celso, our brave Venice Duke, Albano Belletzo, thy merchant, thy soldier, thy courtier, thy slave, thy any thing, thy *What thou wilt*, kisseth thy noble blood; do me right, or else I am canoniz'd a cuckold; canoniz'd a cuckold; I am abused, I am abused, my wife's abused, my clothes abused, my shape, my house, my all abused; I am sworn out of myself, beaten out of myself, baffled, jeer'd at, laugh'd at, barr'd my own house, debarr'd my own wife, whilst others swill my wines, gormandize my meat, kiss my wife; O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods!

Lav. Who is't? who is't?

Cel. Come, sweet, this is your waggery i'faith, as if you knew him not.

Lav. Yes, I fear I do too well; would I could slide away invisible.

Duke. Assured this is he.

Jac. My worthy liege the jest comes only thus. Now to stop and cross it with mere like deceit: All being known, the French knight hath disguis'd

A fiddler like Albano too, to fright the perfumer; this is all.

Duke. Art sure 'tis true?

Mel. 'Tis confess'd 'tis right.

Alb. Ay 'tis right, 'tis true; right, I am a fiddler! a fiddler! a fiddler! uds 'foot! a fiddler! I'll not believe thee thou art a woman, and 'tis known *veritas non quærit angulos*, truth seeks not to lurk under farthingals, *veritas non quærit angulos*, a fiddler?

Lav. (*To Albano.*) Worthy sir pardon, and permit me first to confess to yourself, your depu-

tation dead * hath made my love live, to offend you.

Alb. Ay, mock on! scoff on! flout on! do!
do! do!

Lav. Troth sir, I'm serious.

Alb. Ay, good, good; come hither, Celia;
Burst breast! rive heart asunder! Celia,
Why startest thou back? seest thou this, Celia †?
Oh me, how often with lascivious touch thy lip
Hath kiss'd this mark? how oft this much-wrong'd
breast

Hath borne the gentle weight of thy soft cheek?

Cel. Oh me, my dearest lord! my sweet, sweet
love!

Alb. What a fiddler! a fiddler! now thy love?
I am sure thou scorn'st it; nay, Celia, I could tell;
What on the night before I went to sea,
And took my leave with Hymeneal rites,
What thou lisp'd
Into my ear, a fiddler and perfumer now.

And. And——

Rand. Dear brother——

Jac. Most respected Signior,
Believe it by the sacred end of love,
What much, much wrong hath forc'd your patience
Proceeded from most dear affied love,
Devoted to your house.

And. Believe it, brother.

Jac. Nay, yourself, when you shall hear the
occurrences, will say 'tis happy, comical.

Rand. Assure thee, brother.

Alb. Shall I be brave? shall I be myself now?

* *Id est*, the opinion universally entertained of your being dead.

† It is evident Albano shows some mark on his person as a proof of his identity.

Love give me thy love—Brothers give me your breasts—French knight reach me thy hand—Perfumer thy fist—Duke I invite thee—Love I forgive thee—Frenchman I hug thee—I'll know all, I'll pardon all, and I'll laugh at all.

[*Albano and his brothers talk apart.*]

Quad. And I'll curse you all:

Oh ye ha' interrupt a scene.

Duke. Quadratus, we will hear these points discuss'd

With apter and more affected hours.

Quad. Well, good! good!

Alb. Wast even so i'faith? why then capricious mirth,

Skip light moriscoes in our frolic blood!

Flagg'd veins, sweet, plump with fresh infused joys:

Laughter pucker our cheeks, make shoulders shog*,

With chucking lightness; Love once more thy lips,

For ever clasp our hands, our hearts, our crests,

Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheek, thus all shall meet;

Shall clip, shall hug, shall kiss; my dear, dear sweet!

Duke, wilt thou see me revel; come, Love, dance,

Court, gallants, court, suck amorous dalliance.

Lam. Beauty your heart.

Mel. First, sir, accept my hands,

She leaps too rash, that falls in sudden bands.

Lam. Shall I despair? never will I love more.

Mel. No sea so boundless vast but hath a shore.

Quad. Why marry me.

Thou canst have but soft flesh, good blood, sound bones,

* It is not impossible Milton might have taken some hints from this speech for some passages in his *L'Allegro*; but the ideas of our poet are much debased by the coarseness of his expression.

And that which fills up all your bracks, good stones.

Mel. Stones, trees, and beasts in love still firmer prove

Than man ; I'll none ; no holdfast's in your loves.

Lav. Since not the mistress, come on faith the maid.

Alb. Ten thousand duckets too to boot are laid.

Lav. Why then wind cornets, lead on, jolly lad.

Alb. Excuse me, gallants, though my legs lead wrong ;

'Tis my first footing, wind out nimble tongue.

Duke. 'Tis well, 'tis well, how shall we spend this night ?

Quad. Gulp Rhenish wine, my liege, let our paunch rent,

Suck merry jellies ; perview, but not prevent No mortal can the miseries of life.

Alb. I home invite you all ; come sweet, sweet wife,

My liege vouchsafe thy presence, drink till the ground look blue, boy.

Quad. Live still in springing hopes, in fresh new joys ;

May your loves happy hit in fair cheek'd wives,

Your flesh still plump with restoratives,

That's all my honest frolic heart can wish ;

A fico for the mew and envious pish ;

Till night, I wish good food, and pleasing day,

But then sound rest, so ends our slight writ play*.

Deo op. max. gratias. [*Exeunt.*

* Perhaps the first line of this speech was addressed to Albano and Celia, and the remainder to the audience.

PARASITASTER;

OR,

THE FAWN:

A

COMEDY.

BY

JOHN MARSTON.

PARASITASTER.

The name of this play is found in the "Adelphi" of Terence, and is the diminutive of Parasitus, a parasite or flatterer: a character personated in it by the Duke of E. (or) (in disguise). It was acted, as is mentioned in the original title-page, at the Black Theatre, by the Children of the Revels. The title is *THE LAW*: concerning the duke by a pretended discovery of Tibertio's love to her, is for-
tuned? and a handsome woman Tibertio's love to her, is for-
Not 3. This novel is made use of as an incident in sev-
eral other plays, as, *COMEDY*, Tibertio's love to her, is for-
tuned? and Tibertio's love to her, is for-
sex, Act III. Scene I. is copied from *David Copperfield*, Vol. 2.
Eleg. 4. The incident, that Tibertio was introduced
by Tibertio on the French stage, admirably connected
with the best part of the "Adelphi" of Terence, in
"T. Tibertio de *JOHN MARSTON*, Tibertio's love to her, is for-
in the conducting the plot, it must be remembered in his
favour he was the first to seek it, and that Tibertio might
not have been acquainted with his labours.

THE name of this play is found in the "Adelphi" of Terence, and is the diminutive of Parasitus, a parasite or flatterer; a character personated in it by the Duke of Ferrara (in disguise). It was acted, as is mentioned in the original title-page, at the Black Friars, by the Children of the Revels. "The plot of Dulcimel, her cozening the duke by a pretended discovery of Tiberio's love to her, is borrowed," says Langbaine, "from Boccace's Novels, Day 3, Nov. 3. This novel is made use of as an incident in several other plays; as, 'Flora's Vagaries;' 'Soldier's Fortune;' and Nymphadoro's humour of loving the whole sex, Act III. Scene I. is copied from Ovid Amor, Lib. 2, Eleg. 4." The incident from Boccace was introduced by Moliere on the French stage, admirably connected with the best part of the "Adelphi" of Terence, in "L'Ecole des Maris:" if Marston has not equalled him in the conducting the plot, it must be remembered in his favour he was the first to adopt it, and that Moliere might not have been unacquainted with his labours.

TO MY EQUAL READER.

I HAVE evermore endeavoured to know myself, than to be known of others : and rather to be unpar-
tially beloved of all, than factiously to be admired
of a few : yet so powerfully have I been enticed
with the delights of poetry, and (I must ingenu-
ously confess) above better desert so fortunate
in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions
be never so fixed to call mine eyes into myself),
I much fear that most lamentable death of him,

*Qui nimis notus omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.*

SENECA.

But since the over-vehement pursuit of these
delights hath been the sickness of my youth, and
now is grown to be the vice of my firmer age,
since to satisfy others I neglect myself, let it be
the curtesy of my peruser, rather to pity my self-
hindering labours than to malice me, and let him
be pleased to be my reader, and not my inter-
preter, since I would fain reserve that office in
my own hands, it being my daily prayer,

Absit à jocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpret.

MARTIAL.

If any shall wonder why I print a comedy,
whose life rests much in the actors' voice ; let

such know, that it cannot avoid publishing: let it therefore stand with good excuse, that I have been my own setter out.

If any desire to understand the scope of my Comedy, know it hath the same limits which Juvenal gives to his satires.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.*

JUVENAL.

As for the factious malice and studied detractions of some few that tread in the same path with me, let all know I most easily neglect them, and (carelessly slumbering to their vicious endeavours) smile heartily at their self-hurting baseness. My bosom friend, good Epictetus, makes me easily to condemn all such mens' malice: since other mens' tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to govern them? For mine own interest for once let this be printed, that of men of my own addiction, I love most; pity some, hate none: for let me truly say it, I once only loved myself for loving them, and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and only pity the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill envy, know you that affect to be the only minions of Phœbus, I am not so blushlessly ambitious as to hope to gain any the least supreme eminence among you; I affect not only the *Euge tuum, et Bellè!* 'tis not my fashion to think no writer virtuously confident, that is

not swellingly impudent. Nor do I labour to be held the only spirit, whose poems may be thought worthy to be kept in cedar chests,

*Heliconidasque, pallidámque Pirenen,
Illis relinquo, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces.*

PERS.

He that pursues fame, shall for me without any rival have breath enough ; I esteem felicity to be a more solid contentment, only let it be lawful for me, with unaffected modesty and full thought, to end boldly with that of Persius,

Ipse semipaganus

Ad sacra vatú carmen affero nostrum.

JOHN MARSTON.

PROLOGUE.

LET those once know that here with malice lurk,
'Tis base to be too wise in other's work:
The rest sit thus saluted:
Spectators know, you may with freest faces
Behold this scene; for here no rude disgraces
Shall taint a public or a private name;
This pen at viler rate doth value fame,
Than at the price of others' infamy,
To purchase it. Let others dare the rope,
Your modest pleasure is our author's scope.
The hurdle and the rack to them he leaves
That have nought left to be accounted any,
But by not being. Nor doth he hope to win
Your laud or hand, with that most common sin
Of vulgar pens, rank bawdry, that smells
Even through your masks, *Usque ad nauseam*:
The venus of this scene doth lothe to wear
So vile, so common, so immodest clothings:
But if the nimble form of Comedy,
Mere spectacle of life, and public manners,
May gracefully arrive to your pleased ears,
We boldly dare the utmost death of fears;
For we do know that this most fair-fill'd room
Is loaden with most attic judgments, ablest spirits,
Than whom there are none more exact, full, strong,

Yet none more soft, benign in censuring.
 I know there's not one ass in all this presence,
 Not one calumnious rascal, or base villain
 Of emptiest merit, that would tax and slander
 If Innocency herself should write ; not one, we
 know't.

Oh, you are all the very breath of Phœbus,
 In your pleas'd gracings all the true life-blood
 Of our poor author lives ; you are his very grace ;
 Now if any wonder why he's drawn
 To such base soothings, know his play's the
Fawn.

Yet none more soft, less in censuring
I know than you are in all this business,
Not one calumny, jest, or base villain
Of empty DAVID'S PERSON
If innocency herself should write; not one, we
know.

Hercules (disguised as Farnes) Duke of Ferrara
Gonzago, Duke of Urbino, all the time of blood
Tiberio, son to Hercules.
Graziato, a silent lord.
Don Zucco, a causelessly jealous lord.
Sir Amoro Delmondo, a sickly knight, who plays the
Hercod Trappist, brother to Sir Amoro, and a vicious pugnant
Nymphadore, a young courtier, and a common lover.
Donolo, a paid fool.
Renado, brother to Hercules.

Dulcinea, daughter to Gonzago.
Philobela, an honourable learned lady, companion to the first
Dona Voz, a virtuous fair witty lady, wife to Don Zucco.
Dona Garbetta, wife to Sir Amoro.
Rocina, } Two ladies attendant on Dulcinea.
Donabella, }
Pettola, a poor landlady of the house that washeth and dries
footmen.
Pages.

There was a Duke of Ferrara of the name of Hercules, who,
about the year 1525, was married to Helen, the daughter of Louis
XII. King of France. He is described by Mornay as a prince of
great courage and personal merit, but whose territory being of small
extent, he was on that account selected by Louis the twelfth not
to be able to form pretensions to the Duchy of Burgundy in opposition
to Francis I. who succeeded to the crown of France, and had mar-
ried Claude, the eldest sister of Henry. + Donolo with the court jester, or buffoon, called Hercules.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Hercules (disguised as Faunus) Duke of Ferrara*.

Gonzago, Duke of Urbino.

Tiberio, son to Hercules.

Granuffo, a silent lord.

Don Zuccone, a causelessly jealous lord.

Sir Amoroso Debiledosso, a sickly knight.

Herod Frappatore, brother to Sir Amoroso, and a vicious bragart.

Nymphadoro, a young courtier, and a common lover.

Dondolo, a bald fool†.

Renaldo, brother to Hercules.

Dulcimel, daughter to Gonzago.

Philocalia, an honourable learned lady, companion to the Princess Dulcimel.

Donna Zoya, a virtuous fair witty lady, wife to Don Zuccone.

Donna Garbetza, wife to Sir Amoroso.

Poveia, }
Donnetta, } Two ladies attendant on Dulcimel.

Puttotta, a poor laundress of the court that washeth and diets footmen.

Pages.

* There was a Duke of Ferrara of the name of Hercules, who, about the year 1528, was married to Reneé, the daughter of Louis XII. King of France. He is described by Mezeray as a prince of great courage and personal merit, but whose territory being of small extent, he was on that account selected by Louis that he might not be able to form pretensions to the Duchy of Bretagne in opposition to Francis I. who succeeded to the crown of France, and had married Claude, the elder sister of Reneé.

† Dondolo was the court jester, or buffoon.

PARASITASTER;

OR,

THE FAWN.

Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter HERCULES and RENALDO.

Herc. SEE, yonder's Urbino; those far appearing spires rise from the city; you shall conduct me no further: return to Ferrara; my dukedom, by your care in my absence, shall rest constantly united, and most religiously loyal.

Ren. My prince and brother, let my blood and love challenge the freedom of one question.

Herc. You hav't.

Ren. Why in your steadier age, in strength of life,

And firmest wit of time, will you break forth
Those stricter limits of regardful state,
(Which with severe distinction you still kept)
And now to unknown dangers you'll give up
Yourself Ferrara's duke, and in yourself
The state, and us? Oh, my lov'd brother,
Honour avoids not only just defame,
But flies all means that may ill voice his name.

Herc. Busy yourself with no fears, for I shall rest most wary of our safety : only some glimpses I will give you for your satisfaction why I leave Ferrara : I have vowed to visit the court of Urbino in some disguise, as thus : my son, (as you can well witness, with me), could I never persuade to marriage, although myself was then an ever resolved widower, and though I proposed to him this very lady, to whom he is gone in my right to negotiate : now how his cooler blood will behave itself in this business, would I have an only testimony ; other contents shall I give myself, as not to take love by attorney, or make my election out of tongues ; other sufficings there are, which my regard would fain make sound to me : something of much you know, that, and what else you must not know, bids you excuse this kind of my departure.

Ren. I commend all to your wisdom, and your's to the wisest.

Herc. Think not but I shall approve that more than folly, which even now appears in a most ridiculous expectation : be in this assured, The bottom of gravity is nothing like the top ; once more fare you well. [*Exit Ren.*

And now thou ceremonious sovereignty,
Ye proud severer stateful compliments,
The secret arts of rule, I put you off ;
Nor ever shall those manacles of form,
Once more lock up the appetite of blood.
'Tis now an age of man, whilst we all strick'd
Have liv'd in awe of carriage regular
Apted unto my place ; nor hath my life
Once tasted of exorbitant effects,

Wild longings, or the least of disranct shapes*,
 But we must once be wild, 'tis ancient truth,
O fortunate, whose madness falls in youth!
 Well, this is text†, who ever keeps his place
 In servile station, is all low and base.
 Shall I because some few may cry, light, vain,
 Beat down affection from desired rule?
 He that doth strive to please the world's a fool:
 To have that fellow cry, *O mark him, grave,*
See how austere he doth give example
Of repressed heat and steady life,
 Whilst my forc'd life against the stream of blood
 Is lugg'd along, and all to keep the god
 Of fools and women, *Nice opinion*;
 Whose strict preserving makes oft great men fools,
 And fools of great men: no, thou world, know
 thus,
 There's nothing free but it is generous. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter NYMPHADORO and HEROD, meeting the
 Page of the latter.*

Her. How now my little more than nothing,
 what news is stirring?

Page. All the city's a fire.

Nym. On fire!

Page. With joy of the Princess Dulcimet's birth-
 day; there's show upon show, sport upon sport.

* "Disranct shapes," i. e. appearances unbecoming my rank and station.

† "This is text," i. e. *truth*: the modern expression of the same import is, *this is gospel*.

Her. What sport, what sport?

Page. Marry sir, to solemnize the princess's birth-day; there's first crackers which run into the air, and when they are at the top, like some ambitious strange heretic, keep a cracking, and a cracking, and then break, and down they come.

Her. A pretty crab, he would yield tart juice an he were squeezed.

Nym. What sport else?

Page. Other fireworks.

Her. Spirit of wine! I cannot tell how these fireworks should be good at the solemnizing the birth of men or women, I am sure they are dangerous at their begetting: what more fireworks, sir?

Page. There be squibs, sir, which squibs running upon lines*, like some of our gaudy gallants, sir, keep a smother, sir, with flishing and flashing, and in the end, sir, they do, sir——

Nym. What, sir?

Page. Stink, sir.

Her. 'Fore heaven, a most sweet youth.

Enter DONDOLO.

Don. News! news! news! news!

Her. What, in the name of prophesy?

Nym. Art thou grown wise?

Her. Doth the duke want no money?

Nym. Is there a maid found at twenty-four?

* To illustrate a passage in the "Virgin Martyr" of Massinger, Mr. Gifford has quoted the passage in the text, and another from the "Honest Whore," by Dekker; "Troth, mistress, to tell you true, *the fireworks then ran from me upon lines.*"

Her. Speak, thou three-legg'd tripos; is thy ship of fools afloat yet*?

Don. I ha' many things in my head to tell you.

Her. Ah, thy head is always working, it rolls, and it rolls, Dondolo, but it gathers no moss, Dondolo †.

Don. Tiberio, the Duke of Ferrara's son, excellently horsed, all upon Flanders' mares, is arrived at the court this very day, somewhat late in the night-time.

Her. An excellent nuntius ‡.

Don. Why my gallants? I have had a good wit.

Her. Yes troth, but now 'tis grown like an almanack for the last year, past date, the mark's out of thy mouth, Dondolo §.

Nym. And what's the prince's ambassage? Thou art private with the duke, thou belongest to his close-stool.

Don. Why every fool knows that; I know it myself, man, as well as the best man; he is come

* The *tripos* is generally supposed to be a table or stool with three feet, on which the Priestess of Apollo sat when she gave forth oracles: the *ship of fools* is frequently mentioned throughout this play: they are references to the "Stultifera Navis" of Sebastian Brant; a work originally written in Dutch, afterwards translated into Latin by James Locher, then into French, and in 1508 into English by Alexander Barclay, "to the felicitie and moste holesome instruction of mankinde," as he expresses it.

† The proverb is, "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" the application to Dondolo is sufficiently evident.

‡ The *nuntius* was the messenger in the Greek and Roman Tragedies, whence the term *nuncio* is now derived. Tharsalio, in the "Widow's Tears" of Chapman, says,

"Didst act the *nuntius* well."

§ The age of a horse may be known by the marks in his mouth till a certain age; the expression in the text is then common.

to solicit a marriage betwixt his father, the Duke of Ferrara, and our Duke of Urbino's daughter, Dulc mel.

Nym. Pity of my passions! Nymphadoro shall lose one of his mistresses.

Her. Nay, if thou hast more than one, the loss can ne'er be grievous, since 'tis certain he that loves many formally, never loves any violently.

Nym. Most trusted Frappatore, is my hand the weaker because it is divided into many fingers? no, 'tis the more strongly nimble. I do now love threescore and nine ladies, all of them most extremely well, but I do love the princess most extremely best: but in very sighing sadness, I ha' lost all hope; and with that hope a lady that is most rare, most fair, most wise, most sweet, most——

Her. Any thing—true; but remember still this fair, this wise, this sweet, this all of excellency, has in the tail of all, a woman.

Nym. Peace, the presence fills against the prince approacheth. Mark who enters.

Her. My brother, Sir Amoroso Debiledosso.

Nym. Not he?

Her. No, not he.

Nym. How is he changed?

Her. Why, grown the very dregs of the drabs' cup.

Nym. Oh, Babylon, thy walls are fallen*! Is he married?

* The poets of our author's time were generally well acquainted with the Scriptures, though not sufficiently cautious in their application.

“Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth—Babylon the great is fallen.”—Rev. xvii. xviii.

Her. Yes, yet still the lady's common, or the common ladies servant.

Nym. How does his own lady bear with him?

Her. Faith like the Roman Milo, bore with him when he was a calf, and now carries him when he's grown an ox.

Nym. Peace, the duke's at hand.

Cornets. Enter GONZAGO, GRANUFFO, DULCIMEL, and PHILOCALIA.

Gon. Daughter, for that our last speech leaves the firmest print, be thus advised: when young Tiberio negociates his father's love, hold heed guard over thy passions, and still keep this full thought firm in thy reason, 'tis his old father's love the young man moves;—(*to Gran.*) Is't not well thought, my lord, we must bear a brain—and when thou shalt behold Tiberio's life-full eyes, and well fill'd veins, complexion firm, and hairs that curl with strength of lusty moisture,—(*to Gran.*) I think we yet can speak, we ha' been eloquent—thou must shape thy thoughts to apprehend his father well in years,

A grave wise prince, whose beauty is his honour
And well past life; and do not give thy thoughts
Least liberty to shape a divers scope,
(My Lord Granuffo, pray ye note my phrase)
So shalt thou not abuse thy younger hope,
Nor afflict us, who only joy in life,
To see thee his.

Dul. Gracious my father fear not; I rest most
duteous to your dispose. [*Consort of music.*]

Gon. Set on then, for the music gives us notice the prince is hard at hand.

TIBERIO *enters with a Train of Attendants*, HERCULES *follows in Disguise*.

Dul. You are most welcome to our long desiring father; to us you are come——

Tib. From our long desiring father.

Dul. Is this your father's true proportion?

[*Shows a picture.*]

Tib. No lady, but the perfect counterfeit.

Dul. And the best grac'd——

Tib. The painter's art could yield.

Dul. I wonder he would send a counterfeit to move our love.

Gon. (*To Gran.*) Hear, that's my wit; when I was eighteen old such a pretty toying wit had I, but age hath made us wise (hast not, my lord?)

Tib. Why, fairest princess, if your eye dislike that deader piece, behold me his true form and livelier image, such my father hath been.

Dul. My lord, please you to scent this flower.

Tib. 'Tis withered, lady, the flower's scent is gone.

Dul. This hath been such as you are; 't hath been, sir: they say in England, that a far-famed friar* had girt the island round with a brass wall, if that they could have catched *time is*: but *time is past*, left it still clip'd with aged Neptune's arm †.

* The quarto has it, "that a *far found hath*," &c. the alteration in the edit. of 1633 is, "that a *far found friar*." I believe the right reading is now restored.

† This is an allusion to the story of Friar Bacon, who was supposed to have discovered, by means of a brazen head, con-

Tib. Aurora yet keeps chaste old Tithon's bed.

Dul. Yet blushes at it when she rises.

Gon. Pretty, pretty, just like my younger wit:
(*to Gran.*) You know it, my lord?

Dul. But is your father's age thus fresh? hath yet his head so many hairs?

Tib. More, more, by many a one.

Dul. More say you?

Tib. More.

Dul. Right, sir, for this hath none: is his eye so quick as this same piece makes him show?

Tib. The courtesy of art hath given more life to that part, than the sad cares of state would grant my father.

Dul. This model speaks about forty.

Tib. Then doth it somewhat flatter; for our father hath seen more years, and is a little shrunk from the full strength of time.

Gon. Somewhat coldly praised.

Dul. Your father hath a fair solicitor,
And be it spoke with virgin modesty,
I would he were no elder; not that I do fly
His side for years, or other hopes of youth,
But in regard the malice of lewd tongues,
Quick to deprave on possibilities,

structed by magic, after seven years labour, the means of surrounding the *island of Great Britain* with a *brazen wall*; but that he unfortunately fell asleep when the brazen head first declared "*time is*," then "*time was*," till the third and fatal declaration, "*time is past*." There is a note on it in the sixth volume of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, p. 95: and a representation of the circumstance in the plate prefixed to editions of 1630 and 1655 of the "*History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*," by R. Green.

(Almost impossibilities) will spread
Rumours to honour dangerous.

Gon. What whisper? (*Gran. bows.*) Ay, my
Lord Granuffo, 'twere fit
To part their lips: men of discerning wit,
That have read Pliny, can discourse, or so;
But give me practice: well experienc'd age
Is the true Delphos: I am no Oracle,
But yet I'll prophesy. Well, my Lord Granuffo,
'Tis fit to interrupt their privacy,
Is't not, my lord? (*Gran. bows.*) Now sure thou
art a man
Of a most learned silence, and one whose words
Have been most precious to me; (*Gran. bows.*)
right, I know thy heart,
'Tis true; thy legs discourse with right and grace,
And thy tongue is constant. (*To Tib.*) Fair, my
lord,
Forbear all private closer conference;
What from your father comes, comes openly,
And so must speak: for you must know my age
Hath seen the beings, and the quid * of things;
I know dimensions and the terminy
Of all existence. Sir, I know what shapes
Appetite forms; but policy and states
Have more elected ends: your father's suit
Is with all public grace received, and private love
Embraced; as for our daughter's bent of mind
She must seem somewhat nice; 'tis virgins' kind
To hold long out; if yet she chance deny,
Ascribe it to her decent modesty:

* "Quid." The reader will not fail to remember Hamlet's use of it, speaking of the scull of a lawyer: "Where be his *quiddits* now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?"

We have been a philosopher, and spoke
With much applause; but now age makes us wise,
And draws our eyes to search the heart of things,
And leave vain seemings; therefore you must
know,
I would be lothe the gaudy shape of youth
Should one provoke, and not allow'd of heat,
Or hinder—or—for, sir, I know—and so—
Therefore before us time and place affords
Free speech, else not: wise heads use but few
words,
In short breath, know the court of Urbin holds
Your presence and your embassage so dear,
That we want means once to express our heart
But with our heart: plain meaning shunneth art;
You are most welcome (Lord Granuffe a trick,
A figure note) we use no rhetoric. [*Exit Gon.*

Remanent HERCULES, NYMPHADORO, and HEROD.

Her. Did not Tiberio call his father fool?

Nym. No; he said years had weakened his
youthful quickness.

Her. He swore he was bald.

Nym. No; but not thick hair'd.

Her. By this light I'll swear he said his father
had the hipgout, the strangury, the fistula in ano,
and a most unabidable breath; no teeth, less eyes,
great fingers, little legs, an eternal flux, and an
everlasting cough of the lungs.

Nym. Fie! fie! by this light he did not.

Her. By this light he should ha' done then:
horn on him! threescore and five, to have and to
hold a lady of fifteen? O Mezentius! a tyranny

equal if not above thy torturing: thou didst bind the living and the dead bodies together, and forced them so to pine and rot *; but this cruelty binds breast to breast, not only different bodies, but if it were possible most unequal minds, together with an enforcement even scandalous to nature. (*Spies Hercules.*) Now the jail deliver me! an intelligencer? Be good to me, ye cloisters of bondage! of whence art thou?

Herc. Of Ferrara.

Her. A Ferrarese? what to me? camest thou in with the Prince Tiberio?

Herc. With the Prince Tiberio; what a that? you will not rail at me, will you?

Her. Who I? I rail at one of Ferrara, a Ferrarese? no. Didst thou ride?

Herc. No.

Her. Hast thou worn socks?

Herc. No.

Her. Then blessed be the most happy gravel betwixt thy toes; I do prophesy thy tyrannising itch shall be honourable; and thy right worshipful soul shall appear in full presence: art thou an officer to the prince?

Herc. I am; what o' that?

Her. My cap; what officer?

Herc. Yeoman of his bottles; what to that?

Her. My lip; thy name, good yeoman of the bottles?

* An allusion to the enormities of Mezentius in Virgil:

*Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora,
(Tormenti genus) et sanie taboque fluentis
Complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.*

Herc. Faunus.

Nym. Faunus? an old courtier; I wonder thou art in no better clothes and place, Faunus?

Herc. I may be in better place, sir, and with them of more regard; if this match of our duke's intermarriage with the heir of Urbino proceed, the Duke of Urbino dying, and our lord coming in his lady's right title to your dukedom.

Her. Why then shalt thou, oh yeoman of the bottles! become a maker of Magnificoes; thou shalt beg some odd suit, and change thy old suit, part thy beard, cleanse thy teeth, and eat apricots, marry a rich widow, or a crack'd lady*, whose case thou shalt make good. Then, my Pythagoras, shall thou and I make a transmigration of souls, thou shalt marry my daughter, or my wife shall be thy gracious mistress. Seventeen punks shall be thy proportion; thou shalt beg to thy comfort of clean linen, eat no more fresh beef at supper, or have thy broth for next day's porridge, but the flesh pots of Egypt shall fatten thee, and the grasshopper shall flourish in thy summer.

Nym. And what didst thou think of the duke's overture of marriage?

Her. What do you think?

Herc. May I speak boldly as at Aleppo?

Nym. Speak till thy lungs ache, talk out thy teeth; here are none of those cankers, these mischiefs of society, intelligencers, or informers, that will cast rumour into the teeth of some *Lælius*

* "A crack'd lady," i. e. a lady whose character is gone.

Baldus, a man cruelly eloquent, and bloodily learned, no; what sayest thou, Faunus?

Herc. With an undoubted breast thus I may speak boldly.

Her. By this night I'll speak broadly first an thou wilt, man; our Duke of Urbino is a man very happily mad, for he thinks himself right perfectly wise, and most demonstratively learned: nay more——

Herc. No more, I'll on; methinks the young lord, our prince of Ferrara, so bounteously adorned with all, of grace, feature, and best shaped proportion, fair use of speech, full opportunity, and that which makes the sympathy of all, equality of heat, of years, of blood; methinks these loadstones should attract the metal of the young princess rather to the son than to the noisome, cold, and most weak side of his half rotten father.

Her. Th'art ours, th'art ours; now dare we speak as boldly as if Adam had not fallen, and made us all slaves: hark ye, the duke is an ar-rant doting ass, an ass, and in the knowledge of my very sense, will turn a foolish animal; for his son will prove like one of Baal's priests, have all the flesh presented to the idol, his father; but he in the night will feed on't, will devour it*; he will, yeoman of the bottles! he will.

Herc. Now, gentlemen, I am sure the lust of speech hath equally drenched us all; know I am no servant to this Prince Tiberio.

Her. Not?

* The allusion is to the story of Bel and the Dragon, in the Apocrypha.

Herc. Not; but one to him out of some private urging most vowed; one that pursues him but for opportunity of false satisfaction; now if ye can prefer my service to him, I shall rest yours wholly.

Her. Just in the devil's mouth! thou shalt have place, Fawn thou shalt; behold this generous Nymphadoro, a gallant of a clean boot, straight back, and head of a most hopeful expectation, he is a servant of fair Dulcibel's, her very creature, born to the princess's sole adoration, a man so spent in time to her, that pity (if no more of grace) must follow him second, when we have gained the room, serv'd his suit.

Herc. I'll be your intelligencer.

Her. Our very heart——

Herc. And, if need be, work to most desperate ends.

Her. Well urged.

Herc. Words fit acquaintance, but full actions friends.

Nym. Thou shalt not want, Faunus.

Herc. You promise well.

Her. Be thou but firm; that old doting iniquity of age, that only eyed lecherous duke thy lord, shall be baffled to extremest derision, his son prove his fool father's own issue*.

Nym. And we, and thou with us, blessed and enriched past that misery of possible contempt, and above the hopes of greatest conjectures.

Herc. Nay, as for wealth *vilia miretur vulgus*.

* *Id est*, the son be as grossly deceived as they supposed his father would be; the design of Herod and Nymphadoro being to deceive both.

I know by his physiognomy, for wealth he is of my addiction, and bids a *fico* for't.

Nym. Why thou art but a younger brother ; but poor Baldazoze *.

Her. Faith, to speak truth, my means are written in the book of fate, as yet unknown ; and yet I am at my fool, and my hunting gelding † : come, via ! to this feastful entertainment.

[*Exeunt Nymphodoro and Herod.*

Herc. I never knew till now how old I was ; By him, by whom we are ! I think a prince Whose tender sufferance never felt a gust Of bolder breathings, but still liv'd gently fann'd With the soft gales of his own flatterers' lips, Shall never know his own complexion. Dear sleep and lust, I thank you ; but for you, Mortal, till now I scarce had known myself ‡. Thou grateful poison, sleek mischief Flattery, Thou dreamful slumber (that doth fall on kings As soft and soon as their first holy oil) Be thou for ever damn'd ; I now repent Severe indictions to some sharp styles ; Freeness, so't grown not to licentiousness, Is grateful to just states. Most spotless kingdom, And men, oh happy ! born under good stars, Where what is honest you may freely think,

* This is, perhaps, derived from Baldezza or Baldanza, which Veneroni renders hardiness ; but it seems to be the impudence rather than the courage of Herod which his companion alludes to.

† *Id est*, yet I maintain a buffoon for my amusement, as well as a hunter.

‡ Our poet has here very exactly copied a saying of Alexander the Great, as it has been reported by Plutarch.

Speak what you think, and write what you do
speak,

Not bound to servile soothings*. But since our
rank

Hath ever been afflicted with these flies
(That blow corruption on the sweetest virtues)

I will revenge us all upon you all

With the same stratagem we still are caught,

Flattery itself; and sure all know the sharpness

Of reprehensive language is even blunted

To full contempt: since vice is now term'd
fashion,

And most are grown to ill even with defence,

I vow to waste this most prodigious heat,

That falls into my age like scorching flames

In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all,

In all of their extremest viciousness;

Till in their own lov'd race they fall most lame,

And meet full butt the close of vice's shame.

[*Exit.*

* Marston probably designed this as a compliment on the constitution of his own country.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter HEROD and NYMPHADORO with Napkins in their Hands, followed by Pages with Stools and Meat.

Her. Come, sir—a stool, boy—these court feasts are to us servitor's court fasts; such scrambling*, such shift for to eat, and where to eat; here a squire of low degree hath got the carcase of a plover; there pages of the chamber divide the spoils of a tatter'd pheasant; here the sewer† has friended a country gentleman with a sweet green goose; and there a young fellow that late has bought his office, has caught a woodcock by the nose, *with cups full overflowing.*

Nym. But is not Faunus prefer'd with a right hand?

Her. Did you ever see a fellow so spurted up in a moment? he has got the right ear of the duke, the prince, princess, most of the lords, but all the ladies: why he is become their only minion, usher, and supporter.

* *Scambling*, as hath been observed by Stevens, is several times used by Shakspeare: the sense is evident. A *scambler*, he observes further, in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner.

† A sewer was the officer employed to put the dishes on the table, and who derived his name from his office, "asseour," in French. It has been observed of them,

"Slow be the *sewers* in serving in alway,
But swift be they after taking the meat away."

Nym. He hath gotten more lov'd reputation of virtue, of learning, of all graces, in one hour, than all your snarling reformers have in——

Her. Nay, that's unquestionable; and indeed what a fruitless labour, what a filling of Danaus' tub*, is it become to inveigh against folly; community takes away the sense, and example the shame: no, praise me, these fellows hang on their chariot wheel,
And mount with them whom fortune heaves, nay drives,

A stoical, sour virtue seldom thrives.
Oppose such fortune, and then burst with those are pitied.

Enter HERCULES freshly suited.

Nym. Behold that thing most fortunate, most prosperous, Don Faunus himself.

Her. Blessed and long-lasting be thy carnation ribbon; oh man, of more than wit, much more than virtue, of fortune! wilt eat any of a young spring salad?

Herc. Where did the herbs grow, my gallant? where did they grow?

Her. Hard by, in the city here.

Herc. No, I'll none; I'll eat no city herbs, no city roots; for here in the city a man shall have his excrements in his teeth again within four-and-twenty hours; I love no city salads: has't any Canary?

* "Danaus' tub" is again mentioned in this act: it is an allusion to the supposed punishment of the Danaides, who after death were condemned to fill with water a tub *perforated with holes*, as an eternal punishment for the murder of their husbands.

Nym. How the poor snail wriggles with this sudden warmth. [*Herod drinks.*]

Her. Here, Faunus, a health as deep as a female.

Herc. 'Fore Jove, we must be more endeared.

Nym. How dost thou feel thyself now, Fawn?

Herc. Very womanly: with my fingers. I protest I think I shall love you; are you married? I am truly taken with your virtues; are you married?

Her. Yes.

Herc. Why I like you well for it.

Her. No troth, Fawn, I am not married.

Herc. Why I like you better for it; 'fore heaven I must love you.

Her. Why, Fawn, why?

Herc. 'Fore heaven you are blest with three rare graces, fine linen clean linings, a sanguine complexion, and, I am sure, an excellent wit, for you are a gentleman born.

Her. Thank thee, sweet Fawn; but why is clean linen such a grace, I prithee?

Herc. Oh my excellent, and inward dearly approved friend—(what's your name, sir?) clean linen is the first thing our life craves, and the last our death enjoys.

Her. But what hope rests for Nymphadoro? thou art now within the buttons of the prince: shall the duke his father carry the lady?

Herc. 'Tis to be hoped not.

Nym. That's some relief as long as there is hope.

Herc. But sure, sir, 'tis almost undoubted the lady will carry him.

Nym. Oh pestilent air! is there no plot so cunning, no surmise so false, no way of avoidance?

Her. Hast thou any pity either of his passion, or the lady's years? a gentleman in the summer and hunting season of his youth, the lady met in the same warmth; wer't not to be wept that such a sapless chafing-dish-using old dotard as the Duke of Ferrara with his withered hand, should pluck such a bud, 'such a—oh, the life of sense!

Nym. Thou art now a perfect courtier of just fashion: good grace, canst not relieve us?

Herc. Ha' ye any money?

Nym. Pish, Fawn, we are young gallants.

Herc. The liker to have no money. But, my young gallants, to speak like myself, I will hug your humour. Why, look you, there is fate, destiny, constellations, and planets, (which though they are under nature, yet they are above women); who hath read the book of chance? no; cherish your hope, sweeten your imaginations, with thoughts of—(*Nym. sighs.*) Ah, why women are the most giddy, uncertain motions under heaven; 'tis neither proportion of body, virtue of mind, amplitude of fortune, greatness of blood, but only mere chanceful appetite sways them; which makes some one like a man, be it but for the paring of his nails; via! as for inequality, art not a gentleman?

Nym. That I am, and my beneficence shall show it.

Herc. I know you are, by that only word beneficence, which only speaks of the future tense *shall know it*; but may I breathe in your bo-

soms? I only fear Tiberio will abuse his father's trust, and so make your hopes desperate.

Nym. How? the prince? would he only stood cross to my wishes, he should find me an Italian.

Herc. How, an Italian?

Her. By thy aid an Italian; dear Faunus, thou art now wriggled into the prince's bosom, and thy sweet hand should minister that Nectar to him should make him immortal. Nymphodoro in direct phrase thou shouldst murder the prince, so revenge thine own wrongs, and be rewarded for that revenge.

Herc. Afore the light of my eyes! I think I shall admire, wonder at you. What? ha' ye plots, projects, correspondences, and stratagems? why are not you in better place?

Enter SIR AMOROSO.

Who's this?

Her. My eldest brother, Sir Amoroso Debidosso.

Herc. Oh, I know him; God bless thine eyes, sweet Sir Amoroso; a rouse*, *a vin de menton*, to th' health of thy chin, my dear sweet Signior.

Sir Amor. Pardon me, sir, I drink no wine this spring.

Her. Oh no, sir, he takes the diet this spring † always; boy! my brother's bottle.

Sir Amor. Faith, Fawn, an odd wholesome cold makes me still hoarse and rheumatic.

Her. Yes, in troth, a paltry murr, last morn-

* A rouse, as it appears from Shakspeare and other ancient dramatists, signifies *a large dose of liquor*.

† Vide p. 242.

ing he blew nine bones out of his nose with an odd unwholesome murr: how does my sister, your lady? what does she breed?

Herc. I perceive, knight, you have children; oh, 'tis a blessed assurance of heaven's favour, and long lasting name, to have many children.

Sir Amor. But I ha' none, Fawn, now.

Herc. Oh that's most excellent, a right special happiness; he shall not be a drudge to his cradle, a slave to his child; he shall be sure not to cherish another's blood, nor toil to advance peradventure some rascal's lust; without children a man is unclog'd, his wife almost a maid: *Messalina*, thou cryedst out, *Oh blessed barrenness!* why once with child, the very Venus of a lady's entertainment, hath lost all pleasure.

Sir Amor. By this ring, Faunus, I do hug thee with most passionate affection; and shall make my wife thank thee.

Her. Nay, my brother grudgeth not at my probable inheritance, he means once to give a younger brother hope to see fortune.

Nym. And yet I hear, Sir Amorous, you cherish your loins with high art; the only engrosser of Eringoes, prepared cantharides, culiesses made of dissolved pearl and bruised amber; the pith of parkets, and candied lamb-stones are his perpetual meats; beds made of the down under pigeons' wings and goose necks, fomentations, baths, electuaries, frictions, and all the nurses of most forcible excited concupiscence he useth with most nice and tender industry.

Herc. Pish! Zoccoli, no Nymphadoro; if Sir Amorous would ha' children let him lie on a

mattress, plow or thresh, eat onions, garlic, and leek-porridge ; Pharaoh and his council were mistaken, and their device to hinder the increase of procreation in the Israelites, with enforcing them to much labour of body, and to feed hard, with beets, garlic, and onions, (meats that make the original of man most sharp and taking) was absurd. No, he should have given barley-bread, lettuce, melons, cucumbers, huge store of veal and fresh beef, blown up their flesh, held them from exercise, rolled them in feathers, and most severely seen them drunk once a day ; then would they at their best have begotten but wenches ; and in short time their generation enfeebled to nothing.

Sir Amor. Oh, divine Faunus, where might a man take up forty pound in a commodity of garlic and onions ? Nymphadoro, thine ear.

Herc. Come, what are you fleering at ? There's some weakness in your brother you wrinkle at thus* ; come, prithee impart ; what ! we are mutually incorporated ; turned one into another ; brued together ; come, I believe you are familiar with your sister, an it were known.

Her. Witch ! Faunus, witch ! why, how dost dream I live ? Is't four score a year think'st thou maintains my geldings, my pages, foot-cloths, my best feeding, high play, and excellent company ? no, 'tis from hence, from hence, I mint some four hundred pound a-year.

* The wrinkles here meant were caused by the sneering smiles of Herod. So Shakspeare, in " Twelfth Night : " " He does smile his face into more *lines* than is in the new map," &c. &c. And in " Troilus and Cressida : "

" Bury'd this sigh in *wrinkle* of a smile."

Herc. Dost thou live like a porter, by thy back, boy?

Her. As for my weak-rein'd brother hang him, he has sore shins; damn him *heteroclite*, his brain's perished; his youth spent his fodder so fast on other's cattle, that he now wants for his own in winter; I am fain to supply, Fawn, for which I am supplied.

Herc. Dost thou branch him, boy?

Her. What else, Fawn?

Herc. What else? nay, 'tis enough; why many men corrupt other mens' wives, some their maids, others their neighbours' daughters; but to lie with one's brother's wedlock*! oh, my dear Herod, 'tis vile and uncommon lust.

Her. 'Fore heaven I love thee to the heart; well I may praise God for my brother's weakness, for I assure thee the land shall descend to me, my little Fawn.

Herc. To thee, my little Herod? Oh, my rare rascal, I do find more and more in thee to wonder at, for thou art indeed—if I prosper thou shalt know what.

Enter DON ZUCCONE. (Hercules whispers Herod.)

Her. What? know you not Don Zuccone, the only desperately railing at's lady that ever was

* "Wedlock," wife. The term is frequently used in this sense by our ancient writers. So in the "All Fools" of Chapman:

"Here's a simple mean for you

To lie at rack and manger with your *wedlock*."

And in "Valentinian," "Eastward Hoe," and the "Roaring Girl."

confidently melancholy; that egregious idiot, that husband of the most witty, fair, (and be it spoken with many mens' true grief) most chaste Lady Zoya; but we have entered into a confederacy of afflicting him.

Herc. Plots ha' you laid? inductions dangerous*.

Nym. A quiet bosom to my sweet Don: are you going to visit your lady?

Zuc. What o'clock is't, is it past three?

Her. Past four I assure you, sweet Don.

Zuc. Oh, then I may be admitted; her afternoon's private nap is taken, I shall take her napping. I hear there's one jealous that I lie with my own wife, and begins to withdraw his hand †: I protest, I vow, an you will, on my knees I'll take my sacrament on it, I lay not with her this long year, this four year; let her not be turned upon me I beseech you.

Herc. My dear Don?

Zuc. Oh, Faunus, dost know our lady?

Herc. Your lady?

Zuc. No *our* lady; for the love of charity incorporate with her, I would have all nations and degrees, all ages know *our* lady, for I covet only to be undoubtedly notorious.

Herc. For indeed, sir, a repressed fame mounts like camomile, the more trod down the more it

* "Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous."

Act I. Scene I. Richard III.

† "Begins to withdraw his hand," either ceases to pay as much attention to her as he did formerly, or begins to look cool on me; it holds good either way.

grows; things known common and undoubted, lose rumour.

Nym. Sir, I hope yet your conjectures may err; your lady keeps full face, unbated roundness, cheerful aspect; were she so infamously prostitute, her cheek would fall, her colour fade, the spirit of her eye would die.

Zuc. Oh, young man, such women are like Danaus' tub; and indeed all women are like Antæus, with whom Hercules wrestling, he was no sooner hurled to the earth, but he rose up with double vigour, their fall strengtheneth them.

Enter DONDOLO.

Don. News! news! news! news! oh, my dear Don, be raised, be jovial, be triumphant; ah, my dear Don!

Nym. To me first in private, thy news I prithee.

Don. Will you be secret?

Nym. O' my life.

Don. As you are generous.

Nym. As I am generous.

Don. Don Zuccone's lady's with child.

Her. Nymph. Nymph. what is't? what's the news?

Nym. You'll be secret.

Her. Silence itself.

Nym. Don Zuccone's lady's with child apparently.

Herc. Herod, Herod, what's the matter? prithee the news?

Her. You must tell nobody.

Herc. As I am generous.

Her. Don Zuccone's lady's with child apparently.

Zuc. Fawn, what's the whisper, what's the fool's secret news?

Herc. Truth my lord, a thing—that beauty—that—well—I'faith it is not fit you know it; (*aside.*) Now! now! now!

Zuc. Not fit I know it? as thou art baptised tell me, tell me.

Herc. Will you plight your patience to it?

Zuc. Speak, I am a very block; I will not be moved, I am a very block.

Herc. But if you should grow disquiet (as I protest it would make a Saint blaspheme) I should be unwilling to procure your impatience.

Zuc. Ye do burst me, burst me, burst me with longing.

Herc. Nay, faith 'tis no great matter; hark ye, you'll tell no body?

Zuc. Not.

Herc. As you are noble?

Zuc. As I am honest.

Herc. Your lady wife, is apparently with child.

Zuc. With child?

Herc. With child.

Zuc. Fool!

Herc. My Don——

Zuc. With child? by the pleasure of generation I proclaim I lay not with her this——give us patience! give us patience!

Herc. Why? my lord 'tis nothing to wear a fork.

Zuc. Heaven and earth!

Herc. All things under the moon are subject to their mistress' grace; horns? Lend me your ring, my Don; (*He takes Zuccone's ring, puts it on his finger, and then returns it.*) I'll put it on my finger; now 'tis on your's again; why, is the gold now e'er the worse in lustre or fitness?

Zuc. Am I used thus?

Herc. Ay, my lord, true; nay to be, (look ye, mark ye), to be used like a dead ox, to have your own hide pluck'd on, to be drawn on with your own horn, to have the lordship of your father, the honour of your ancestors, maugre your beard, to descend to the base lust of some groom of your stable, or page of your chamber.

Zuc. Oh, Phalaris thy bull!

Sir Amb. Good Don ha' patience, you are not the only cuckold; I would now be separated.

Zuc. 'Las that's but the least drop of the storm of my revenge; I will unlegitimate the issue; what I will do shall be horrible but to think.

Herc. But, sir——

Zuc. But, sir! I will do what a man of my form may do, and—laugh on, laugh on, do Sir Amorous, you have a lady too.

Herc. But my sweet lord——

Zuc. Do not anger me, lest I most dreadfully curse thee, and wish thee married: oh, Zuccone! spit white, spit thy gall out: the only boon I crave of heaven, is but to have my honours inherited by a bastard: I will be most tyrannous, bloodily tyrannous in my revenge, and most terrible in my curses: live to grow blind with lust, senseless with use, loathed after, flattered before, hated always, trusted never, abhorred ever, and last may

she live to wear a foul smock seven weeks together, heaven I beseech thee. [*Exit.*]

Enter ZOYA and POVEA.

Zoya. Is he gone? is he blown off? Now out upon him, unsufferably jealous fool.

Don. Lady.

Zoya. Didst thou give him the fam'd report? does he believe I am with child? does he give faith?

Don. In most sincerity, most sincerely.

Herc. Nay, 'tis a pure fool I can tell ye; he was bred up in Germany*.

Nym. But the laughter rises, that he vows he lay not in your bed this four year with such exquisite protestations.

Zoya. That's most full truth; he hath most unjustly severed his sheets ever since the old Duke Pietro, heaven rest his soul!—

Don. Fie, you may not pray for the dead, 'tis indifferent to them what you say.

Nym. Well said, fool.

Zoya. Ever since the old Duke Pietro, the great devil of hell torture his soul!—

Don. Oh, lady, yet charity.

Zoya. Why? 'tis indifferent to them what you say, fool: but does my lord ravel out? does he fret? for pity of an afflicted lady load him soundly; let him not work clear from vexation; he has the most dishonourably, with the most sinful, most vicious obstinacy, persevered to wrong me,

* A striking instance of the contempt in which the intellectual talents of the Germans were held by their neighbours, is detailed in Robertson's "History of Charles V." vol. iv. p. 68.

that were I not of a male constitution, 'twere impossible for me to survive it; but in madness' name, let him on; I ha' not the weak fence of some of your soft-eyed whimpering ladies, who, if they were used like me, would gall their fingers with wringing their hands, look like bleeding Lucretias, and shed salt water enough to powder all the beef in the duke's larder. No, I am resolved Donna Zoya; ha, that wives were of my metal, I would make these ridiculously jealous fools howl like a starved dog before he got a bit; I was created to be the affliction of such an unsanctified member, and will boil him in his own sirup.

Enter ZUCCONE listening.

Herc. Peace, the wolf's ear takes the wind of us.

Her. The enemy is in ambush.

Zoya. (*Aside to them.*) If any man ha' the wit, now let him talk wantonly, but not bawdily; (*aloud.*) come, gallants, who'll be my servants? I am now very open hearted and full of entertainment.

Herc. Grace me to call you mistress.

Nym. Or me.

Her. Or me.

Sir Amo. Or me.

Zoya. Or all, I am taken with you all, with you all.

Herc. As, indeed, why should any woman only love such a one, since it is reasonable woman should affect all perfection; yea, all should covet many virtues, therefore ladies should covet many men; for as in women, so in men; some

woman hath only a good eye, one can discourse beautifully if she do not laugh, one's well favoured to her nose, another hath only a good brow, t'other a plump lip, a third only holds beauty to the teeth, and there the soil alters ; some peradventure hold good to the breast, and then downward turn like the dreamt-of image, whose head was gold, breast silver, thighs iron, and all beneath clay and earth * ; one only winks eloquently, another only kisses well, t'other only talks well, a fourth only lies well : so in men, one gallant has only a good face ; another has only a grave methodical beard, and is a notable wise fellow until he speaks ; a third only makes water well, and that's a good provoking quality ; one only swears well, another only speaks well, a third only does well, all in their kind good ; goodness is to be affected, therefore they ; it is a base thing, and indeed an impossible, for a worthy mind to be contented with the whole world, but most vile and abject to be satisfied with one point or prick of the world.

Zoya. Excellent ! Faunus, I kiss thee for this, by this hand.

Sir Amo. I thought as well ; kiss me too, dear mistress.

Zoya. No, good Sir Amorous, your teeth have taken rust, your breath wants airing, and indeed I love sound kissing. Come, gallants, who'll run a coranto, or leap a lavolta ?

Herc. Take heed, lady, from offending or bruising the hope of your womb.

* The image alluded to is that described in the Second Chapter of the Book of Daniel.

Zoya. No matter; now I ha' the sleight, or rather the fashion of it, I fear no barrenness.

Herc. Oh, but you know not your husband's aptness.

Zoya. Husband? husband? as if women could have no children without husbands.

Nym. Ay, but then they will not be so, like your husband.

Zoya. No matter, they'll be like their father; 'tis honour enough to my husband that they vouchsafe to call him father, and that his land shall descend to them. (*Aside.*) Does he not gnash his teeth in anguish? *Like our husband!* I had rather they were ungroan'd for; *like our husband!* prove such a melancholy jealous ass as he is? (*Aside.*) Does he not stamp?

Nym. But troth, your husband has a good face.

Zoya. Faith good enough face for a husband: come, gallants, I'll dance to mine own whistle; I am as light now as—ah! a kiss to you; to my sweet free servants; dream on me, and adieu.

[*She sings and dances. Exit Zoya.*]

(*Zuccone discovers himself.*)

Zuc. I shall lose my wits.

Herc. Be comforted, dear Don, you ha' none to lose.

Zuc. My wife is grown like a Dutch crest, always rampant, rampant; 'fore I will endure this affliction I will live by raking cockles out of kennels, nay, I will run my country, forsake my religion, go weave fustians, or roll the wheelbarrow at Rotterdam.

Herc. I would be divorced despite her friends, or the oath of her chamber-maid.

Zuc. Nay, I will be divorced in despite of 'em all, I'll go to law with her.

Herc. That's excellent! nay, I would go to law.

Zuc. Nay, I will go to law.

Herc. Why that's sport alone; what though it be most exacting, wherefore is money?

Zuc. True, wherefore is money?

Herc. What though you shall pay for every quill, each drop of ink, each minnum, letter, tittle, comma, prick, each breath, nay, not only for thine orator's prating, but for some other orator's silence; though thou must buy silence with a full hand, ('tis well known Demosthenes took above two thousand pounds once only to hold his peace) though thou be a man of noble gentry, yet you must wait and besiege his study door, which will prove more hard to be entered than old Troy, for that was gotten into by a wooden horse, but the entrance of this may chance cost thee a whole stock of cattle, *Oves et boves et cætera pecora campi*, though then thou must sit there thrust and contemned bare-headed to a grograin scribe; ready to start up at the door creaking, press to get in, *with your leave, sir*, to some surly groom, the third son of a rope-maker; what of all this?

Zuc. To a resolute mind these torments are not felt.

Herc. A very arrant ass when he is hungry will feed on, though he be whipt to the bones; and shall a very arrant ass, Zuccone, be more virtuously patient than a noble?

Zuc. No, Fawn, the world shall know I have more virtue, than so.

Herc. Do so and be wise.

Zuc. I will I warrant thee; so I may be revenged, what care I what I do?

Herc. Call a dog worshipful.

Zuc. Nay, I will embrace, nay I will embrace a jakes-farmer after eleven o'clock at night; I will stand bare, and give the wall to a bellows-mender; pawn my lordship; sell my footcloth* but I will be revenged; does she think she has married an ass?

Herc. A fool?

Zuc. A coxcomb?

Herc. A ninnyhammer?

Zuc. A woodcock?

Herc. A calf?

Zuc. No, she shall find that I ha' eyes.

Herc. And brain.

Zuc. And nose.

Herc. And forehead.

Zuc. She shall i'faith, Fawn; she shall, she shall, sweet Fawn; she shall i'faith, old boy; it joys my blood to think on't; she shall i'faith: farewell, loved Fawn, sweet Fawn farewell; she shall i'faith, boy. [*Exit Zuccone.*]

Enter GONZAGO and GRANUFFO, with DULCIMEL.

Gon. We would be private, only Faunus stay; he is a wise fellow, daughter, a very wise fellow, for he is still just of my opinion: my Lord Gra-

* A footcloth (says Malone) was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, reaching almost to the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. It is very frequently mentioned by Shakspeare and our ancient dramatic writers.

nuffo, you may likewise stay, for I know you'll say nothing; say on, daughter.

[All quit the stage except Gonzago, Granuffo, Hercules, and Dulcimet.]

Dul. And as I told you, sir, Tiberio being sent, Grac'd in high trust, as to negotiate His royal father's love; if he neglect The honour of this faith, just care of state, And every fortune that gives likelihood To his best hopes, to draw our weaker heart To his own love (as I protest he does)——

Gon. I'll rate* the prince with such a heat of breath

His ears shall glow; nay, I discover'd him,
I read his eyes, as I can read an eye,
Though it speak in darkest characters I can;
Can we not, Fawn? can we not, my lord?

[Hercules and Granuffo assent by bowing.]

Why I conceive you now, I understand you both:
You both admire, yes; say is't not hit?
Though we are old or so, yet we ha' wit.

Dul. And you may say (if so your wisdom please,
As you are truly wise) how weak a creature
Soft woman is to bear the siege and strength
Of so prevailing feature, and fair language,
As that of his is ever: you may add,
(If so your wisdom please, as you are wise)——

Gon. As mortal man may be.

Dul. I am of years apt for his love; and if he
should proceed
In private urgent suit, how easy 'twere
To win my love; for you may say (if so

* The quarto has it *hate*; the emendation is made in the edition of 1633.

Your wisdom please) you find in me
 A very forward passion to enjoy him;
 And therefore you beseech him seriously
 Straight to forbear, with such close cunning art,
 To urge his too well-graced suit: for you
 (If so your lordship please) may say I told you all.

Gon. Go to, go to; what I will say or so,
 Until I say, none but myself shall know.
 But I will say—go to, does my colour rise?
 It shall rise, for I can force my blood
 To come and go, as men of wit and state
 Must sometimes feign their love, sometimes their
 hate.

That's policy now; but come, with this free heat,
 Or this same *Estro** or *Enthusiame*,
 (For these are phrases both poetical)
 Will we go rate the prince, and make him see
 Himself in us; that is our grace and wits,
 Shall show his shapeless folly; vice kneels while
 virtue sits.

Enter TIBERIO.

But see we are prevented; daughter! in:
 It is not fit thyself should hear what I
 Must speak of thy most modest wise, wise mind;
 For thou'rt careful, sober, in all most wise.

[*Exit Dulcimet.*

And indeed our daughter. My Lord Tiberio,
 A horse, but yet a colt, may leave his trot;
 A man, but yet a boy, may well be broke
 From vain addictions; the head of rivers stopp'd,

* The oestrus or gadfly is here meant, which extremely torments cattle in the summer. It is metaphorically used for inspired fury of any kind.

The channel dries; he that doth dread a fire
Must put out sparks, and he who fears a bull
Must cut his horns off when he is a calf;

Principiis obsta, saith a learned man,
Who, tho' he was no duke, yet he was wise,
And had some sense or so.

Tib. What means my lord?

Gon. *Lah, sir, thus men of brain can speak in
clouds,

Which weak eyes cannot pierce; but, my fair lord,
In direct phrase thus; my daughter tells me plain,
You go about with most direct entreats
To gain her love, and to abuse your father;
Oh, my fair lord, will you a youth so bless'd
With rarest gifts of fortune and sweet graces,
Offer to love a young and tender lady,
Will you, I say, abuse your most wise father?
Who tho' he freeze in August, and his calves
Are sunk into his toes, yet may well wed our
daughter

As old as he in wit: will you say
(For by my troth, my lord, I must be plain)
My daughter is but young, and apt to love
So fit a person as your proper self,
(And so she pray'd me tell you;) will you now
Entice her easy breast to abuse your trust,
Her proper honour, and your father's hopes?
I speak no figures, but I charge you check
Your appetite and passions to our daughter
Before it head, nor offer conference
Or seek access, but by, and before us;
What judge you us as weak, or as unwise?

* In the quarto this speech is part of Tiberio's, and the error
is copied into the edition of 1633.

No you shall find that Venice' duke has eyes ;
And so think on't.

[*Exeunt Gonzago and Granuffo.*

Tib. Astonishment and wonder ! what means
this ?

Is the duke sober ?

Herc. Why ha' not you endeavour'd
Courses that have seconded appetite,
And not your honour, or your trust of place ?
Do you not court the lady for yourself ?

Tib. Fawn thou dost love me : if I ha' done so,
'Tis past my knowledge : and I prithee, Fawn,
If thou observ'st I do, I know not what,
Make me to know it ; for by the dear light
I ha' not found a thought that way ; I apt for love ?
Let lazy idleness fill'd full of wine,
Heav'd up with meat, high fed with lustful ease ;
Go doat on colour ; for me, why earth's as sen-
sible* :

I court the lady ? I was not born in Cyprus.

I love ! when ? how ? whom ? think, let us yet
keep

Our reason sound ; I'll think, and think, and sleep.

[*Exit.*

Herc. Amaz'd, even lost in wond'ring, I rest full
Of covetous expectation : I am left
As on a rock, from whence I may discern
The giddy sea of humour flow beneath,
Upon whose back the vainer bubbles float,
And forthwith break ; oh, mighty flattery !

* I have been unusually free in the alteration of this line, which stands, in the original,

“ Go doat on colour, as for me : why earth a sense
I court the lady ? ”

Thou easiest, commonest, and most grateful venom,
 That poisons courts, and all societies,
 How grateful dost thou make me; should one rail
 And come to fear a vice *; beware leg-rings,
 And the turn'd key on thee †; when if softer hand
 Suppling a sore that itches (which should smart)
 Free speech gains foes, base fawnings steal the
 heart;

Swell you imposthum'd members till you burst;
 Since 'tis in vain to hinder, on I'll thrust,
 And when in shame you fall, I'll laugh from hence,
 And cry, *so end all desperate impudence.*

Another's court shall show me where and how
 Vice may be cur'd; for now beside myself,
 Possess'd with almost frenzy, from strong fervour,
 I know I shall produce things mere divine,
 Without immoderate heat, no virtues shine;
 For I speak strong tho' strange, the dews that steep
 Our souls in deepest thoughts are fury and sleep.

[*Exit.*]

* Vide vol. i. p. 310.

† Fetters and imprisonment.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FAUNUS and NYMPHADORO.

Nym. Faith, Fawn, 'tis my humour; the natural son of my sanguine complexion; I am most inforcedly in love with all women, almost affecting them all with an equal flame.

Herc. An excellent justice of an upright virtue; you love all God's creatures with an impartial affection.

Nym. Right, neither am I inconstant to any one in particular.

Herc. Though you love all in general; true, for when you vow a most devoted love to one, you swear not to tender a most devoted love to another; and indeed why should any man overlove any thing? 'tis judgment for a man to love every thing proportionably to his virtue. I love a dog with a hunting pleasure, as he is pleasureable in hunting; my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk, to the goodness of his wing; and my wench——

Nym. How, sweet Fawn, how?

Herc. Why according to her creation; nature made them pretty, toying, idle, fantastic, imperfect creatures; even so I would in justice affect them, with a pretty, toying, idle, fantastic, imperfect affection; and as, indeed, they are only

created for show and pleasure, so would I only love them for show and pleasure.

Nym. Why that's my humour to a very thread, thou dost speak my proper thoughts.

Herc. But, sir, with what possibility can your constitution be so boundlessly amorous as to affect all women of what degree, form, or complexion soever?

Nym. I'll tell thee ; for mine own part, I am a perfect Ovidian, and can with him affect all ; if she be a virgin of a modest eye, shame-faced, temperative aspect, her very modesty inflames me, her sober blushes fires me ; if I behold a wanton, pretty, courtly, petulant ape, I am extremely in love with her, because she is not clownishly rude, and that she assures her love of no ignorant, dull-moving Venus ; be she sourly severe, I think she wittily counterfeits, and I love her for her wit ; if she be learned and censures poets, I love her soul, and for her soul her body ; be she a lady of profest ignorance, oh, I am infinitely taken with her simplicity, I am assured to find no sophistication about her ; be she slender and lean, she's the Greeks' delight ; be she thick and plump, she's the Italian's pleasure ; if she be tall, she's of a goodly form, and will print a fair proportion in a large bed ; if she be short and low, she's nimbly delightful, and ordinarily quick witted ; be she young, she's for mine eye ; be she old, she's for my discourse, as one well knowing ; there's much amiableness in a grave matron ; but be she young or old, lean, fat, short, tall, white, red, brown, nay even black,

my discourse shall find reason to love her, if my means may procure opportunity to enjoy her.

Herc. Excellent! sir; nay if a man were of competent means, were't not a notable delight for a man to have for every month in the year?

Nym. Nay, for every week of the month?

Herc. Nay, for every day of that week?

Nym. Nay, for every hour of that day?

Herc. Nay, for every humour of a man in that hour, to have a several mistress to entertain him; as if he were Saturnine, or melancholy, to have a black-hair'd, pale-faced, sallow-thinking mistress to clip him; if jovial and merry, a sanguine, light-tripping, singing, indeed a mistress that would dance and coranto as she goes to embrace him; if choleric, impatient, or ireful, to have a mistress with red hair, little ferret eyes, a lean cheek, and a sharp nose to entertain him. And so of the rest.

Enter DONETTA.

Nym. Oh, sir, this were too great ambition: well, I love and am beloved of a great many, for I court all in the way of honour, in the trade of marriage, Fawn; but above all, I affect the princess, she's my utmost end. Oh, I love a lady, whose beauty is joined with fortune beyond all; yet one of beauty without fortune for some uses; nay one of fortune without beauty, for some ends; but never any that has neither fortune nor beauty, but for necessity; such a one as this is Donna Donetta. Here's one has loved all the court just once over.

Herc. Oh, this is the fair lady with the foul

teeth; Nature's hand shook when she was in making, for the red that should have spread her cheeks, nature let fall upon her nose; the white of her skin slipt into her eyes; and the gray of her eyes leaped before his time into her hair; and the yellowness of her hair fell without providence into her teeth.

Nym. (*To Donetta.*) By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected; and I speak by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be, than that your only affection shall rest in me, and mine only in you.

Donet. But if you shall love any other?

Nym. Any other? Can any man love any other that knows you, the only perfection of your sex, and astonishment of mankind?

Donet. Fie, you flatter; go wear and understand my favour; this snail's slow, but sure.

Nym. This kiss.

Donet. Farewell.

Nym. The integrity and only vow of my faith to you, ever urged your well deserved requital to me. [*Exit Donetta.*]

Herc. Excellent!

Nym. See here's another of—

Enter GARBETZA.

Herc. Of your most only elected.

Nym. Right; Donna Garbetza.

Herc. Oh, I will acknowledge this is the lady made of cutwork, and all her body like a sand-box; full of holes, and contains nothing but dust; she chooseth her servants as men choose dogs, by the mouth; if they open well and full, their cry

is pleasing; she may be chaste, for she has a bad face, and yet questionless she may be made a strumpet, for she is covetous.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected; and I speak it by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be, than all your affections shall only rest in me, and all mine only in you.

Herc. (*Aside.*) Excellent! this piece of stuff is good on both sides; he is so constant he will not change his phrase.

Gar. But shall I give faith? may you not love another?

Nym. Another? Can any man love another that knows you, the only perfection of your sex, and admiration of mankind?

Gar. Your speech flies too high for your meaning to follow; yet my mistrust shall not precede my experience; I wrought this favour for you.

Nym. The integrity and only vow of my faith to you, ever urged your well deserved requital to me. [*Exit Garbetza.*]

Herc. Why this is pure wit, nay judgment.

Nym. Why look thee, Fawn, observe me.

Herc. I do, sir.

Nym. I do love at this instant some nineteen ladies all in the trade of marriage: now, sir, whose father dies first, or whose portion appeareth most, or whose fortune betters soonest, her with quiet liberty at my leisure will I elect; for if my humour love——

Enter DULCIMEL and PHILOCALIA.

Herc. You profess a most excellent mystery, sir.

Nym. 'Fore heaven, see the princess; she that is——

Herc. Your most only elected too.

Nym. Oh yes, oh yes; but my hope's faint yet. (*To Dul.*) By the vow of my heart you are my most only elected and——

Dul. There's a ship of fools going out, shall I prefer thee, Nymphadoro? Thou mayest be master's mate; my father hath made Dondolo captain, else thou shouldst have his place.

Nym. By Jove, Fawn, she speaks as sharply, and looks as sourly, as if she had been new squeezed out of a crab.

Herc. How term you that lady with whom she holds discourse?

Nym. Oh, Fawn, 'tis a lady even above ambition, and like the vertical sun, that neither forceth others to cast shadows, nor can others force or shade her; her style is Donna Philocalia.

Herc. Philocalia? what that renowned lady whose ample report hath struck wonder into remotest strangers, and yet her worth above that wonder? She whose noble industries hath made her breast rich in true glories, and undying habilities? She that whilst other ladies spend the life of earth, Time, in reading their glass, their jewels, and the shame of poesy lustful sonnets, gives her soul meditations, those meditations wings that cleave the air, fan bright celestial fires,

whose true reflection makes her see herself and them? She whose pity is ever above her envy, loving nothing less than insolent prosperity, and pitying nothing more than virtue destitute of fortune?

Nym. There were a lady for Ferrara's duke; one of great blood, firm age, undoubted honour; above her sex most modestly artful, though naturally modest; too excellent to be left unmatched, though few worthy to match with her.

Herc. I cannot tell, my thoughts grow busy.

Phil. The princess would be private, void the presence. [*Exeunt Herc. and Nym.*]

Dul. May I rest sure thou wilt conceal a secret?

Phil. Yes, madam.

Dul. How may I rest truly assured?

Phil. Truly thus: do not tell it me.

Dul. Why, canst thou not conceal a secret?

Phil. Yes, as long as it is a secret; but when two know it how can it be a secret? and indeed with what justice can you expect secresy in me that cannot be private to yourself?

Dul. Faith, Philocalia, I must of force trust thy silence; for my breast breaks if I confer not my thoughts upon thee.

Phil. You may trust my silence, I can command that; but if I chance to be questioned I must speak truth; I can conceal, but not deny my knowledge; that must command me.

Dul. Fie on these philosophical discoursing women! prithee confer with me like a creature made of flesh and blood, and tell me if it be not a scandal to the soul of all-being proportion, that

I a female of thirteen*, of a lightsome and civil discretion, healthy, lusty, vigorous, full and idle, should for ever be shackled to the crampy shins of a wayward, dull, sour, austere, rough, rheumy, threescore and four.

Phil. Nay, threescore and ten at the least.

Dul. Now heaven bless me ! as it is a pity that every knave is not a fool, so it is a shame that every old man is not, and resteth not a widower. They say in China when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gunpowder. I wonder what men should be done withal when they are past child-getting ; yet, upon my love, Philocalia, (which with ladies is often above their honour) I do even dote upon the best part of the duke.

Phil. What's that?

Dul. His son ; yes sooth, and so love him, that I must marry him.

Phil. And wherefore love him, so to marry him ?

Dul. Because I love him ; and because he is virtuous I love to marry.

Phil. His virtues ?

Dul. Ay, with him his virtues.

Phil. Ay with him ; alas, sweet princess, love or virtue are not of the essence of marriage.

Dul. I rest upon your understanding, I'll maintain that wisdom in a woman is a most foolish quality. A lady of a good complexion, naturally well witted, perfectly bred, and well exercised in discourse of the best men, shall make

* From a passage in the next page I think this should be *fifteen*.

fools of a thousand of these book-thinking creatures; I speak it by way of justification, I tell thee, (look that body eaves-drop us *.) I tell thee I am truly learned, for I protest ignorance; and wise, for I love myself; and virtuous enough for a lady of fifteen.

Phil. How virtuous?

Dul. Shall I speak like a creature of a good healthful blood, and not like one of these weak, green sickness, lean, phthisicy starvelings? First, for the virtue of magnanimity, I am very valiant; for there is no heroic action so particularly noble and glorious to our sex, as not to fall to action; the greatest deed we can do is not to do; (look that nobody listen) then am I full of patience, and can bear more than a sumpter horse; for (to speak sensibly) what burden is there so heavy to a porter's back, as virginity to a well-complexioned young lady's thoughts? (look nobody harken): by this hand the noblest vow is that of virginity, because the hardest; I will have the prince.

Phil. But by what means, sweet madam?

Dul. Oh, Philocalia, in heavy sadness and unwanton phrase, there lies all the brain-work; *by what means?* I could fall into a miserable blank verse presently.

Phil. But, dear madam, your reason of loving him?

Dul. Faith only a woman's reason; because I was expressly forbidden to love him: at the first view I lik'd him; and no sooner had my father's wisdom mistrusted my liking, but I grew loath his judgment should err; I pitied he should

* Vide p. 142.

prove a fool in his old age, and without cause mistrust me.

Phil. But when you saw no means of manifesting your affection to him, why did not your hopes perish?

Dul. Oh, Philocalia, that difficulty only inflames me; when the enterprise is easy, the victory is inglorious; no, let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent father, that can interpret eyes, understand the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of dogs, and the conference of cats, that can read even silence; let him forbid all interviews, all speeches, all tokens, all messages, all (as he thinks) human means; I will speak to the prince, court the prince, that he shall understand me; nay, I will so stalk on the blind side of my all-knowing father's wit, that do what his wisdom can, he shall be my only mediator, my only messenger, my only honourable spokesman; he shall carry my favours, he shall amplify my affection; nay, he shall direct the prince the means, the very way to my bed; he and only he, when he only can do this, and only would not do this, he only shall do this.

Phil. Only you shall then deserve such a husband: oh, love, how violent are thy passages!

Dul. Pish, Philocalia, 'tis against the nature of love not to be violent.

Phil. And against the condition of violence to be constant.

Dul. Constancy? constancy and patience are virtues in no living creatures but centinels and anglers: here's our father.

[*They retire to the back of the stage.*]

Enter GONZAGO, HERCULES, and GRANUFFO.

Gon. What did he think to walk invisibly before our eyes? an he had Gyges' ring I would find him*.

Herc. 'Fore Jove you rated him with emphasis.

Gon. Did we not shake the prince with energy?

Herc. With Ciceronian elocution.

Gon. And most pathetic piercing oratory.

Herc. If he have any wit in him, he will make sweet use of it.

Gon. Nay, he shall make sweet use of it ere I have done; lord, what overweening fools these young men be, that think us old men sots.

Herc. Arrant asses.

Gon. Doting idiots; when we God wot, ha! ha! 'las silly souls!

Herc. Poor weak creatures to men of approved reach.

Gon. Full years.

Herc. Of wise experience.

Gon. And approved wit.

Herc. Nay as for your wit——

Gon. Count Granuffo, as I live this Faunus is a rare understander of men, is a not? Faunus, this Granuffo is a right wise good lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speaks; his signs to me, and men of profound reach, instruct abun-

* The story told by Plato of Gyges' celebrated ring is too well known to need here particular notice. Beaumont and Fletcher refer to it in the "Fair Maid of the Inn:"

"Why did you think that you had Gyges' ring,

Or th' herb that gives invisibility?"

dantly; he begs suits with signs, gives thanks with signs, puts off his hat leisurely, maintains his beard learnedly, keeps his lust privately, makes a nodding leg courtly, and lives happily.

Herc. Silence is an excellent modest grace; but especially before so instructing a wisdom, as that of your excellency's; as for his advancement, you gave it most royally, because he deserves it least duly; since to give to virtuous desert, is rather a due requital than a princely magnificence, when to undeservingness it is merely all bounty and free grace.

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough; Don Granuffo, this Faunus is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent courtier, and beloved of most of the princes of Christendom I can tell you; for howsoever some severer dissembler grace him not when he affronts him in the full face; yet if he comes behind, or on the one side, he'll leer and put back his head upon him*; be sure, be you two precious to each other.

Herc. Sir, myself, my family, my fortunes, are all devoted, I protest, most religiously to your service. I vow my whole self only proud in being acknowledged by you, but as your creature; and my only utmost ambition is, by my sword or soul to testify how sincerely I am consecrated to your adoration.

* The meaning is, that *flattery* is so universally acceptable, that though some pretend to dislike it, when it is too gross and direct, yet if it be artfully covered, or indirectly offered, they who seem to hate it most will smile upon and countenance him who offers it. A passage in the conclusion of Scene I. of the "Woman Hater" of Beaumont and Fletcher, printed 1607, bears a considerable resemblance to this.

Gon. 'Tis enough ; art a gentleman, Fawn ?

Herc. Not uneminently descended ; for were the pedigrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would be secretly found to be of the blood of the poor Fawn.

Gon. 'Tis enough ; you two I love heartily ; for thy silence never displeaseth me, nor thy speech ever offend me. (*Dulcimet comes forward.*) See our daughter attends us ; my fair, my wise, my chaste, my duteous, and indeed, in all my daughter—(for such a pretty soul, for all the world have I been) ; what I think we have made the prince to feel his error ? what did he think he had weak fools in hand ? No, he shall find, as wisely said Lucullus, Young men are fools, that go about to gull us.

Dul. But sooth, my wisest father, the young prince is yet forgetful, and resteth resolute in his much unadvised love.

Gon. Is't possible ?

Dul. Nay I protest whate'er he feign to you, (as he can feign most deeply)——

Gon. Right, we know it ; for if you marked, he would not once take sense of any such intent from him : oh, impudence ! what mercy canst thou look for ?

Dul. And as I said, royally wise, and wisely royal father——

Gon. I think that eloquence is hereditary.

Dul. Though he can feign, yet I presume your sense is quick enough to find him——

Gon. Quick ? is't not, Granuffo ? Is't not, Fawn* ?

* In the original this is erroneously printed,

“ *Gon.* Quick, is't not ?

Gran. Is't not, Fawn ?”

Why, I did know he feigned; nay, I do know (by the just sequence of such impudence) that he hath laid some second siege unto thy bosom, with most miraculous conveyances of some rich present to thee.

Dul. O bounteous heaven! how liberal are your graces to my Nestor-like father.

Gon. Is't not so? say.

Dul. 'Tis so, oraculous father; he hath now more than courted with bare phrases.

See, father, see the very bane of honour,
Corruption of justice and virginity;
Gifts hath he left with me; Oh view this scarf!
This, as he call'd it, most envied silk,
That should embrace an arm, or waist, or side,
Which he much fear'd should never—this he left,
Despite my much resistance.

Gon. Did he so? giv't me, I'll giv't him; I'll regive his token with so sharp advantage—

Dul. Nay, my worthy father, read but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters? where?

[*Opens the letter and reads.*
*Prove you but justly loving and conceive me,
Till justice leave the gods I'll never leave thee;
For tho' the duke seem wise, he'll find this strain,
Where two hearts find consent, all thwarting's vain;
And darest thou then aver this writ?
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit!*

Enter TIBERIO.

Dul. But other talk for us were far more fit,
For see here comes the Prince Tiberio.

Gon. Daughter, upon thy obedience, instantly take thy chamber.

Dul. Dear father, in all duty, let me beseech your leave, that I may but——

Gon. Go to, go to, you are a simple fool, a very simple animal.

Dul. Yet let me be the loyal servant of simplicity.

Gon. What would you do? what are you wiser than your father? will you direct me?

Dul. Heavens forbid such insolence; yet let me denounce my hearty hatred.

Gon. To what end?

Dul. Tho' it be but in the prince's ear; since fit's not maidens' blush to rail aloud.

Gon. Go to, go to.

Dul. Let me check his heat.

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him down, dear father, from his full pride of hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more go in.

[*Exit Dul. and Phil.*

I will not lose the glory of reproof.

Is this th' office of ambassadors, my lord Tiberio,

Nay duty of a son, nay piety of a man,

(*Aside.*) (A figure called in Art, *gradatio*,

With some learned, *climax*) to court a royal lady

For's master, father, or perchance his friend,

And yet intend the purchase of such beauty

To his own use?

Tib. Your grace doth much amaze me.

Gon. I feign, dissemble; 'las, we are now grown old,

Weak sighted; alas, any one fools us.

Tib. I deeply vow, my lord——

Gon. Peace, be not damn'd, have pity on your soul.

I confess, sweet prince, for you to love my daughter,
Young and witty, of equal mixture both of mind
and body,

Is neither wondrous nor unnatural;
Yet to forswear and vow against one's heart,
Is full of base, ignoble cowardice,
Since 'tis most plain such speeches do contemn
Heaven and fearmen, (*aside*) that's sententious now.

Tib. My gracious lord, if I unknowingly have
err'd——

Gon. *Unknowingly*? Can you blush, my lord?
Unknowingly? Why, can you write these lines,
[*Gives him a letter.*

Present this scarf *unknowingly*, my lord,
To my dear daughter? um, *unknowingly*?
Can you urge your suit, prefer your gentlest love,
In your own right, to her too easy breast,
That, God knows, takes too much compassion
on ye,

(And so she pray'd me say) *unknowingly*, my lord?
If you can act these things *unknowingly*,
Know we can know your actions so *unknown*:
For we are old, I will not say in wit,
(For every just worth must not approve itself),
But take your scarf, for she vows she'll not wear it.

Tib. Nay, but my lord——

Gon. Nay, but my lord, my lord,
You must take it, wear it, keep it;
For by the honour of our house and blood,
I will deal wisely and be provident;
Your father shall not say I pandaris'd,
Or fondly wink'd at your affection;

No, we'll be wise ; this night our daughter yields
 Your father's answer ; this night we invite
 Your presence therefore to a feastful waking ;
 To-morrow to Ferrara you return
 With wished answer to your royal father ;
 Meantime as you respect our best relation
 Of your fair bearing, (*aside.*) (Granuffo, is't not
 good?)

Of your fair bearing, rest more anxious ;
 (*Aside.*) (No, anxious is not a good word), rest
 more vigilant

Over your passion, both forbear and bear ;
Anechon, epechon, that's Greek to you now,
 Else your youth shall find
 Our nose not stuff'd, but we can take the wind,
 And smell you out ; I say no more but thus,
 And smell you out ; what, ha' not we our eyes,
 Our nose and ears ? what, are these hairs unwise ?
 Look to't—*quos ego**—(*aside*) a figure called
Aposiopesis or *Increpatio*.

Exeunt Gon. and Gran.

*Tib. (Reads.) Prove you but justly loving and
 conceive me,*

Justice shall leave the gods before I leave thee :

(*Aside.*) Imagination prove as true as thou art
 sweet,

*And though the duke seem wise, he'll find this strain,
 When two hearts yield consent, all thwarting's vain.*

* *Quos ego* is a well-known passage in the "First Book of the Æneid," where Neptune threatens the winds with punishment for the commotions raised in the sea without his leave. It is a very striking instance of the figure *Aposiopesis*, where a person through anger or some other passion, breaks off his speech abruptly, and yet so as to be understood.

Oh quick, deviceful, strong-brain'd Dulcimer,
 Thou art too full of wit to be a wife:
 Why dost thou love, or what strong heat gave life
 To such faint hopes? O woman, thou art made
 Most only of, and for deceit; thy form
 Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
 Our ears, our hearts, and sometimes of our hands;
 Hypocrisy and vanity brought forth,
 Without male heat, thy most most monstrous being;
 Shall I abuse my royal father's trust,
 And make myself a scorn, the very food
 Of rumour infamous? Shall I, that ever loath'd
 A thought of woman, now begin to love
 My worthy father's right? break faith to him that
 got me,
 To get a faithless woman?

Herc. True, my worthy lord, your grace is
vere pius.

Tib. To take from my good father
 The pleasure of his eyes, and of his hands
 Imaginary solace of his fading life?

Herc. His life that only lives to your sole good?

Tib. And myself good, his life's most only end.

Herc. Which oh may never end!

Tib. Yes, Fawn, in time; we must not pre-
 scribe to nature every thing: there's some end in
 every thing.

Herc. But in a woman; yet as she is a wife,
 she is

Oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shall, I say——

Herc. Shall you, I say, confound your own
 fair hopes,
 Cross all your course of life, make yourself vain:

To your once steady graveness, and all to second
 The ambitious quickness of a monstrous love,
 That's only out of difficulty borne,
 And followed only for the miracle
 In the obtaining? I would ha' ye now
 Tell her father all.

Tib. Uncompassionate vile man!
 Shall I not pity, if I cannot love?
 Or rather shall I not for pity love,
 So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beauty,
 That with such rarest art and cunning means
 Intreats? (what I think valueless, and not
 Worthy) but to grant my admiration:
 Are fathers to be thought on in our loves?

Herc. True, right sir,
 Fathers are friends, a crown and love hath none,
 But all are allied to themselves alone*:
 Your father, I may boldly say, he's an ass,
 To hope that you'll forbear to swallow
 What he cannot chew; nay 'tis injustice truly,
 For him to judge it fit, that you should starve,
 For that which only he can feast his eyes withal,
 And not digest.

Tib. Oh, Fawn, what man of so cold earth
 But must love such a wit in such a body?
 Thou last and only rareness of heaven's works,
 From best of man made model of the gods,
 Divinest woman! thou perfection
 Of all proportion's beauty, made when Jove was
 blithe,
 Well fill'd with Nectar, and full friends with man,

* Probably our poet had a view to the adage,
*"Non bene convenient, nec in unâ sede
 Morantur majestas, et amor."*

Thou dear as air, necessary as sleep
To careful man, woman; Oh, who can sin so
deeply,
As to be curs'd from knowing of the pleasures,
Thy soft society, modest amorousness,
Yields to our tedious life? Fawn,
The duke shall not know this.

Herc. Unless you tell him; but what hope can
live in you,
When your short stay, and your most shortened
conference,
(Not only actions, but even looks observ'd)
Cut off all possibilities of obtaining?

Tib. Tush, Fawn, to violence of womens' love
and wit,
Nothing but not obtaining is impossible,
Notumque furens quid fœmina possit.

Herc. But then how rest you to your father
true?

Tib. To him that only can give dues, she rests
most due. [*Exit.*]

Herc. Even so; he that with safety would well
lurk in courts,
To best elected ends, of force is wrung,
To keep broad eyes, soft feet, long ears, and most
short tongue.
For 'tis of knowing creatures the main art,
To use quick hams, wide arms, and most close
heart.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter HERCULES *and* GARBETZA.

Herc. Why 'tis a most well in fashion affection, Donna Garbetza; your knight, Sir Amorous, is a man of a most unfortunate back, spits white, has an ill breath, and at three after dinner goes to the bath, takes the diet, nay, which is more, takes tobacco, therefore with great authority you may cuckold him.

Gar. I hope so; but would that friend, my brother, discover me? would he wrong himself to prejudice me?

Herc. No prejudice, dear Garbetza; his brother's your husband; right; he cuckolds his eldest brother; true; he gets you with child; just.

Gar. Sure there's no wrong in right, true, and just.

Herc. And indeed since the virtue of procreation growing hopeless in your husband, to whom should you rather commit your love and honour to, than him that is most like and near your husband, his brother? But are you assured your friend and brother rests entirely constant solely to you?

Gar. To me? Oh, Fawn, let me sigh it with joy into thy bosom; my brother has been wooed by this, and that, and t'other lady, to entertain them (for I have seen their letters), but his vow to me, oh Fawn! is most immutable, unfeigning, peculiar, and indeed deserved.

Enter PUTTOTTA and a Page, PUTTOTTA with a Letter in her Hand.

Put. Never entreat me, never beseech me, to have pity forsooth on your master, Master Herod: let him never be so daringly ambitious as to hope with all his vows and protestations to gain my affection; gods, my discretion! Has my sutlery, tapstry, laundry, made me be ta'en up at the court, prefer'd me to a husband, and have I advanc'd my husband with the labour of mine own body, from the blackguard, to be one of the duke's drummers; to make him one of the court gallants; can tell who wears perfumes, who plasters; and for why; know who's a gallant of a chaste shirt; I become! or dares you master think I will become! or if I become, presumes your master to hope I would become one of his common feminines? no! let Master Herod brag of his brother's wife, I scorn his letters, and her leavings at my heel, i'faith, and so tell him.

Page. Nay softly*, dear Puttotta, Mistress Puttotta, Madam Puttotta! O be merciful to my languishing master; he may in time grow a great and well-grac'd courtier; for he wears green already; mix therefore your loves; as for Madam Garbetza, his brother's wife, you see what he writes there.

Put. I must confess he says she is a spiny, green creature, of an unwholesome barren blood, and cold embrace; a bony thing of most unequal hips, uneven eyes, ill-rank'd teeth, and indeed

* The original reads *costly*, to which I could give no sort of meaning suited to the passage.

one, but that she hires him, he endures not; yet, for all this, does he hope to dishonest me? I am for his betters, I would he should know it, for more by many than my husband; know I am a woman of a known, sound, and upright carriage; and so he shall find if he deal with me, and so tell him I pray you: what, does he hope to make me one of his gills, his punks, polecats, flirts, and feminines?

[*Exit. As Puttotta goes out she flings away the letter, the Page puts it up; and as he is talking, Hercules steals it out of his pocket.*]

Page. Alas, my miserable master, what suds art thou wash'd into; thou art born to be scorn'd of every carted community*, and yet he'll outcrack a German when he is drunk, or a Spaniard after he hath eaten a Fumatho, that he has lay'n with that, and that, and t'other lady; that he lay last night in such a maiden's chamber, t'other night he lay'd in such a countess's couch, to night he lies in such a lady's closet; when poor I know all this while he lied in his throat.

[*Exit.*]
Herc. Madam, let me sigh it in your bosom; how immutable, and unfeigning, and indeed——

Gar. Fawn, I will undo him; rascal! he shall starve for any further maintenance.

Herc. You may make him come to the covering and recovering of his old doublets.

Gar. He was in fair hope of proving heir to his elder brother, but he has gotten a child.

* *Id est*, by every strumpet who has been publicly whipped as such at the cart's tail.

Herc. So, you withdrawing your favour, his present means fail him; and by getting you with child, his future means for ever rest despairful to him.

Gar. O heaven! that I could curse him beneath damnation; impudent varlet! by my reputation, Fawn, I only loved him, because I thought I only did not love him; but as he vowed infinite beauties doated on him*; alas, I was a simple country lady, wore gold buttons, trunck sleeves, and flaggon bracelets; in this state of innocence was I brought up to the court.

Herc. And now instead of country innocency, have you got court honesty: well, madam, leave your brother to my placing, he shall have a special cabin in the ship of fools.

Gar. Right; remember he hath got his elder brother's wife with child, and so deprived himself of the inheritance.

Herc. That will follow him under hatches, I warrant you.

Gar. And so depriv'd himself of inheritance; dear Fawn, be my champion.

Herc. The very scourge of your most basely offending brother.

Gar. Ignoble villain! that I might but see thee wretched without pity and recovery: well!

[*Exit.*

Enter HEROD *and* NYMPHADORO.

Herc. Stand; Herod, you are full met, sir.

Her. But not met full, sir; I am as gaunt as a

* Because I thought he was admired by every lady except myself.

hunting gelding after three train'd scents; 'fore Venus's fan I have been shelling of peasecods; upon a fair Madonna have I this afternoon grafted the forked tree.

Herc. Is't possible?

Her. Possible! fie on this satiety, 'tis a dull, blunt, weary, and drowsy passion; who would be a proper fellow to be thus greedily devoured and swallowed among ladies? faith 'tis my torment, my very rack.

Herc. Right, Herod, true; for imagine all a man possess were a perpetual pleasure, like that of generation, even in the highest lusciousness; he straight sinks as unable to bear so continual, so pure, so universal a sensuality.

Her. By even truth 'tis very right; and for my part would I were eunuch'd rather than thus suck'd away with kisses, enfeebling dalliance, and—oh the falling sickness on them all! why did reasonable nature give so strange, so rebellious, so tyrannous, so insatiate parts of appetite, to so weak a governess as woman?

Herc. Or why, O custom! didst thou oblige them to modesty, such cold temperance, that they must be wooed by men, courted by men? Why all know, they are more full of strong desires, those desires more impatient of delay or hindrance, they have more unruly passions than men, and weaker reason to temper those passions than men.

Nym. Why then hath not the discretion of nature thought it just, (customary coyness, old fashions, terms of honour and of modesty, forsooth, all laid aside) they court not us, beseech not us, rather

for sweets of love, than we them? why, by Janus, women are but men turned the wrong side outward.

Herc. Oh, sir, nature is a wise workman, she knows right well that if women should woo us to the act of love, we should be utterly shamed; how often should they take us unprovided when they are always ready.

Her. Ay, sir; right, sir; to some few such unfortunate handsome fellows as myself am, to my grief I know it——

Herc. Why here are two perfect creatures; the one Nymphadoro, loves all; and my Herod here enjoys all.

Her. Faith, some score or two of ladies, or so, ravish me among them, divide my presence, and would engross me, were I indeed such an ass as to be made a monopoly of: look, sirrah, (*shows a letter*) what a vile hand one of them writes; who would ever take this for a *d*, dearest, or read this for only, *only dearest*.

Herc. Here's a lie indeed.

Her. True, but here's another much more legible; a good secretary: (*reads*). *My most affected Herod, the utmost ambition of my hopes, and only——*

Herc. There is one lie better shap'd by odds.

Her. Right; but here's a lady's Roman hand to me is beyond all: look ye, (*reads*.) *To her most elected servant and worthy friend, Herod Baldonzozo, esquire; I believe thou knowest what countess's hand this is; I'll show thee another.*

Herc. No, good Herod, I'll show thee one

now : (*reads.*) *To his most elected mistress and worthy laundress, divine Mistress Puttotta, at her tent in the wood-yard, or elsewhere, give these.*

Her. Prithee ha' silence, what's that?

Herc. *If my tears, or vows, my doublest protestations on my knees——*

Her. Good, hold!

Herc. *Fair and only loved laundress——*

Her. Forbear, I beseech thee!

Herc. *Might move thy stony heart to take pity on my sighs——*

Her. Do not shame me to the day of judgment!

Herc. *Alas, I write in passion; alas, thou knowest besides my loathed sister thou art——*

Her. For the Lord's sake!

Herc. *The only hope of my pleasure, the only pleasure of my hopes, be pleas'd therefore to——*

Her. Cease, I beseech thee.

Herc. Pish! ne'er blush, man, 'tis an uncourtly quality; as for thy lying, as long as there is policy in't, it is very passable; wherefore has heaven given man tongue but to speak to a man's own glory? He that cannot swell bigger than his natural skin, nor seem to be in more grace than he is, has not learned the very rudiments, or A, B, C, of courtship.

Her. Upon my heart, Fawn, thou pleasest me to the soul; why look ye; for mine own part I must confess——

Enter DONDOLO.

See here's the duke's fool.

Don. Aboard! aboard! aboard! all manner

of fools of court, city, or country, of what degree, sex or nature.

Her. Fool——

Don. Herod.

Her. What, are you full freighted? is your ship well fool'd?

Don. Oh 'twas excellently throng'd full; a justice of the peace, though he had been one of the illiterate asses in the country, could hardly ha' got a hanging cabin. Oh, we had first some long fortunate great politicians, that were so sottishly paradised, as to think when popular hate seconded princes' displeasure to them, any unmerited violence could seem to the word injustice; some purple fellows, whom chance reared, and their own deficiencies of spirit hurled down; we had some courtiers that ore-bought their offices, and yet durst fall in love; priests that forsook their functions to avoid a thwart stroke with a wet finger. But now, alas, Fawn, now there's place and place.

Herc. Why how 'gat all these forth? was not the warrant strong?

Don. Yes, yes; but they got a supersedeas; all of them proved themselves either knaves or madmen, and so were all let go; there's none left now in our ship but a few citizens that let their wives keep their shop-books, some philosophers, and a few critics; one of which critics has lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of Plautus' verses; another has vowed to get the consumption of the lungs, or to leave to posterity the true orthography and pronunciation of laughing; a third hath melted a great deal of suet, worn out

his thumbs with turning, read out his eyes, and studied his face out of a sanguine into a meagre, spawling*, phlegmy loathsomeness, and all to find but why *mentula* should be the feminine gender, since the rule is in *propriaque maribus tribuunter mascula dicas*. These philosophers, critics, and all the maids we could find at sixteen, are all our freight now.

Herc. Oh, then your ship of fools is full?

Nym. True, the maids at seventeen fill it.

Don. Fill it, quoth you? alas, we have very few, and these we were fain to take up in the country too.

Herc. But what philosophers ha' ye?

Don. Oh very strange fellows; one knows nothing, dares not aver he lives, goes, sees, feels†.

Nym. A most insensible philosopher.

Don. Another that there is no present time; and that one man to-day, and to-morrow is not the same man; so that he that yesterday owed money, to-day owes none, because he is not the same man ‡.

Her. Would that philosophy would hold good in law.

Herc. But why has the duke thus laboured to have all the fools shipp'd out of his dominions?

* "Spawling," spitting: the word is found in the "Puritan; or, Widow of Watling Street:" "He shall not be brought up with so little manners, to spit and *spawl* o' th' floor."

† The Sceptics or Pyrrhonians are here alluded to; the sect is very pleasantly ridiculed in "Le Mariage Forcé" of Moliere, Scene V.

‡ The reader who wishes for information on this nice subject, may find it in Locke's "Chapter on Identity and Diversity," and in his masterly defence of his opinions in his "Second Reply to the Bishop of Worcester."

Don. Marry, because he would play the fool himself alone without any rival.

Herc. Ware your breech, fool.

Don. I warrant thee old lad ; 'tis the privilege of poor fools to talk before an intelligencer ; marry, if I could fool myself into a lordship, as I know some ha' fool'd themselves out of a lordship, were I grown some huge fellow, and got the leer of the people upon me, if the fates had so decreed it, I should talk treason though I ne'er opened my lips.

Herc. *In fatis agimur, cedite fatis* ; but how runs rumour ? what breath's strongest in the palace now ? I think you know all.

Don. Yes, we fools think we know all ; the prince hath audience to-night, is feasted, and after supper is entertained with no comedy, mask, or barriers, but with——

Nym. What I prithee ?

Her. What I prithee ?

Don. With a most new and special shape of delight.

Nym. What, for Jove's sake ?

Don. Marry gallants, a session, a general council of love, summon'd in the name of Don Cupid ; to which, upon pain of their mistress' displeasure, shall appear all favour-wearers, sonnet-mongers, health-drinkers, and neat enrichers* of barbers and perfumers ; and to conclude, all that can wighee and wag the tail, are, upon grievous pains of their back, summon'd to be assistant in that session of love.

Herc. Hold, hold, do not pall the delight be-

* The original reads, " in riches."

fore it come to our palate ; and what other rumour keeps air on mens' lungs ?

Don. Other egregiousness of folly? ha' you not heard of Don Zuccone ?

Nym. What of him, good fool ?

Don. He is separated.

Nym. Divorced ?

Don. That salt, that criticism, that very all epigram of a woman, that analysis, that compendium of witness——

Nym. Now Jesu, what words the fool has.

Don. We have still such words, but I will not unshake the jest before it be ripe ; and therefore kissing your worship's fingers in most sweet terms without any sense, and with most fair looks without any good meaning, I most courtlike take my leave, *basilus manus de vostro Signioria.*

Her. Stay, fool, we'll follow thee, for 'fore heaven we must prepare ourselves for this cession. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZUCCONE hastily ; followed by ZOYA attended by other Ladies ; she falls upon her Knees to him.

Zuc. I will have no mercy, I will not relent ; Justice's beard is shaven, and it shall give thee no hold ; I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zoya. Dear, my lord, husband——

Zuc. Hence, creature ! I am none of thy husband, or father of thy bastard ; no, I will be tyrannous, and a most deep revenger, the order shall stand ; ha, thou quean, I have no wife now.

Zoya. Sweet, my lord.

Zuc. Hence ! avaunt ! I will marry a woman

with no womb, a creature with two noses, a wench with no hair, rather than remarry thee; nay, I will first marry, (mark me) I will first marry, (observe me) I will rather marry a woman that with thirst drinks the blood of man; nay, (heed me) a woman that will thrust in crowds, a lady that being with child, ventures the hope of her womb, nay, gives two crowns for a room to behold a goodly man, three parts alive, quartered, his privities hackled off, his belly launched up*; nay, I'll rather marry a woman to whom these smoking, hideous, bloodfull, horrid, though most just spectacles, are very lust, rather than reaccept thee. Was I not a handsome fellow from my foot to my feather? had I not wit? nay, which is more, was I not a Don, and didst thou *Acteon* me? did I not make thee a lady?

Herc. And did she not make you a more worshipful thing, a cuckold?

Zuc. I married thee in the hope of children.

Herc. And has not she showed herself fruitful, that was got with child without help of her husband?

Zuc. Ha, thou ungrateful, immodest, unwise, and that—God's my witness! I ha' lov'd—but go thy ways, twist with whom thou wilt for my part—thou hast spun a fair thread—who'll kiss thee now, who'll court thee now, who'll ha' thee now?

Zoya. Pity the frailty of my sex, sweet lord.

Zuc. No, pity is a fool, and I will not wear his coxcomb; I have vowed to loathe thee; the Irish-

* This is almost exactly taken from the sentence pronounced on those who are convicted on high treason.

man shall hate *aqua vitæ*, the Welchman cheese, the Dutchman shall loathe salt butter before I re-love thee: does the babe pule? thou shouldst ha' cry'd before, 'tis too late now; no; the trees in autumn shall sooner call back the spring with shedding of their leaves, than thou reverse my just irrevocable hatred with thy tears; away! go! vaunt!

[*Exit Zoya and the ladies.*]

Herc. Nay, but most of this is your fault, that for many years, only upon mere mistrust, sever'd your body from your lady, and in that time gave opportunity, turn'd a jealous ass, and hir'd some to try and tempt your lady's honour, whilst she with all possible industry of apparent merit, was diverting your unfortunate suspicion.

Zuc. I know't, I confess; all this I did, and I do glory in't, why? cannot a young lady for many months keep honest? no; I misthought it; my wife had wit, beauty, health, good birth, fair clothes, and a passing body; a lady of rare discourse, quick eye, sweet language, alluring behaviour, and exquisite entertainment. I misthought it, I feared, I doubted, and at the last I found it out; I praise my wit, I knew I was a cuckold.

Herc. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True, Fawn; you shall read of few dunces that have had such a wit, I can tell you; and I found it out, and I was a cuckold.

Herc. Which now you have found, you will not be such an ass as Cæsar, great Pompey, Lucullus, Anthony, or Cato, and divers other Romans, cuckolds, who all knew it, and yet were ne'er divorc'd upon't; or like that smith-god, Vul-

can, who having taken his wife, yet was presently appeased, and entreated to make an armour for a bastard of hers.

Zuc. No, the Romans were asses, and thought that a woman might mix her thigh with a stranger wantonly, and yet still love her husband matrimonially.

Herc. As indeed they say, a many married men lye sometimes with strange women, whom, but for the instant use, they abhor.

Zuc. And as for Vulcan, 'twas humanity more than human; such excess of goodness for my part shall only belong to the gods.

Herc. As for you——

Zuc. As for me, my Fawn, I am a bachelor now.

Herc. But you are a cuckold still, and one that knows himself to be a cuckold.

Zuc. Right, that's it, an I knew it not, 'twere nothing; and if I had not pursued it too, it had laid in oblivion, and shadowed in doubt, but now I ha' blaz'd it.

Herc. The world shall know what you are.

Zuc. True, I'll pocket up no horns, but my revenge shall speak in thunder.

Herc. Indeed I must confess I know twenty are cuckolds, and decently and stately enough; a worthy gallant spirit (whose virtue suppresseth his mishap) is lamented but not disesteemed by it: yet the world shall know——

Zuc. I am none of those silent coxcombs; it shall.

Herc. And although it be no great part of injustice for him to be struck with the scabbard,

that has struck with the blade, (for there is few of us but hath made some one cuckold or other)——

Zuc. True, I ha' don't myself.

Herc. Yet——

Zuc. Yet I hope a man of wit may prevent his own mishap; or if he cannot prevent it——

Herc. Yet——

Zuc. Yet make it known, yet, and so known, that the world may tremble with only thinking of it. Well, Fawn, whom shall I marry now? O heaven! that God made for a man no other means of procreation, and maintaining the world peopled, but by women! oh, that we could get one another with child, Fawn, or like flies procreate with blowing, or any other way than by a woman! by women who have no reason in their love, or mercy in their hate; no rule in their pity, no pity in their revenge, no judgment to speak, and yet no patience to hold their tongues; man's opposite, the more held down they swell, above them nought but *will*, beneath them nought but *hell**.

Herc. Or that since heaven hath given us no other means to allay our furious appetite, no other way of increasing our progeny; since we must entreat and beg for assuagement of our passions, and entertainment of our affections, why did not heaven make us a nobler creature than women to sue unto? some admirable deity of an uncorruptible beauty, that might be worth our knees, the expence of our heat, and the crinkling of our——

Zuc. But that we must court, sonnet, flatter,

* The conclusion might have been originally a couplet.

bribe, kneel, sue, to so feeble and imperfect, inconstant, idle, vain, hollow bubble, as woman is. Oh, my fate!

Herc. Oh, my lord, look who here comes.

Enter ZOYA supported by a Gentleman Usher; followed by HEROD and NYMPHADORO with much State, soft Music playing.

Zuc. Death o' man! is she delivered?

Her. Delivered? yes, O my Don, delivered? Yes, Donna Zoya, the grace of society, the music of sweetly agreeing perfection, more clearly chaste than ice or frozen rain, that glory of her sex, that wonder of wit, that beauty more fresh than any cool and trembling wind, that now only wish of a man, is delivered, is delivered.

Zuc. How?

Her. From Don Zuccone, that dry scaliness, that sarpego, that barren drouth, and shame of all humanity.

Zoya. What fellow's that?

Nym. Don Zuccone, your sometime husband.

Enter PHILOCALIA.

Zoya. Alas, poor creature!

Phil. The princess prays your company.

Zoya. I wait upon her pleasure.

[All but Herc. Zuc. Her. and Nym. depart.]

Zuc. Gentlemen, why hazard you your reputation in shameful company with such a branded creature?

Her. Miserable man! whose fortune were beyond tears to be pitied, but that thou art the

ridiculous author of thine own laugh'd at mischief.

Zuc. Without paraphrase your meaning?

Nym. Why thou woman's fool!

Zuc. Good gentlemen let one die but once.

Her. Wert not thou most curstfully mad, to sever thyself from such an unequalled rarity?

Zuc. Is she not a strumpet? Is she not with child?

Nym. Yes, with feathers.

Herc. Why weakness of reason, couldst not perceive all was feign'd to be rid of thee?

Zuc. Of me?

Nym. She with child! untrod snow is not so spotless.

Her. Chaste as the first voice of a new-born infant.

Herc. Know, she grew loathing of thy jealousy.

Nym. Thy most pernicious curiosity.

Herc. Whose suspicions made her unimitable graces motive of thy base jealousy.

Her. Why, beast of man!

Nym. Wretched above expression! that snoredst over a beauty which thousands desired; neglectedst her bed, for whose enjoying a very saint would have sued.

Herc. Defamed her.

Her. Suggested privily against her.

Nym. Gave foul language publicly of her.

Herc. And now lastly hast done that for her which she only prayed for, and wish'd as wholesome air for, namely, to be freed from such an unworthy——

Her. Senseless——

Nym. Injurious——

Herc. Malicious——

Her. Suspicious——

Nym. Misshaped——

Herc. Ill-languaged——

Her. Unworthy——

Nym. Ridiculous——

Herc. Jealous——

Her. Arch coxcomb as thou art.

[*Exeunt Nym. and Her.*

Zuc. Oh I am sick! my blood has the cramp, my stomach o'erturns: oh, I am very sick!

Herc. Why, my sweet Don, you are no cuckold.

Zuc. That's the grief on't, Hercules; that's the grief on't; that I ha' wrong'd so sweet (and now in my knowledge) so delicate a creature; oh, methinks I embrace her yet!

Herc. Alas, my lord, you have done her no wrong, no wrong in the world; you have done her pleasure, a great pleasure; a thousand gentlemen, nay dukes will be proud to accept your leavings, your leavings; now is she courted, this heir sends her jewels, that lord proffers her jointers, t'other knight proclaims challenges to maintain her, the only (not beautiful but very) beauty of women.

Zuc. But I shall never embrace her more.

Herc. Nay that's true, that's most true, (I would not afflict you); only think how unrelentless you were to her but supposed fault.

Zuc. Oh 'tis true, too true!

Herc. Think how you scorned her tears.

Zuc. Most right.

Herc. Tears that were only shed (I would not vex you) in very grief to see you covet your own shame.

Zuc. Too true, too true!

Herc. For indeed she is the sweetest, modest soul, the fullest of pity——

Zuc. Oh ay! oh ay!

Herc. The softness and very courtesy of her sex; as one that never loved any——

Zuc. But me.

Herc. So much that he might hope to dishonour her, nor any so little that he might fear she disclaimed him. Oh, the graces made her a soul as soft as spotless down upon the swans' fair breast that drew bright Cytherea's chariot; yet think (I would not vex you), yet think how uncivil you were to her.

Zuc. As a tiger! as a very tiger!

Herc. And never hope to be reconciled, never dream to be reconciled, never——

Zuc. Never! alas, good Fawn, what wouldst wish me to do now?

Herc. Faith go hang yourself, my Don; that's best sure.

Zuc. Nay that's too good, for I'll do worse than that, I'll marry again; where canst pick out a morsel for me, Fawn?

Herc. There is a modest matron-like creature.

Zuc. What years, Fawn?

Herc. Some fourscore, wanting one.

Zuc. A good sober age; is she wealthy?

Herc. Very wealthy.

Zuc. Excellent!

Herc. She has three hairs on her scalp, and four teeth in her head ; a brow wrinkled, and puckered like old parchment half burnt ; she has had eyes ; no woman's jawbones are more apparent ; her sometime envious lips now shrink in, and give her nose and her chin leave to kiss each other very moistly ; as for her reverend mouth, it seldoms opens but the very breath that flies out of it infects the fowls of the air, and makes them drop down dead ; her breasts hang like cobwebs ; her flesh will never make you cuckold, her bones may.

Zuc. But is she wealthy ?

Herc. Very wealthy.

Zuc. And will she ha' me, art sure ?

Herc. No sure, she will not ha' you ; why do you think that a waiting woman of three bastards, a strumpet nine times carted, or a hag whose eyes shoot poison, that has been an old witch, and is now turning into a gib-cat* ; what !

* A *gib-cat* is frequently mentioned in the old dramas, and the old proverb "as melancholy as a gib-cat" may be found in the "First Part of Henry IV." It is usually explained to mean a *male* cat ; but in a note on the proverb above quoted, Stevens inclines to think it a *castrated* one : neither of these opinions agree very well with the passage in the text, or the following in Act V. of the "Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"Bring forth the *cat-hounds* !

I'll make you take a tree *whore* ; then with my tiller
Bring down your *gibship*."

Or Drayton's Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey :

"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, nightmare, trot."

But the strongest evidence I can adduce in opposition to this opinion, is the following extract from "Gammer Gurton's Needle :"
"Hath no man stolen her ducks or hens, or gelded *gyb*, *her cat*."

will ha' you? Marry Don Zuccone! the contempt of women, and the shame of men, that has afflicted, contemned so choice a perfection as Donna Zoya?

Zuc. Alas, Fawn, I confess; what wouldst thou ha' me do?

Herc. Hang yourself; you shall not marry, you cannot; I'll tell you what you shall do; there is a ship of fools setting forth, if you seek good means, and entreat hard, you may obtain a passage, man, be master's mate, I warrant you.

Zuc. Fawn, thou art a scurvy bitter knave,

As it is evident from the remainder of the play that the cat in question was a *female*. From a song in the beginning of Act III. of the "Beggar's Bush," of Beaumont and Fletcher, it is clear that *bitches* were formerly *spayed* (I believe it is still sometimes done), and, although I can produce no authority for it, such an operation might have been performed on *female cats*: the evidence I have adduced leads me to think that the term was originally applied to either sex, *deprived by an operation from propagating their species*, and afterwards to *old cats* generally. So in the "Romaunt of the Rose:"

"Gibbe our cat,
That waiteth rats and mice to killen."

And "Hamlet:"

"Would from a paddock, from a bat, a *gib*,
Such dear concernings hide."

From the use of the word *gelded*, in the extract from "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the reader *may* suppose that the author forgot himself at the moment, and this would add weight to Stevens' opinion; but that the word was then used in the sense of *spayed* appears from the speech of Antigonus in Act II. of the "Winter's Tale;" where, speaking of Hermione, he says,

"Be she honour flaw'd,
I have *three daughters*; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine; and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honour,
I'll *geld* 'em all."

and dost flout Dons to their faces; 'twas thou flatteredst me to this, and now thou laughest at me, dost? Though indeed I had a certain proclivity, but thou madest me resolute; dost grin and gern? Oh you comforters of life! helps in sickness! joys in death! and preservers of us, in our children, after death, women, have mercy on me!

Herc. Oh, my Don, that God made no other means of procreation, but by these women; I speak it not to vex you.

Zuc. Oh, Fawn, thou hast no mercy in thee; dost thou leer on me? well! I'll creep upon my knees to my wife—dost laugh at me? dost gern at me? dost smile? dost leer on me, dost thou? Oh, I am an ass, true; I am a coxcomb, well; I am mad, good: a mischief on your cogging tongue, your soothing throat, your oily jaws, your supple thumbs, your dissembling smiles; and oh, the grand devil on you all! when mischief favours our fortunes, and we are miserable, though justly wretched,

More pity, comfort, and more help we have,
In foes profess'd, than in a flattering knave.

[*Exit.*

Herc. Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf,

The eye sees all things but his proper self.
In all things curiosity hath been
Vicious at least, but herein most pernicious;
What madness is't to search and find a wound,
For which there is no cure, and which unfound
Ne'er rankles, whose finding only wounds;
But he that upon vain surmise forsakes
His bed thus long, only to search his shame,

Gives to his wife, youth, opportunity,
 Keeps her in idle full deliciousness,
 Heats and inflames imagination,
 Provokes her to revenge with churlish wrongs;
 What should he hope but this? why should it
 lie in women,
 Or even in chastity itself, since chastity's a female,
 T'avoid desires so ripened, such sweets so candied?
 But she that hath out-born such mass of wrongs,
 Outdur'd all persecutions, all contempts,
 Suspects, disgrace, all wants, and all the mischief
 The baseness of a canker'd churl could cast upon
 her,
 With constant virtue, best feign'd chastity,
 And in the end turned all his jealousies
 To his own scorn; that lady I implore,
 It may be lawful not to praise, but even adore.

Enter GONZAGO in full State, GRANUFFO attending him; and Cornets sounding.

Gon. Are our sports ready? is the prince at hand?

Herc. The prince is now arriv'd at the court gate.

Enter DULCIMEL in haste.

Gon. What means our daughter's breathless haste?

Dul. Oh, my princely father! now or never let your princely wisdom appear.

Gon. Fear not, our daughter; if it rest within human reason, I warrant thee; no, I warrant thee; Granuffo, if it rest in man's capacity; speak, dear daughter.

Dul. My lord, the prince——

Gon. The prince! what of him, dear daughter?

Dul. O Lord, what wisdom our good parents need, to shield their chickens from deceits and wiles of kite-like youth.

Gon. Her very phrase displays whose child she is.

Dul. Alas! had not your grace been provident, a very Nestor in advice and knowledge, ah! where had your poor Dulcibel been now? what vainness had not I been drawn into?

Gon. 'Fore God, she speaks very passionately. Alas! daughter, heaven gives every man his talent; indeed virtue and wisdom are not fortune's gifts, therefore those that fortune cannot make virtuous, she commonly makes rich; for our own part, we acknowledge heaven's goodness; and if it were possible to be as wise again as we are, we would never impute it to ourselves: for as we be flesh and blood, alas, we are fools; but as we are princes, scholars, and have read *Cicero de Oratore*, I must confess there is another matter in't: what of the prince, dear daughter?

Dul. Father, do you see that tree that leans just on my chamber window?

Gon. What of that tree?

Enter TIBERIO with his Train.

Dul. Oh, sir! but note the policy of youth, mark but the stratagems of working love; the prince salutes me, and thus greets my ear——

Gon. Speak softly, he is entered.

Dul. Although he knew I yet stood wavering what to elect, because though I affected, yet destitute of means to enjoy each other, impossibility

of having, might kill our hope, and with our hope, desire to enjoy. Therefore to avoid all faint excuses, and vain fears, thus he devised: to Dulcime's chamber window, a well-grown plantain spreads his happy arms, by that, in depth of night one may ascend (despite all father's jealousies and fear) into her bed——

Gon. Speak low; the prince both marks and listens.

Dul. You shall provide a priest (quoth he), in truth I promised, and so you well may tell him, for I temporized, and only held him off——

Gon. Politicly; our daughter to a hair.

Dul. With full intention to disclose it all to your preventing wisdom.

Gon. Ay let me alone for that: but when intends he this invasion? when will this squirrel climb?

Dul. Oh, sir, in that is all, when but this night.

Gon. This night?

Dul. This very night when the court revels had o'er-waked your spirits, and made them full of sleep, then——

Gon. Then, *verbum sat sapienti*: go take your chamber, down upon your knees, thank God your father is no foolish sot, but one that can foresee and see. [Exit Dulcime].

My lord, we discharge your presence from our court.

Tib. What means the duke?

Gon. And if (to-morrow pass'd) you rest in Urbin, the privilege of an ambassador is taken from you.

Tib. Good your grace, some reason?

Gon. What twice admonish'd, twice again offending,
 And now grown blushless ? You promised to get
 Into her chamber, she to get a priest,
 (Indeed she wish'd me tell you she confess'd it),
 And there despite all father's jealous fears,
 To consummate full joys ; know, sir, our daughter
 Is our daughter, and has wit at will
 To gull a thousand easy things like you :
 But, sir, depart ; the parliament prepar'd
 Shall on without you ; all the court this night
 Shall triumph that our daughter has escap'd
 Her blowing up ; your end you see,
 We speak but short, but full *Socratice*.

[*Exeunt Gonzago and his attendants.*

Hercules and Tiberio remain.

Tib. What shall I think, what hope, what but
 imagine of these engines ?

Herc. Sure, sir, the lady loves you
 With violent passion, and this night prepares
 A priest with nuptial rites to entertain you
 In her most private chamber.

Tib. This I know
 With too much torture, since means are all un-
 known,
 To come unto these ends ; where's this her cham-
 ber ?

Then what means shall without suspicion
 Convey me to her chamber ? Oh, these doubts
 End in despair.

Enter GONZAGO hastily.

Gon. Sir, sir, this plantain was not planted here
 To get into my daughter's chamber, and so she
 pray'd me tell you ;

What tho' the main arms spread into her window,
 And easy labour climbs it: yet, sir, know,
 She has a voice to speak, and bid you welcome
 With so full breast, that both your ears shall
 hear on't,
 And so she pray'd me tell you; ha' we no brain?
 Youth thinks that age, age knows that youth is
 vain. [Exit.

Tib. Why now I have it, Fawn, the way, the
 means, and meaning; good duke, and 'twere not
 for pity, I could laugh at thee; Dulcimet, I come,
 thine most miraculously; I will now begin to
 sigh, read poets, look pale, go neatly, and be
 most apparently in love; as for——

Herc. As for your old father.

Tib. Alas, he and all know this an old saw
 hath been,
Faith's breach for love and kingdoms is no sin.
[Exit.

Herc. Where are we now? Cyllenian Mercury,
 And thou quick messenger of Jove's broken pate,
 Aid and direct us*: you better stars to know-
 ledge

Sweet constellations, that affect pure oil,
 And holy vigil of the pale-cheek'd muses,
 Give your best influence, that with able spright
 We may correct and please, giving full light
 To every angle of this various sense;
 Works of strong birth end better than commence.
[Exit.

* Mercury as the god of eloquence, and Minerva as the goddess of wisdom, appear to be meant. The story of the latter having sprung from the brain of Jupiter, when *his head was opened by Vulcan with a hatchet*, is the reason of the singular description in the text.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Whilst the Music before the Act is playing, HERCULES and TIBERIO enter ; TIBERIO climbs the Tree, and is received above by DULCIMEL, PHILOCALIA, and a Priest : HERCULES stays beneath.

Herc. Thou mother of chaste dew, night's modest lamp !

Thou by whose faint shine the blushing lovers
Join glowing cheeks, and mix their trembling lips
In vows well kiss'd, rise all as full of splendor,
As my breast is of joy.—You genial*,
You fruitful well mix'd heats, oh, bless the sheets
Of yonder chamber ! that Ferrara's dukedom,
The race of princely issue, be not curs'd,
And ended in abhorred barrenness.

At length kill all my fears, nor let it rest
Once more my tremblings, that my too cold son
(That ever scorner of human loves)
Will still condemn the sweets of marriage,
Still kill our hope of name in his dull coldness ;
Let it be lawful to make use, ye sowers
Of human weakness, that pursueth still
What is inhibited, and most affects,
What is most difficult to be obtain'd ;
So we may learn that nicer love's a shade,
It follows, fled, pursu'd, flies as afraid ;
And in the end close all the various errors,
Of passages most truly comical :

* By the omission of a letter I have slightly changed a very exceptionable word, and still preserved the meaning : if the present reading be not correct.

In moral learning with like confidence,
Of him that vow'd good fortune of the scene,
Shall neither make him fat, or bad make lean *.

Enter DONDOLO laughing.

Don. Ha, ha, ha !

Herc. Why dost laugh, fool ; here's nobody with thee ?

Don. Why therefore do I laugh, because there's nobody with me ; would I were a fool alone ; i'faith I am come to attend, let me go ; I am sent to the princess to come and attend her father to the end of Cupid's parliament.

Herc. Why, ha' they sat already upon any statutes ?

Don. Sat ? ay, all's agreed in the nether house.

Herc. Why, are they divided ?

Don. Oh ay, in Cupid's parliament ; all the young gallants are in the nether house, and all the old signiors that can but only kiss are of the upper house : is the princess above ?

Herc. No sure, I think the princess is beneath, man ; ha' they supped, fool ?

Don. Oh yes, the confusion of tongues at the large table is broke up, for see the presence fills : A fool ! a fool ! a fool ! my coxcomb for a fool †.

Enter SIR AMOROUS, HEROD, NYMPHADORO, GARBETZA, DONETTA, and POVEIA.

Her. Stop, ass ; what's the matter, idiot ?

Don. Oh, gallants, my fools that were ap-

* This is, I think, an evident allusion to some dramatic poet of the time ; but it might be very wide to fix it by conjecture.

† Our poet here has evidently imitated a passage in Shakspeare, but without any intention of ridiculing it I conceive.

pointed to wait on Don Cupid, have launch'd out their ship to purge their stomachs on the water ; and, before Jupiter, I fear they will prove defective in their attendance.

Her. Pish, fool, they'll float in with the next tide.

Don. Ay, but when's that ? let's see mine almanac, or prognostication.

Sir Amo. What, is this for this year ?

Don. In true wisdom, sir, it is ; let me see the moon, 'fore pity 'tis in the wane ; what grief is this that so great a planet should ever decline or lose splendor—full sea at——

Sir Amo. Where's the sign now, fool ?

Don. In Capricorn, Sir Amoroso.

Gar. What strange thing does this almanac speak of, fool ?

Don. Is this your lady, Sir Amorous ?

Sir Amo. It is ; kiss her, fool.

Her. You may kiss her now, she is married.

Sir Amo. So he might ha' done before.

Don. In sober modesty, sir, I do not use to do it behind.

Her. Good fool be acquainted with this lady too, she's of a very honest nature I assure thee.

Don. I easily believe you, sir, for she hath a very good face, I assure ye.

Gar. But what strange things does thy almanac speak of, good fool ?

Don. That this year no child shall be begotten but shall have a true father*.

* *True* was then used for *honest* ; and we find *true man* constantly put in opposition to a *thief* ; Hercules afterwards plays on the word, and most probably the almanac-maker chose it as an equivocal one.

Sir Amo. That's good news i'faith, I am glad I got my wife with child this year.

Herc. Why, Sir Amorous, this may be, and yet you not the true father; may it not, Herod?

Gar. But what more says it, good Fawn?

Herc. Faith, lady, very strange things; it says that some ladies of your hair shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weak eye-sight, so that they shall mistake their own page, or even brother-in-law sometimes, for their own husbands.

Sir Amo. Is that all, Fawn?

Herc. No, Sir Amorous, here's likewise prophesied a great scarcity of gentry to ensue, and that some boors shall be dubbed, Sir Amoroso: a great scarcity of lawyers is likewise this year to ensue, so that some one of them shall be entreated to take fees on both sides.

Enter DON ZUCCONE following DONA ZOYA on his Knees.

Zuc. Most dear, dear lady! wife! lady! wife! Oh, do but look on me, and ha' some mercy.

Zoya. I will ha' no mercy, I will not relent.

Zuc. Sweet lady——

Zoya. *The order shall stand, I am separated, and I will be separated.*

Zuc. Dear! my love! wife——

Zoya. *Hence, fellow! I am none of thy wife; no, I will be tyrannous, and a most deep revenger; the order shall stand; I will marry a fellow that keeps a fox in his bosom, a goat under his arm-holes, and a polecat in his mouth, rather than re-accept thee.*

Zuc. Alas, by the Lord, lady!—what should I

say? as heaven shall bless me—what should I say?

Her. Kneel and cry, man.

Zoya. Was I not handsome, generous, honest enough from my foot to my feather for such a fellow as thou art?

Zuc. Alas, I confess, I confess.

Zoya. But go thy ways, and wife with whom thou wilt for my part; thou hast spun a fair thread; who'll kiss thee now? who'll court thee now? who'll ha' thee now?

Zuc. Yet be a woman, and for God's sake help me.

Her. And do not stand too stiffly.

Zuc. And do not stand too stiffly, do you make an ass of me? But let these rascals laugh at me; alas, what could I do withall, 'twas my destiny that I should abuse you.

Zoya. So it is your destiny that I should thus revenge your abuse; no, the Irishman shall hate aqua vitæ, the Welchman cheese, and the Dutchman salt butter, before I'll love or receive thee; does he cry? does the babe pule? 'Tis too late now, thou should'st have cried before, 'tis too late now; go, bury thy head in silence, and let oblivion be thy utmost hope.

Herc. Gallants, to dancing; loud music, the duke's upon entrance.

[*Whilst the courtiers prepare themselves for dancing, the Duke enters with Granuffo and takes his seat.*]

Gon. Are the sports ready?

Herc. Ready.

Gon. 'Tis enough: of whose invention is this parliament?

Herc. Ours.

Gon. 'Tis enough:

This night we will exult: oh, let this night
Be ever memoris'd with prouder triumphs;
Let it be writ in lasting characters,
That this night our great wisdom did discover
So close a practice; that this night, I say,
Our policy found out, nay dash'd the drifts
Of the young prince, and put him to his shifts,
Nay past his shifts; 'fore Jove we could make a
good poet.

Delight us on, we deign our princely ear,
We are well pleas'd to grace him; then scorn fear.

*(Cornets playing.) Drunkenness, Sloth,
Pride, and Plenty, lead Cupid to his
chair of state, who is followed by Folly,
War, Beggary, and Slaughter*.*

Stand! 'tis wisdom to acknowledge ignorance
Of what we know not; we would not now prove
foolish;

Expound the meaning of your show.

Herc. Triumphant Cupid, that sleeps on the
soft cheek

Of rarest beauty, whose throne's in ladies' eyes,

* This is a sort of antic mask, showing the consequence of such unions as have their origin in vice or folly. Hercules, who is the contriver of the whole, having now obtained his purpose by the union of Tiberio and Dulcibel, must be supposed to have formed this last act for the exposure and disgrace of all dishonourable or unworthy lovers, and as an indirect compliment to those who were just united. Vangoose, in Jonson's "Mask of Augurs," observes, that in an antic mask the more absurdities, and from the purpose, the better: and the antic mask seems generally to have preceded the principal mask, and to have set off the latter by contrast: a good example of this may be seen in the "Masque of the Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour," by Sir William D'Avenant.

Whose force writh'd lightning from Jove's shaking hand,

Forc'd strong Alcides to resign his club,
Pluck'd Neptune's trident from his mighty arm,
Unhelmed Mars; he (with his trophies borne,
Led in by Sloth, Pride, Plenty, Drunkenness,
Follow'd by Folly, War, Slaughter, Beggary),
Takes his fair throne; sit pleas'd, for now we move,
And speak not for our glory, but for love.

[*Hercules takes a bowl of wine.*]

Gon. A pretty figure: what, begins this session with ceremony?

Herc. With a full health to our great Mistress Venus,

Let every state of Cupid's parliament
Begin the session; *Et quod bonum faustumque sit precor* *.

[*Hercules drinks a health.*]

Gon. Giv't us; we'll pledge, nor shall a man that lives

In charity refuse it; I will not be so old
As not be grac'd to honour Cupid; giv't us full;
When we were young we could ha' troll'd † it off,
Drunk down a Dutchman.

Herc. 'Tis lamentable pity your grace has forgot it: drunkenness! oh, 'tis a most fluent and swelling virtue; sure the most just of all virtues,

* "*Et quod bonum faustumque sit precor.*" This was an usual form of address in meetings on important occasions. Cicero, in Act IV. of Jonson's "Cataline," begins his speech to the senate with the same sentiment.

† To troll, or troll the bowl, appears from a note on "Gammer Gurton's Needle" to have been a common phrase in drinking for passing the vessel about. The passage of our poet is quoted as an instance, and the following as the beginning of an old catch:

*Troll, troll the bowl to me,
And I will troll the same again to thee."*

'tis justice itself, for if it chance to oppress and take too much, it presently restores it again; it makes the king and the peasant equal, for if they are both drunk alike, they both are beasts alike: as for that most precious light of heaven, Truth, if time be the father of her, I am sure drunkenness is oftentimes the mother of her, and brings her forth; drunkenness brings all out, for it brings all the drink out of the pot, all the wit out of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

Gon. My Lord Granuffo, this Fawn is an excellent fellow.

Don. Silence!

Gon. I warrant you for my lord here.

Cup. Since multitude of laws are signs either of much tyranny in the prince, or much rebellious disobedience in the subject, we rather think it fit to study how to have our old laws thoroughly executed, than to have new statutes cumberously invented.

Gon. Afore Jove he speaks very well.

Herc. Oh, sir, love is very eloquent, makes all men good orators, himself then must needs be eloquent.

Cup. Let it therefore be the main of our assembly to survey our old laws, and punish their transgressions; for that continually the complaints of lovers ascend up to our Deity, that love is abused, and basely bought and sold, beauty corrupted, affection feigned, and pleasure herself sophisticated. That young gallants are proud in appetite, and weak in performance; that young ladies are fantastically inconstant; old ladies impudently insatiate; wives complain of unmarried women, that they steal the dues belonging to their

sheets; and maids make exclaim upon wives, that they unjustly ingross all into their own hands; as not content with their own husbands, but also purloining that which should be their comfort: let us therefore be severe in our justice; and if any, of what degree soever, have approvedly offended, let him be instantly unpartially arrested and punished. Read our statutes.

Herc. (Reads.) A statute made in the five thousand four hundred threescore and third year of the easeful reign of the mighty potent Don Cupid, emperor of sighs and protestations, great king of kisses, arch-duke of dalliance, and sole loved of her for the maintaining and relieving of his old soldiers, maimed, or dismembered in love.

Don. Those that are lightly hurt, shame to complain: those that are deeply struck, are past recovery.

Cup. On to the next.

Herc. *An Act against the plurality of mistresses.*

Cup. Read.

Herc. (Reads.) Whereas some over amorous and unconscionable covetous young gallants, without all grace of Venus, or the fear of Cupid in their minds, have at one time engrossed the care or cures of divers mistresses, with the charge of ladies, into their own tenure or occupation; whereby their mistresses must of necessity be very ill and unsufficiently served, and likewise many able portly gallants live unfurnished of competent entertainment to the merit of their bodies: and whereas, likewise some other greedy strangers, have taken in the purlieus, outset land, and the ancient commons of our sovereign liege Don Cupid, taking in his very highways, and inclosing them, and annexing them to their own

lordships, to the much impoverishing and putting of divers of Cupid's true hearts and loyal subjects to base and abominable shifts: Be it therefore enacted by the sovereign authority and erected ensign of Don Cupid, with the assent of some of the lords, most of the ladies, and all the commons, that what person or persons soever shall, in the trade of honour, presume to wear, at one time, two lady's favours, or at one time shall earnestly court two women in the way of marriage; or if any, under the degree of a duke, shall keep above twenty women of pleasure; a duke's brother, fifteen; a lord, ten; a knight or pensioner, or both, four; a gentleman, two; shall, ipso facto, be arrested by Folly's mace, and instantly committed to the ship of fools, without either bail or main-prize: Millesimo centesimo quingentesimo quadragesimo nono Cupidinis semper unius.—Nymphadoro to the bar!

Nym. Shame on folly! will Fawn now turn an informer? does he laugh at me?

Herc. Domina Garbetza, did he not ever protest you were his most only elected mistress?

Gar. He did.

Herc. Domina Donella, did he not ever protest you were his most only elected mistress?

Don. He did.

Herc. Domina Poveia, did he not ever protest that you were his most only elected mistress?

Pov. He did.

Nym. Mercy!

Cup. Our mercy is nothing, unless some lady will beg thee.

Ladies. Out upon him, dissembling perfidious liar!

Herc. Indeed 'tis no reason ladies should beg liars.

Nym. Thus he that loveth many, if once known, Is justly plagu'd to be belov'd of none. [*Exit.*

Herc. (*Reads.*) *An Act against counterfeiting of Cupid's royal coin, and abusing his subjects with false money.*—To the bar, Sir Amorous!

In most lamentable form complaineth to your blind celsitude, your distressed orators, the women of the world, that in respect that many spendthrifts who having exhausted and wasted their substance, and in stranger parts have with empty shows treasonably purchased lady's affections, without being of ability to pay them for it with current money, and therefore have deceitfully sought to satisfy them with counterfeit metal, to the great displeasure and no small loss of your humblest subjects. May it therefore with your pitiful assent be enacted, that what lord, knight, or gentleman soever, knowing himself insufficient, bankrupt, exhausted and wasted, shall traitorously dare to entertain any lady as wife, or mistress, ipso facto, to be severed from all commercement with women; his wife, or mistress in that state offending, to be forgiven with a pardon of course, and himself instantly to be pressed to sail in the ship of fools, without either bail or main-prize.—Sir Amorous is arrested.

Sir Amo. Sir, judgment of the country *.

Herc. I take my oath upon thy brother's body, 'tis none of thine.

Sir Amo. By the heart of dissemblance! this Fawn has wrought with us, as strange tailors

* From the reply of Hercules it is evident that Sir Amoroso appeals to the pregnancy of his wife, as a proof of his innocence; he must here, therefore, be supposed to point to her.

work in corporate cities, where they are not free ; all inward, inward he lurk'd in the bosom of us, and yet we know not his profession. Sir, let me have counsel.

Herc. 'Tis in a great case, you may have no counsel*.

Sir Amo. Sir, death on justice! are we in Normandy? what is my lady's doom then?

Cup. Acquitted by the right penalty of the statute; hence! and in thy ignorance be quietly happy: away with him! On.

Herc. *An Act against forgers of love-letters, false braggarts of ladies' favours, and vain boasters of counterfeit tokens.*

Her. 'Tis I, 'tis I, I confess guilty, guilty.

Herc. I will be most humane and right courteously languaged in thy correction; and only say, thy vice apparent here has made thee an apparent beggar, and now of a false knave hath made thee a true fool: Folly, to the ship with him! and twice a day let him be duck'd at the main yard.

Cup. Proceed.

Her. *An Act against slanderers of Cupid's liege ladies' names, and lewd defamers of their honours.*

Zuc. 'Tis I! 'tis I! I weep, and cry out, I have

* "It is a settled rule at common law," says Sir W. Blackstone, "that *no counsel* shall be allowed a prisoner upon his trial in *any capital crime*, unless some point of law shall arise proper to be debated, which," as he justly observes, "seems not of a piece with the rest of humane treatment of the prisoners by the English law." This defect, however, as he informs us, is supplied by the humanity of the judges, "who never scruple to allow a prisoner counsel to instruct him what questions to ask, or even to ask questions for him, with respect to matters of fact; so that this severe restriction is scarcely felt." Our poet, like his greater contemporaries, alludes solely to the law of England.

been a most contumelious offender, my only cry is *miserere*.

Cup. If your relenting lady will have pity on you, the fault against our deity be pardoned.

Zuc. Madam, if ever I have found favour in your eyes, if ever you have thought me a reasonably handsome fellow, as I am sure before I had a beard you might, O be merciful !

Zoya. Well, upon your apparent repentance, that all modest spectators may witness, I have for a short time only thus feignedly hated you, that you might ever after truly love me ; upon these cautions I reaccept you : first you shall vow——

Zuc. I do vow, as heaven bless me, I will do——

Zoya. What ?

Zuc. Whate'er it be ; say on I beseech you.

Zoya. You shall vow——

Zuc. Yes.

Zoya. That you shall never——

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Feign love to my waiting woman or chamber-maid.

Zuc. No.

Zoya. Never promise them such a farm to their marriage——

Zuc. No.

Zoya. If they'll discover but whom I affect——

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or if they know none, that they'll but take a false oath I do, only to be rid of me.

Zuc. I swear I will not : I will not only not counterfeitly love your women, but I will truly hate them an't be possible ; so far from maintaining them that I will beggar them ; I will never

pick their trunks for letters, search their pockets, ruffle their bosoms, or tear their fowl smocks; never, never.

Zoya. That if I chance to have a humour to be in a mask, you shall not grow jealous——

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or grudge at the expense——

Zuc. Never; I will eat mine own arms first.

Zoya. That you shall not search if my chamber door hinges be oiled to avoid creaking——

Zuc. As I am a sensible creature.

Zoya. Nor ever suspect the reason why my bed-chamber floor is double matted.

Zuc. Not as I have blood in me.

Zoya. You shall vow to wear clean linen, and feed wholesomely.

Zuc. Ay, and highly; I will take no more tobacco, or come to your sheets drunk, or get wenches; I will ever feed on fried frogs, wild snails, and boil'd lambstones; I will adore thee more than a mortal; observe and serve you as more than a mistress; do all duties of a husband, all offices of a man, all services of thy creature; and ever live in thy pleasure, or die in thy service.

Zoya. Then here my quarrel ends; thus cease all strife.

Zuc. Until they lose, men know not what's a wife;
We slight and dully view the lamp of heaven,
Because we daily see't; which but bereav'd,
And held one little week from darken'd eyes,
With greedy wonder we should all admire;
So proud height of command puts out love's fire.

Herc. *An Act against mummers, false seemers, that abuse ladies with counterfeit faces, courting only by signs, and seeming wise only by silence.*

Cup. The penalty?

Herc. To be urged to speak; and then if inward ability answer not outward seeming, to be committed instantly to the ship of fools during great Cupid's pleasure. My Lord Granuffo, to the bar; speak, speak; is not this law just?

Gra. Just sure: for in good truth, or in good sooth, When wise men speak, they still must open their mouth.

Herc. The brazen head has spoken.

Don. Thou art arrested.

Gra. Me?

Herc. And judg'd; away! [*Exit Granuffo.*]

Gon. Thus silence can envy looks with hums and haws,

Makes many worshipped, when if tried were daws:
That's the morality or *l'envoy* of it, *l'envoy* of it*. On.

Herc. An Act against privy conspiracies; by which, if any with ambitious wisdom, shall hope and strive to outstrip love, to cross his words, and make frustrate his sweet pleasures; if such a presumptuous wisdom fall to nothing, and die in laughter; the wizard so transgressing is, ipso facto, adjudged to offend in most deep treason, to forfeit all his wit at the will of the Lord, and be instantly committed to the ship of fools for ever.

Gon. Ay, marry sir; oh, might *Ædipus* riddle

* The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry: it appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. There is much playing on the word in Act III. of "Love's Labour Lost." Specimens of it may also be found in the Poetical Epistles affixed to "Pierce Supererogation; or, a New Praise of the Old Ass," 1593, by Gab Harvey.

me out such a fellow! of all creatures breathing I do hate those things that struggle to seem wise, and yet are indeed very fools. I remember when I was a young man, in my father's days, there were four gallant spirits for resolution, as proper for body, as witty in discourse, as any were in Europe; nay, Europe had not such; I was one of them; we four did all love one lady; a most chaste virgin she was; we all enjoyed her I well remember, and so enjoyed her, that despite the strictest guard was set upon her, we had her at our pleasure; I speak it for her honour, and my credit: where shall you find such witty fellows now-a-days? alas, how easy it is in these weaker times to cross love tricks? ha! ha! ha! alas, alas, I smile to think (I must confess with some glory to mine own wisdom), to think how I found out and crossed, and curb'd, and jerk'd, and fir'd, and in the end made desperate Tiberio's hope: alas, good silly youth, that dared to cope with age, and such a beard: I speak it without glory.

Herc. But what yet might your well-known wisdom think,
If such a one as being most severe,
A most protested opposite to the match
Of two young lovers; who, having barr'd them
speech,
All interviews, all messages, all means
To plot their wished ends; even he himself
Was by their cunning made the go-between,
The only messenger, the token-carrier?
Told them the times when they might fitly meet,
Nay, show'd the way to one another's bed?

Gon. May one have the sight of such a fellow
for nothing?

Doth there breathe such an egregious ass?

Is there such a foolish animal in *rerum natura*?

How is it possible such a simplicity can exist?

Let us not lose our laughing at him for God's
sake; let Folly's sceptre light upon him, and to
the ship of fools with him instantly.

Don. Of all these follies I arrest your grace.

Gon. Me? ha, me? me, varlet? me, fool? ha,
to the jail with him: what, varlet, call me ass? me?

Herc. What grave Urbin's duke? dares Folly's
sceptre

Touch his prudent shoulders?

Is he a coxcomb? no, my lord is wise,

For we all know that Urbin's duke has eyes.

Gon. God a mercy, Fawn! hold fast, varlet!

Hold thee, good Fawn! railing reprobate!

Herc. Indeed I must confess your grace did tell,
And first did intimate your daughter's love,
To otherwise most cold Tiberio;

After convey'd her private favour to him,

A curious scarf, wherein her needle wrought

Her private favour to him——

Gon. What I do this? ha?

Herc. And last, by her persuasion, show'd the
youth

The very way, and best elected time,

To come unto her chamber.

Gon. Thus did I, sir?

Herc. This did you, sir; but I must confess
You meant not to do this, but were rankly gull'd,
Made a plain natural. This sure, sir, you did,
And in assurance, Prince Tiberio!

Renowned, witted Dulcimet appear !
The acts of constant honour cannot fear.

[*Exit Hercules.*

(*Tiberio and Dulcimet above are discovered hand
in hand.*)

Dul. Royally wise, and wisely royal father.

Gon. That's sententious now, art Ironia.

Dul. I humbly thank your worthy piety, that
through your only means, I have obtained so fit,
loving, and desired a husband.

Gon. Death o' discretion ! If I should prove a
fool now ! am not I an ass, think you, ha ? I will
have them both bound together, and sent to the
Duke of Ferrara presently.

Tib. I am sure, good father, we are both bound
together as fast as the priest can make us already ;
I thank you for it, kind father ; I thank you only
for't.

Enter HERCULES in his own Dress.

Herc. And as for sending them to the Duke
of Ferrara ; see, my good lord, Ferrara's o'er-
joy'd prince meets them in fullest wish.

Gon. By the Lord I am asham'd of myself,
that's the plain troth ; but I know now wherefore
this was : what a slumber have I been in ?

Herc. Never grieve or wonder, all things
sweetly still.

Gon. There is no folly to protested will.

Herc. What still in wondering ignorance doth
rest,

In private conference, your dear lov'd breast
Shall fully take. But now we change our face.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

AND thus in bold, yet modest phrase we end ;
He whose Thalia with swiftest hand hath penn'd,
This lighter subject, and hath boldly torn,
Fresh bays from Daphne's arm, doth only scorn
Malicious censures of some envious few,
Who think they lose if other's have their due*.
But let such adders hiss ; know all the sting,
All the vain foam of all those snakes that ring ;
Minerva's glassful shield can never taint,
Poison, or pierce ; firm heart disdains to faint ;
But yet of you that with impartial faces,
With no prepared malice, but with graces
Of sober knowledge, have survey'd the frame
Of his slight scene, if you shall judge his flame
Distemperately weak, as faulty much,
In style, in plot, in spirit ; lo, if such
He deigns in self-accusing phrase to crave,
For praise but pardon which he hopes to have ;
Since he protests he ever hath aspir'd
To be beloved, rather than admir'd.

* This is another allusion to some of his contemporaries : but it is not just perhaps to fix these things at random.

END OF VOL. II.

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